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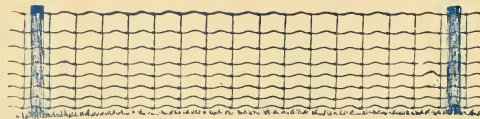
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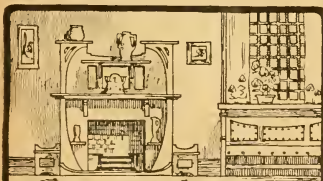
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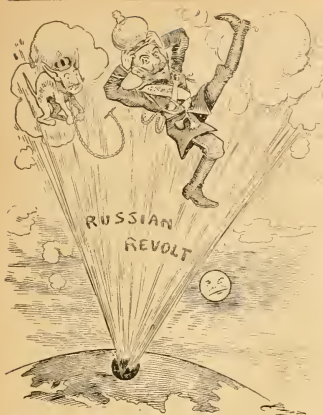
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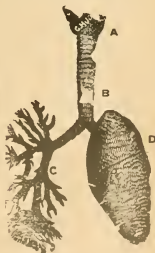
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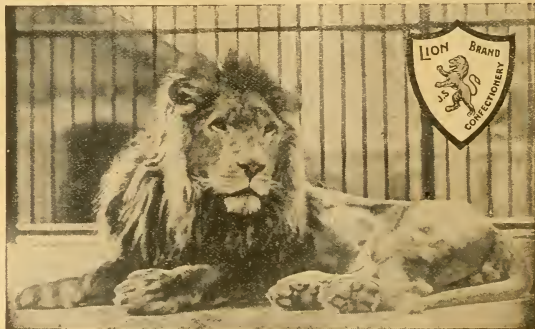
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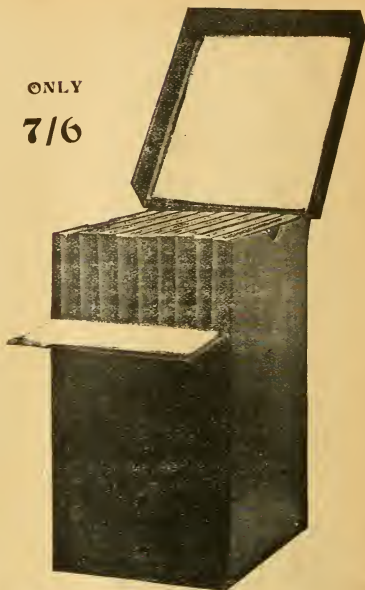
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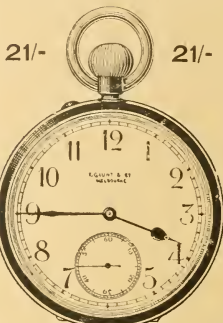
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KING AND KAISER.

[T. B. Voight, Hamburg.

The Meeting of King Edward with his nephew, the German Emperor, at Cronberg.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, October 10th.

Federal Politics.

The Federal Parliament is closing its 1906 session. It has not been marked by any great results. Even the penny postage proposal, which everybody is interested in, and would like to see carried, was dropped, and by a very substantial majority indeed. True, it happened only on the adjournment of the debate, but that practically meant the killing of the Bill. Looking back over the history of the session, one cannot help wishing that the days of party government were past, and that measures could be discussed upon their merits. The endless talk, the voting against measures to overthrow Ministries, the sinking of political principle to accomplish the same end—all these things mean hindrance to progress, and the perpetuation of much injustice. One could wish that Mr. Deakin would go to the country with a very definite proposal on the question of Elective Executives. The probabilities are that he would still be Premier, although Mr. Deakin is the last man in the world to charge with the suggestion that he would refrain from advocating it, if he thought it would be right, for fear of losing office. But now is a most opportune time to put forward such a proposal. There is a great certainty of the present tri-party position being perpetuated after the elections. Indeed, it is inevitable, for whatever may be the relative strength of parties, it is certain that representatives of each will be returned to power, and if a Government be in earnest over its programme, it is unconsciously continually affected by the changes in the barometer that a three-party system brings about. Once or twice the Government lost ground, but, under the present system, it would have been worse than foolish for it to resign. But what if things are no better after the elections? The rancour of parties, the blocking of business, would probably all be prevented if the simple method of conducting business that is carried out in every circle but Parliamentary ones were adopted. This is a question which every social reformer might put on his list of questions for candidates—"Are you in favour of the abolition of Party Go-

vernment, and the substitution of Elective Executives, and, if returned, will you do all in your power to bring about this change?"

New Zealand and Preferential Trade.

The preferential treaty drawn up by Mr. Deakin and the late Mr. Seddon has fallen through. New Zealand is not willing to accept the provisions. Sir Joseph Ward, in his cable to Mr. Deakin, "hopes that a scheme may yet be devised which will be satisfactory to both countries." That hope everyone will echo. It was hoped by some of us that the treaty would be accepted as paving the way towards free trade between the two countries, and looked at in that light the falling through is to be regretted, although as affecting the general question it would not have been a very important contribution. There is really no reason why these two countries should not pass their products from one to the other with perfect freedom. Geographically, New Zealand and Australia are practically one, as much as New South Wales and West Australia are one. Very many of our interests are identical. Social reform stands high in both countries, and everything that would tend to unite the two peoples ought to be hailed with delight. The South African treaty seems to have been more successful, although one stands amazed at the chuckle of the Minister for Customs to the effect that the benefit is all on our side. It makes one wonder whether from an ethical standpoint the Government is justified in making an arrangement so manifestly one-sided. Australia imports little from South Africa, and is therefore interested in a low tariff on that side. Possibly some day Australia may import largely from South Africa, and that country may then be interested in viewing the position afresh from their side. Altogether the comment of the Minister for Customs is rather suggestive.

The Secession Suggestion in W.A.

With the rejection of the West Australian Survey Bill by the Federal Parliament, there has arisen in the West a very strong manifestation of feeling in favour of secession. Of course the display is not a new one, so far as the States are

concerned. Nearly all of the States have held up the red flag at some time or other in the short life of the Federation as a kind of threat, but the West Australian flag has a more bellicose-looking tint than any of the others have had. It cannot be denied that feeling is strong. Perhaps it is natural too. West Australia is in such a geographical position as to make her feel lonely. The State is thinly populated, and the only connecting link between it and the more populous parts is steam communication. And the Australian Bight is notoriously uneasy and hard on weak stomachs. It is hardly to be wondered at therefore that the West feels a bit "out of things." Indeed, so far as nearness and communication are concerned, New Zealand might as well be in the Federation. The West contains so many who have gone from the East that family ties are close and home interests strong. And the railway was practically promised.

A Fine Opportunity.

But to make it. That is the difficulty. It certainly does seem a stupendous task to undertake. So much of it would pass through unprofitable country, and money is scarce. But a bargain is a bargain, and should be carried out. It is to be hoped, however, that West Australia will rise to the position. She has a right to feel aggrieved, but the end in view is still less likely to be gained if she were separated from the Federation. Her chance lies ahead of her, in the general elections, and in the return of men who will advocate her claims so strenuously that they will be established. But secession must not be thought of. The tendency must be to bind, not to segregate. Surely there is no truth in the statement that the West intends to boycott the East with regard to goods. These are weapons that sister States should not use. Safety lies in welding together, and making the welfare of the States interdependent. It may be true that the Parliaments have not fulfilled the people's ideals. At any rate the people must blame themselves if they are no better, seeing that they elected them; and the remedy for suspected neglect does not lie in division, but in returning a set of men who will have a truer regard for progress. Governments have not been to blame so much as the Party System, coupled with the many sections in the House.

A Note of Warning.

Speaking of electing men to carry out necessary reforms provokes a word of warning in view of Federal elections. The Bill introduced to the House of Representatives by the Postmaster-General, authorising him to disconnect telephones which he had reasonable ground for supposing were being used in furtherance of gaming or betting, or any illegal or immoral purpose, has had a somewhat stormy passage. This is a sinister fact. Strangely enough, some of the Labour party were among its bitterest opponents.

This provokes thought. The Gaming Bill in the New South Wales House was voted against in its second reading by the Labour Party. The Licensing and Gaming Bills in the Victorian House are opposed by a number of the Labour Party. What does it mean? Surely not that the party which professes to stand for everything that tends to uplift the community is going to support some of the things which make most for the degradation of people. It is to be hoped not, for everyone naturally expects the Labour Party to be the natural foe of national vices. But the point is this. Comparatively little interest is being taken in the Federal elections. Why, one cannot tell, unless it is that the matters discussed in Federal halls do not seem to touch the immediate needs of the people like State matters, although as a matter of fact they do. But there is a lack of interest, and it is lamentable. There are great ethical questions which the Federal Parliament may settle, and unless the people take the best men that are offering they may find themselves with a big work on their hands by-and-bye, to clear the Houses of members who are opposed to reform. Social reform ought to play a big part in Federal as in State elections, for the general welfare of the people is bound up in it. Every "Review of Reviews" reader is urged to try to galvanise his or her immediate circle into a keen interest. Time is short, and some sections, decidedly not those for reform, are getting every available friendly name on the roll. It is no use lamenting when the ballot box is closed.

The South Australian Crisis.

Premier Price has the courage of his convictions. He has resigned over the Legislative Council Franchise Bill. A complete statement of the position was given in last month's "Review of Reviews" by Captain Smeaton, whose prophecy of a dissolution has been fulfilled. Conferences have been held between the two Houses, but no satisfactory agreement could be arrived at. The utmost the Council managers would agree to was an immediate referendum of their electors on the question of the reduction of the qualification on the assessed annual value instead of on the annual or rental values. So Mr. Price asked the Governor for a dissolution of the Assembly. The Governor, however, insisted that every means of carrying on the Government should be exhausted so as to save the expense of an election. Mr. Price therefore resigned, and Mr. Butler was sent for. He failed, and Mr. Price was again sent for. He has secured a dissolution.

A Desirable Result.

Everyone must admire Mr. Price's pluck, and it is to be hoped that he will get the solid support of the community. In the first place, the work he is doing over the Council is a very necessary one. At present reform is simply blocked.

The constitution of the Upper House makes progress impossible. South Australia will remain stagnant till a change in the methods of its Upper House elections comes. It has been practically impossible to do any good legislative work this session. In the second place, the Government has won respect. In a previous paragraph there was necessity to criticise the Labour Party in the Federal, New South Wales and Victoria State Houses, but in South Australia it deserves nothing but credit. It has done remarkably well, but then it possesses in its ranks a good many men that any legislature might be proud of. They are on the track of social reform, as every true Labour man ought to be. For these reasons therefore it is to be hoped that Mr. Price will return to power.

**Social Reform
Movement.**

Social Reform Movement. The social reform battle in the States is raging merrily. The New South Wales House has passed a very drastic measure, and is to be congratulated upon it. The Mother State is making huge strides in social reform, and leaving far behind the other States. All honour to her for it. Victoria is still struggling wearily through hers, and she seems to be in the throes of difficulty over it and the Licensing Bills. Tasmania appears to be in a hopeless state of desolation so far as any legislation with regard to these two evils is concerned. But the wave of sentiment is steadily rising in spite of the vituperation and slander and bribery and corruption of the forces of evil. It is becoming more evident every day that the movement is not transient, not a panic, but that the masses of the people are rising to the knowledge that something must be done for their own preservation. Social reform is thrust into the forefront of politics, as indeed it ought to be.

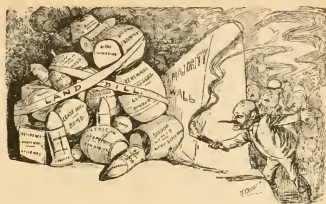
The
New Zealand
Exhibition.

**The
New Zealand
Exhibition.**

New Zealand is pushing ahead with the arrangements for her exhibition, and very soon after this number of "The Review" reaches the hands of the readers, the opening ceremonies will take place. Australians should certainly take the opportunity which will be offered of visiting this favoured country. No Government can possibly do more for the comfort of its visitors than is being done, and Mr. T. E. Donne, the ubiquitous and capable Superintendent of the Tourist Department, is doing everything he can to make the way of intending tourists easy. It may help some of our readers, who intend going over, to know that a note dropped to the Tourist Department, Wellington, will bring back all the information they desire respecting their proposed trip.

New Zealand's Land Policy.

New Zealand's Land Policy. New Zealand's land policy in the past has been ahead of anything else in the world, and if the proposals of a committee on the Land Bill in the New Zealand House of Representatives



N.Z. Free Lance.] A Bold Policy

Mr. McNab says there is going to be a row over the Land Bill.

THE MINISTER OF LANDS: "The Opposition says it's full of explosives. It certainly will have a bursting-up effect on the big estates."

are adopted it will place that country years in advance of any other country. It recommends that, apart from trustees, persons or corporations holding for public, local government, educational, charitable or religious purposes, public trustee and official assignee, no one will be allowed to hold land over £15,000 unimproved value; the list of present holders owning or being lessees of £50,000 value to be gazetted, these properties to be reduced by the Government to £15,000 after ten years if the owner has not done so in the meantime. It suggests that every person buying land or leasing land or receiving land by way of gift must make a declaration that with the land he buys, leases or receives as a gift, he does not possess more than £15,000 worth. If this were proposed in Australia, the proposer would be regarded by the public, in an amiable sort of way, as a lunatic. Nevertheless New Zealand is right. The lines on which she is travelling with regard to the land question will do more to settle the poverty problem than any of the merely palliative measures that are being adopted in any other parts of the world. One has to live in Australia to know how difficult it is to satisfy the land hunger. With all our vast stretches of country, the wayfaring man finds it very difficult if he wants to settle down to find a few acres to make a home. Land reformers will hail with delight the rapid marking off of the milestones by New Zealanders. The Government has dropped the proposal for this session, but it will be brought forward first thing next session.

Guarding the
Public Health.

Guarding the Public Health. The Ballarat East Municipal Council (Victoria) has decided, by a substantial vote, to placard the municipality with posters concerning the ill-effects of alcohol upon the human system, following upon the French method. This has been undertaken in the interests of health. Dr. Norris, Chairman of the Health Department, has given it as his



N.B. Free Lance.]

The Right Kind of Lubricant.

NEW ZEALAND: "My word, Joe, she is humming, isn't she?"
 CHIEF ENGINEER JOE: "You're right! It's the oil that's doing it."

opinion that there is nothing to prevent municipal funds being used for this purpose. No one can doubt that it is a step in the right direction. Each of the States spends so much in intoxicating liquors that people need to be reminded of its ill-effects upon the system, apart from any temperance sentiment as such. It is probable that this good example will be followed by other municipalities. Literature relating to the matter can be obtained by sending a request to this office.

The Labour Party's Programme.

In view of the Federal elections, the Federal Labour Party has issued a long manifesto, of which the following are the main points:—

- Maintenance of a White Australia.
- Nationalisation of Monopolies.
- Old Age Pensions.
- Tariff Referendum.
- Progressive Tax on Unimproved Land Values.
- Restriction of Public Borrowing.
- Navigation Laws.
- Citizen Defence Force.
- Arbitration Act Amendment.

The manifesto is not at all of an inflammatory nature, and is most wisely drawn up. One feature of the manifesto which the members may be proud of is the table showing the attendance of members at sittings of the House. It is interesting enough to quote:—

	House of Senate.*	Representatives.†
Labour	154	242
Ministerialists	145	225
Oppositionists	130	207

* From opening of Parliament to September 27th, 1906.
 † From opening of Parliament to September 28th, 1906, 276 sittings.

Whatever may be the views of people generally as to the objective of the Labour Party, it is beyond dispute that they attend to the duties they are paid by the people to look after.

Old Age Pensions.

Both Federal Houses have given their adhesion to the question of Old Age Pensions. There was, however, a great deal of conflict as to the method by which the money should be raised, and the suggestion that kerosene and tea should be taxed in order to provide the necessary funds was opposed, mainly on the ground that it opened the door to a wider range of protection than even exists at present. One Senator said that there was in Australia £16,000,000 worth of land held by absentees, and suggested that a tax of 2d. in the £1, which would bring in half-a-million pounds, would be a sensible method of raising money, a contention with which a good many people would be inclined to agree. It would be far better for the Federal Governments rather than the States to undertake the work of Old Age Pensions, so that the policy adopted throughout the States could be uniform. Where the money is to come from is clearly a difficulty, as the resources open to the Government are not very many. Mr. Deakin has said that if he had the money available for Old Age Pensions it would be one of the first measures submitted next year; but of course there are many contingencies before then.

Advertising Australia.

It seems somewhat novel to see included in the Federal estimates a vote of £5000 for "advertising the resources of the Commonwealth." A glimmer of a smile almost involuntarily over-spreads one's face as this is read, for it seems the height of ridiculousness to advertise the resources of the Commonwealth when we make no provision whatever for receiving any who might be disposed to succumb to the blandishments of an attractive advertisement. The States unfortunately take no pains to adopt great immigrant reception schemes. Any who come here must simply take their chance with regard to the purchase of land like any Australian resident, and if one may judge of the experiences of a good many people who are anxious to secure land, it is evident that it is not one of the easiest of jobs. But perhaps the forward movement made by the Federal Government may galvanise the States into activity, be the means of throwing open some of our great untenanted areas, and turn the stream of immigration Australiawards.

Telephones and Betting.

No one could possibly have given a more sympathetic answer to a deputation than did Mr. Chapman, the Postmaster-General, to one who waited upon him during the month, asking that telephones should be cut off betting shops. The arguments advanced by the deputation can be imagined. Men pleading the cause of humanity with regard to the facilities for wrong given by great

public utilities could only strike one note. But Mr. Chapman's reply was a humane and statesmanlike one. He quite recognised that public institutions like these should not be used for the contamination of the people of the States, and he expressed his desire to further the aims of the deputation as far as he possibly could. New Zealand has led the way in this respect. Sir Joseph Ward has promised a deputation that telephones shall be cut off houses where betting is carried on, and has expressed the opinion that telephones and racecourses should be isolated, so that facilities for the spread of betting news shall be cut off as far as possible. When to this is added the prevention of the sale of tickets for Tattersall's sweeps, something in the way of tangible good may be expected. By the way, the banking institutions are great offenders against morality in this respect, seeing that they transmit money to Tattersall's. The Deakin Government has very much to its credit in regard to social reform. It prohibited the importation of opium. It took up the question of medical institutions. It brought Australia into line with other countries in connection with the white slave traffic, and to this splendid list it intends to add all the restrictions that it possibly can with regard to gambling. Mr. Chapman stated that an hour after the deputation had waited upon him he would issue instructions that all future telephone contracts will be made on the distinct understanding that the Postmaster-General has the right to terminate the contract if in his opinion the telephone is used for gambling, betting or immoral purposes, and he did. That goes farther even than the deputation asked, and in the hands of a man determined to put down the evil, as Mr. Chapman evidently is, it will prove a powerful weapon against wrong. The pity is that the House does not seem disposed to make the path of young Australians smoother by giving him legislative assistance to deal with present breakers of moral law.

Medical Inspection of Children.

A very interesting discussion, which may result in a very necessary reform being initiated, was lately carried on by the Wellington (N.Z.)

District Institute of Teachers concerning the medical inspection of school children. Dr. Mason, the chief health officer, has recently been addressing the Otago Institute of Teachers upon the subject. Dr. Mason is a very strong advocate of the inspection of school children for constitutional defects. It is very satisfactory to note that the Institute quite agreed with Dr. Mason's views. Dr. Mason believes that from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. of children attending schools have something the matter with them, and his suggestion is that, with a little close observation, the teachers could note symptoms of weakness in nearly every case, and that these children could then be medically examined. But what is wanted is medical inspection



The Right Rev. T. E. Clouston, D.D. of Sydney.

— Recently elected Moderator, Presbyterian Church of Australia.

of every child in every school, and the Institute seemed to favour this. There are thousands of parents who have not the remotest idea of small defects in their children's constitutions, and the health of the whole community is affected thereby. A little kindly advice when the child is young may save years of suffering when it grows older, while the benefit to the community of having healthy citizens instead of weak and anæmic ones cannot be expressed in words.

National Annuities.

Sir Joseph Ward is to be congratulated upon introducing the National Annuity Scheme, which was pronounced by the late Mr. Seddon.

We have previously referred to the question, and there is no need now to do more than congratulate the Government upon its progressiveness in bringing it forward. It will without doubt be one of the finest incentives to thrift that any people has yet adopted. One very attractive feature of the scheme is that the subsidies proposed to be granted by the Government increase as families increase, a very distinct inducement to heads of families to increase the population. The measure will prove to be one of the best old age pension schemes yet devised. It is entitled "An Act to Encourage the Making of Provision for Old Age," and the exact form it takes is that of subsidies from the consolidated fund to supplement the provision made either by individuals for the purchase of annuities from

the Government, or by Friendly Societies for the benefit of their own members. The progress of the scheme will be watched with the keenest interest.

Tasmanian Advances.

Tasmania is considering the question of a reduction of her members of Parliament. The second reading of the Bill to amend the Constitution Act and to provide for the reduction of the number of members of the Legislative Council from 18 to 15, and of the Assembly from 35 to 30, has passed its second reading. It is also proposed that proportionate representation should be introduced for the Assembly, although so far no indication has been given of the exact method by which this will be accomplished. It is thought in some quarters that the "Hare" system will be adopted. We are clearly making progress. Little by little political reform questions are creeping forward in the States, and by-and-bye we may hope to have Parliaments which represent majorities of the people, and Executives which represent majorities in the House.

Where Our Population Goes.

Some little time ago a deputation from the Child Study Association waited upon the New South Wales Chief Secretary. The information they gave him just shows how many social and economic tragedies there may be amongst us, but which we utterly fail to realise. They told him that in New South Wales every year there died 4000 children of 12 months and under, and 16,000 just over and under five years. This is a fact sufficiently hair-raising to rouse the community into something like action. We should hail with delight the influx every year of 20,000 people to a State, and the saving of these young lives would be an equivalent. Think of the material prosperity which they would bring to the State, and they are Australians too, and some of the legislation of our country conveys the idea that such are superior to imported human beings. However that may be, they are our own, and there certainly is an added advantage in the fact that every one of these young lives could be trained up to Australian ideals. But apart from all that, there must be something radically wrong when in a population of a little over a million this appalling loss of life takes place. The Association held that ignorance of the proper conditions for treating children was primarily responsible for the alarming death rate, and they unhesitatingly condemned both the milk and bread supplies to the poor. Whatever may be the causes, it certainly demands a most searching inquiry. It would be interesting to find the proportionate death rate in the other States, and should it be anything like that supplied by the New South Wales Child Association it ought to be sufficient to rouse the country to something like an indignant enthusiasm.



Melbourne Punch.]

Preferential Trade (?).

ALFRED: "It's a little gift from Australia, John. I hope you'll like it, as we are making it at a great sacrifice just to show the respect in which we hold you."

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: "Bah! merely a bag of wind. I'm afraid Deakin's more deferential than preferential."

A provision in the British Preference Bill, that the goods in respect of which preference is granted must not only be carried in British ships, but in British ships manned exclusively by white seamen, and which has been accepted by both Houses of Parliament, is one that creates a feeling of regret. There is a great deal to be said in favour of trying to preserve a young country like Australia from many of the difficulties that must follow the introduction of child races, but this is carrying the principle to an extreme which is unreasonable and unjust, and one cannot but agree with Mr. Reid in his criticism upon the subject. He said:—

"A White Ocean."

A deplorable issue has been raised. I appealed to the Prime Minister to give the House another opportunity to consider the matter, as the division was such a small one, only 45 members (counting pairs) taking part out of a House of 75. The tendency of such a provision is to set the whole world against us. Instead of being a harbinger of peace, it carries a bitter racial war to extremes, which simply shock the common intelligence of humanity. With this proposal, if there were 50 white sailors and one cabin-boy, who was coloured, the vessel becomes a plague ship, so far as preferential trade is concerned. To offer to Great Britain, with her vast empire, containing an enormous number of coloured people, this miserable pittance, with such a miserable condition attached, will raise the strongest indignation in the mother country. While the principle of a white Australia is a vital and rational

one, the attempt to banish coloured people from the ocean highways, as if they were an accursed race, is carrying matters to a vile extreme. Coupled with other pieces of illiberal legislation, I question whether we will not become the most hated people on the face of the earth. Since this is intended as an independent gift to the mother country, and is, therefore, out of the run of ordinary legislation, it is quite conceivable that the British Government will claim the right of refusing the concession coupled with such a condition.

[Since writing this, news has arrived that the Board of Trade objects to this provision, as it conflicts with certain treaties.]

China and Opium.

Australia rejoiced exceedingly when the cable was read, towards the end of last month, to the effect that an Imperial edict had been issued in China, abolishing within ten years the use of opium by both the foreign and native population. Australians generally have taken a very keen interest in this, and much speech and writing has been directed against the course of events which foisted opium upon China. No one can tell what position China may occupy in the future when the brains of its bedrugged people are clear from the fumes of "this foreign drug," as the Chinese Commissioners who lately toured the world stigmatise it, but British

LONDON, September, 1906.

The Death of Lady Campbell-Bannerman.

The death of Lady Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which occurred at Marienbad on the 30th of August, is one of those events which may profoundly influence the course of history. Of a retiring disposition, the deceased lady was hardly known to the great public, and, outside their circle of friends, few knew her even by sight. But those who were privileged to enjoy the friendship of the Prime Minister knew that in her Sir Henry had his most trusted adviser, his shrewdest counsellor, his unfailing stay and support in all his public and private affairs. It was she, it is said, who decisively intervened to frustrate the determined intrigue to force him into the House of Lords, for she, better even than her husband, knew where his strength lay. Whether or not this story be true, it illustrates the impression made on all who knew them of her strength of character, her sagacity and good sense. For years she had been a chronic invalid, suffering acutely from a distressing malady which the utmost skill of the physician was unable to cure. During all that long martyrdom Sir Henry was the most weariless of nurses, the most tender of companions. No stress of public duty was allowed to interfere with the service which by night and by day he was ever prompt to render. It was an open secret that if her physicians had insisted upon a permanent sojourn abroad Sir Henry would have resigned his high office. "My wife comes first," he always said, and those who stood nearest to him in party often shuddered at the thought of how precarious was the security for the continuance in office

people generally ought to heave a sigh of relief at the fact that China intends to free herself from the thralldom of the evil which was foisted upon her by our people. What a good thing for Britain's dignity it was that a little time ago the British Parliament volunteered the statement that if China wanted seriously and in good faith to restrict the consumption of opium, the British Government would not close the door.

The New South Wales Colliery Strike.

The New South Wales colliery trouble, which arose from the men objecting to work the dog-watch, has been settled, and it practically means that the position resolves itself into one of "as you were." The men are to sign on at each of the collieries under the contract form at use in that colliery before the cessation of work. The strike has lasted three weeks, and some outsiders wondered what all the fuss was about. Everyone must be in favour of removing any conditions which press hard on men, but work is continuously carried on in practically every mine in Australia, and it seems as though it could not be a hardship to apply the same rule to New South Wales mines.

of the one indispensable man in the Liberal Ministry. Now that she has gone no one can predict what will be the consequences of a bereavement which, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, "lacerates the continuity of existence."

Premiers and Their Wives.

For Sir Henry, who is suffering the cruellest blow which can be dealt to the heart of a childless husband, a sympathy is felt so universal and so profound that it would be vain to attempt to express it in words. We can only hope that in the absorbing preoccupations of the duties which he alone can perform, the Prime Minister may, like Cobden, find some anodyne to dull the pain of bereavement. It is a notable fact that, with the exception of Mr. Balfour, who is unmarried, and Lord Rosebery, who was a widower, all our recent Premiers were singularly fortunate in their marriages. Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury—it is difficult to say which of these owed most to their wives. Mr. Gladstone always used to say that without Mrs. Gladstone he could never have borne the burdens of his supreme position, and that if anything ever happened to Catherine he would retire from public life. Lord Beaconsfield's indebtedness to his wife was often publicly expressed. Lord Salisbury found in Lady Salisbury exactly the helpmate—domestic, social and intellectual—which he needed. And in his domestic life Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was equally fortunate. Lady Henry was a plain, homely Scotch wife to look at, but only those who were privileged to enter into the intimacy of their family life can

estimate how powerful, how inspiring, and how sustaining was the aid which, despite her ill-health, she always rendered her husband. She knew him best, and believed in him much more than he believed in himself. All the world now knows his sterling qualities and his supreme capacity for leadership. But she was the first, and for a long time the only one who knew what was in her husband, and it is well that she was not called hence before she heard her own estimate of his abilities confirmed by the unanimous voice of the whole nation.

The King and the Kaiser.

The chief political event of last month was the meeting of the King and the Kaiser at the Castle of Cronberg. The uncle and the nephew fell out in 1902; the breach was made worse in 1904; and last year, when I was in Berlin, I found even in the highest places the most astounding reports current as to the extent to which the misunderstanding between the King and the Kaiser was supposed to have jeopardised the peace of Europe. Some fictions are as mischievous as facts if they are believed to be facts, and it is unfortunately quite true that many German publicists and officials, otherwise quite sane and well-informed, honestly believed that the King was constantly urging his Ministers to adopt a policy towards Germany intended to precipitate war. It is to be hoped that the meeting at Cronberg will finally dispel this monstrous delusion. Even if the King had been much more put out with the Kaiser than he ever was, it would not have deflected the course of British policy, which, whatever party is in power, is steadily bent upon peace. Now that the two Sovereigns have publicly kissed and made friends before all the world, it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of the malign influence his Majesty was supposed to exert on British policy. Of course, the fairy tales in which Mr. Edward Dicey, for example, pleases himself by imagining about a cut-and-dried Anglo-German agreement having been drawn up and signed by King and Kaiser are fairy tales, and nothing more. The revival of the British Monarchy of late years is a notable political fact, but, thank Heaven, it has not gone so far as to render it possible for the King to be his own Foreign Minister.

What Happened at Cronberg.

The King, with the Permanent Under-Secretary of our Foreign Office and the British Ambassador at Berlin, had a good talk with the Kaiser, who was accompanied by his Foreign Minister, Herr von Tscherschsky. They talked over everything and settled nothing, excepting to agree that "no friction whatever exists anywhere between England and Germany—it is only rivalry." It is officially declared that the meeting left satisfactory

impressions on both sides. According to Mr. Bashford, usually well informed on such matters, the King before leaving Cronberg expressed himself with much emphasis as follows:—"I am very much satisfied with my visit, which has afforded me great pleasure, and the Emperor has been very kind to me." The Kaiser, according to the same authority, assured his Ministers that the results of his meeting with the King had given him every possible satisfaction, and that it had been a source of great happiness to him to have met his uncle again. In direct confirmation of his mutual satisfaction, it is remarked that the King was in the best of spirits on his arrival at Marienbad, where his cure is progressing most satisfactorily. But as for a signed and sealed *entente*, it is sufficient to quote the statement reported by Mr. Bashford as having been made by a competent German authority:—"There never was any intention of suggesting an *entente* between us at Friedrichshof. We have no points of difference requiring settlement, so there would be no basis for an *entente* such as there was between England and France, and such as there is between England and Russia."

Mr. Haldane at Berlin.

Mr. Haldane, our Minister of War, who is rightly hailed by the German press as a firm friend of Germany, is at present the guest of the Emperor at Berlin. Instead of fooling away his time like some of his predecessors by donning a military uniform and watching military manoeuvres, the lessons of which he could better derive from the reports of his military attachés, Mr. Haldane is devoting himself to the study of the organisation of the German military staff and to the great military establishments which are to be found at the capital. The Kaiser has ordered that every facility shall be given him for his studies, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will profit by the way in which Mr. Haldane is spending his "holiday." Some foolish Opposition papers have been spreading baseless rumours concerning Mr. Haldane's "impending resignation." Mr. Haldane is not going to resign. He has, of all his colleagues in the Cabinet, gained most in public estimation since the Government was formed, and he is about the last man in the world to abandon a position in which he finds everything his heart desires—an infinite variety of tremendously hard work and a boundless field in which to render yeoman's service to the Empire.

The Russian Revolution.

Among the subjects which the Sovereigns discussed at Cronberg the possible developments of the Russian crisis naturally found a place. On that subject Kaisers and Kings can see no farther than meaner mortals. The future is

black with thunder clouds, nor is there at present any rift in the Cimmerian darkness that covers the land of Muscovy. The dykes have burst, the revolutionary flood is surging over the outlands—the Baltic provinces, Poland and the Caucasus—and ominous symptoms threaten the tranquillity of Russia proper. To cope with such a situation by mere acts of repression, arrests here, hangings there, and the like, is as futile as an attempt to bale out an inundation with pails. Nothing can be done till the dykes are mended. In other words, Russia will steadily sink deeper and deeper into anarchy unless the Government can create or restore among its subjects a conviction that the very existence of civil society demands the rallying of all the moral forces of the community against the social peril. The existing garrison of the citadel of law and order is manifestly too weak to stem the torrent. New reinforcements must be obtained somehow, and the only available allies are in the enemy's camp. Nor will they come over to the autocracy excepting on their own terms. The Tsar will have to concede these terms or they will sullenly acquiesce in the spread of the welter of anarchy which threatens to drown Russia in blood. Moscow will be as much a city of the dead as Warsaw, and Russia will perish with the autocracy.

At Death Grips With Murder.

The Government is at death grips with murder. The policy of Repression from above is parried by a policy of Assassination, wholesale and retail, from below. Policemen and soldiers are shot down like partridges in the streets of Warsaw—on one day thirteen policemen, four police-sergeants, seven gendarmes, and four soldiers were shot dead, and eighteen wounded. General Minn, the commander of the terrible Semeonovsky Regiment, which trampled out the Moscow rising in blood, is coolly stalked by a young girl, with a revolver in one hand and a bomb in the other, and is shot dead as he sat on a bench in Peterhof railway station beside his wife and daughter. Bombs are thrown at the Governor-General of Warsaw, and he is *hors de combat* with concussion of the brain. Revolutionary Committees levy blackmail, enforced by murder, in the Baltic provinces, until the Germans, the economic backbone of the district, are flying for their lives across the frontier. General Trepoff is said to have narrowly escaped death by poison. In St. Petersburg itself, as M. Stolypin, the Prime Minister, is giving an official reception at his house on the Islands, four assassins drive up disguised as a General and his suite, demand admittance, and, on being refused, hurl a couple of bombs into the ante-chamber, which, exploding, shatter the house and kill thirty-three persons, confounding the guilty and innocent, women and children, in one common holocaust. M. Stolypin escaped uninjured, but his little son and daughter



Professor Milyukoff,
One of the leaders of the Constitutional
Democratic Party.

were shattered almost to death by the explosion, and three of the assassins were blown to bits. The Emperor expresses his dismay, but the Revolutionists calmly announce future executions on a still ghastlier scale, nor do they lack agents who go willingly to death if by dying they can purchase the death of the enemy. And so the terrible death grapple in the darkness goes on day and night, nor is there anyone who can predict how it will end.

The Progress of the Struggle.

M. Stolypin appears to be a strong, cool, resolute man, who refuses to be terrorised into the abandonment of a policy of reform. The new Duma is to be elected in due course, with strict regard to the letter of the fundamental law. The Crown lands are to be distributed among the peasants, education is to be made universal, and at the same time the law is to be enforced. The Cadets, or Constitutional Democrats, have somewhat discredited themselves by abandoning the path of legality in issuing their Wiborg manifesto. The Tsar was within his right in dissolving the Duma, and it was a tactical error to reply by advising a refusal to pay taxes. The taxes continue to be paid. That is a salient fact of the situation. The Exchequer received in the first five months of this year £9,500,000 more than in the corresponding period of 1905. Add to this the astonishing fidelity of the majority of the troops. At Sveaborg and at Cronstadt there have been bloody mutinies, but in both places, as previously at Sevastopol, the mutinies were drowned in blood. Whatever may be thought of the merits of the dispute, it is impossible not to

admire the amazing staunchness of the soldiers and police, who are the targets for the bullets of every desperate assassin, but who, nevertheless, remain true to their bread and salt, despite the most frantic appeals of the revolutionaries to desert their colours. The real abiding danger-point is the land question. The revolutionary agitators are busy inciting the peasants to acts of violence, and now that the harvest is over jacquerie may become general instead of, as hitherto, being sporadic and intermittent. It is very difficult to say what can be done, but so far as outsiders can see, the best thing to do would be to hurry on the elections for the Duma; and if the new elections should result, as Ministers expect, in the return of a more moderate majority, the sooner the onerous responsibility of evolving order from chaos is shifted on to the shoulders of that majority the better. The Tsar's saying about the Duma, "They think I am conferring a privilege; I am really asking them to share a burden," should not be forgotten. His troubles just now are largely due to the fact that he is trying to carry that burden alone. [Cables announce that a new Duma will be summoned in February.—Ed. "Aus. R. of R."]

Asia and Parliamentary Government.

The Sultan of Turkey has been sick and in danger of death, and the Shah of Persia, at his wits' end how to cope with the discontent of his people, has now decided to summon a National Council at Teheran, composed of representatives of the princes, clergy, royalties, nobles, merchants and tradesmen. Peasants are apparently not to be represented. "The National Council shall deliberate on all important affairs of State, and shall have the power and right to express its views with freedom and full confidence with regard to all reforms which may be necessary to the welfare of the country." The unrest in Egypt does not seem to be abating. Pan-Islamic intrigue, excited through the native press, and subsidised, it is alleged, by the Sultan, still disturbs the rest of Lord Cromer, who might do well to consider whether the Khedive should not follow the example of the Shah. Even the Dowager Empress of China is said to have decided upon introducing some kind of representative system into China in accordance with the recommendations of the Commission which recently made a flying reconnaissance of the Western World. If Persia and China set up parliaments, how much longer will India have to wait?

Spelling Reform.

We all hate and abhor any variation in the familiar spelling of the English language. What Mark Twain calls "variegated spelling" irritates us as we are irritated by seeing a child with a dirty nose, or to sit at table with a man who puts his knife into his mouth. Hence John Bull will be slow

to follow President Roosevelt in his bold adventure in favour of spelling reform. Henceforth all the President's "eds" are to be "ts," and the official language of the American Republic is to be spelled in accordance with the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board. These recommendations may be abbreviated as follows:—

- (1) Choose one form of spelling and stick to it.
- (2) Substitute t for ed and drop the doubled consonant in words like dipped.
- (3) Eliminate the diphthong.
- (4) Drop the e in words like judgement, the final te in words like etiquette, the final gh in words like though, the final l, me and ue in words like distill, programme and demagogue.
- (5) Use s for c in words like defence, and z for s in words like criticise.
- (6) Substitute f for ph in words like sulphur.
- (7) Drop the n in words like honour and labour, and the e in words like saythe.
- (8) Spell words like theatre theater.

This is a first instalment. There is more to follow hereafter.

English or American?

People, especially the New York editors, ridicule President Roosevelt, and in this country there is a comfortable conviction that we need not worry ourselves about his radical innovations. But those who concern themselves with the realities of things recognise in the President's action the most significant blow which American ambition has dealt to the supremacy of the Mother Country. The building of a dozen American "Dreadnoughts" would not more plainly challenge British supremacy in a domain in which she has hitherto reigned supreme. The adoption of the recommendations of the simplified spelling recommendation is a new Declaration of Independence, a subtler and more deadly revolt than that which broke up the Empire in the eighteenth century. For if it succeeds—and it will succeed unless we forestall such a catastrophe by ourselves taking steps to share in its success—the one great tie which unites the English-speaking world will disappear. Americans will no longer speak the English language. They will write and speak American. And from the day in which they adopt a phonetic system of spelling English, it is American, and not English, that will become the *lingua franca* of the world. Even now English, despite our habit of writing a word "chair" and pronouncing it "table," which compels every foreigner to learn it twice over, once by the ear and once by the eye, has such signal merits that it is distancing all competitors. But if to those natural advantages there be added a simple system of rational spelling, in a hundred years all the world would be speaking English. If we do not reform our spelling, all the world will speak American, and English as she is spelled in English will be as unintelligible to the rest of mankind as Anglo-Saxon. We may hate President Roosevelt's innovation as

much as we like. But we shall have to follow it or we shall get as badly left in the twentieth century as was George III. in the eighteenth.

The Kaiser told a French guest the other day that he regarded

anti-militarism as an international plague, and that he could no more rejoice at its appearance in France or any other country than he could welcome the outbreak of cholera across the frontier. It was a significant observation. Would that anti-militarism were as catching as cholera! As an expression of an exactly opposite sentiment to that of the Kaiser note the remarkable speech delivered at Toronto recently, by Sir William Mulock, formerly Postmaster-General of Canada. He said:—

'This Canada of ours is the only country in the world worth living in, the only country that is not burdened with great military debts handed down by previous generations. Keep it on those lines. Watch carefully every tendency towards militarism, for we know that preparation for war leads to war. Remember this is the last spot of refuge on God's green earth where men can come and not pay for the sins of their ancestors.'

Amen! and Amen!

[This applies with equal force to Australia, and the "Amens" may be said as heartily.—Ed. "Aus. R. of R."]

The Fruits of Militarism at Home.

The War Stores Commission has now published its Report, which acquits our Army officers of corruption, but convicts them of a stupidity and ineptitude so crass that they allowed the nation to be robbed of a million and a-half sterling in South Africa, after the war was over. Of course no one believes that there was no corruption. Everybody who had any business to do in South Africa during the war knows that without corruption no business could be done. It is asserted now that it was only warrant officers and men from the ranks who took bribes. People may swallow that in London; in South Africa it would be reserved for the exclusive consumption of the Marines. The canker of corruption has eaten very deeply into our society both at home and abroad. A great contractor once told me that the Chinese were the only nation left where you could do business honestly, and they were in danger of succumbing to this uni-



Photo. by]

[The Yachting Season at Cowes
The Kaiser's yacht, "Meteor" (412 tons) in the Solent.

[Kirk.

versal malady of a civilisation in which the making haste to get rich leads men to tolerate practices which are little better than downright picking and stealing. Mr. Haldane will do well to apply the probe continually, and when a culprit is caught red-handed punishment should be both public and merciless. Some evils need to be cauterised with red-hot iron.

W. J. Bryan's Return.

Mr. W. J. Bryan is back again in the United States, and is being welcomed with all the pomp and majesty of the Heir Presumptive to the Presidency. He is to begin the campaign forthwith, and for months to come the silver-tongued orator will endeavour to win back the support of those who were alienated by his devotion to the silver standard. Mr. Bryan has apparently convinced himself that he must pose as a Conservative. He is too Conservative even to approve offhand of President Roosevelt's spelling reforms. It is all very well to play up to the cautious men of the party. But if you play Othello you do not need to black yourself all over, and this excess of zeal seems to be at present the chief obstacle to Mr. Bryan's realisation of the ambition of his life. Mr. Bryan's opening speech contained one novelty. He definitely and in good set terms demands the State ownership of railways. This is a more practical plank than his old sixteen-to-one silver standard hobby, and his declaration, amidst the execrations



The "Montague" on the Rocks.

of the New York capitalist press, is a notable landmark in the progress of the New World towards the State Socialist ideals of Europe. If Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst intend to fight the next Presidential campaign on the platform of State and municipal ownership of the great natural monopolies of gas, water, electricity and transport, they will force the pace of collectivism all round the world.

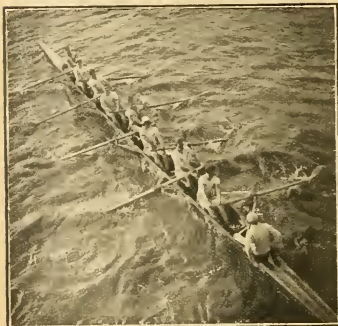
The Loss of the "Montague."

The most brilliant captain in the British Navy, who was destined to command the "Dreadnought"—Captain Adair, of the "Montague"—has been tried by court-martial for losing his ship in a fog on Lundy Island. Together with Lieu-

tenant Dathan, he has been severely reprimanded and dismissed his ship. As the ship is now a rusty wreck in the Bristol Channel, these officers may be said to have effectively dismissed themselves. But the verdict of the Court shows how very different is the temper of the Navy from that of the Army. Half the generals whom we sent out to South Africa would have been dismissed the service if the Army had been imbued with the same high sense of discipline and efficiency which is the salvation of the Navy. Captain Adair will in time get another ship, when it is to be hoped his zeal as a scientist in studying wireless telegraphy will not again lead him to neglect the elementary duty of taking soundings when his ship steams through a fog in the Bristol Channel.

Women and the Franchise.

An International Woman's Franchise Congress has been held at Copenhagen, which was attended by influential representatives of British women. It is evident that whatever may be the loss of faint-hearted and false friends which the cause has had to suffer on account of the adoption of a more active policy, the conduct of Miss Kenney, the Pankhursts, and others has given a stimulus to the movement all round the world. The Finnish women are going to nominate one of their number for a seat in the Diet that is about to be elected. When asked how it was they had secured so great a victory, the Finnish delegates at Copen-



The Rival Crews from Cambridge and Harvard Preparing for the Race of September 8th.

These photographs were taken from Hammersmith Bridge while the crews were practising over the whole course. They are interesting as showing the different positions occupied by the Cambridge men (on the left) and the Harvard men (in the right-hand picture).



Photo. by]

[Hughes and Mullins.

The Late Miss Elizabeth Sewell.

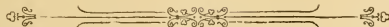
Died at Bonchurch, aged ninety-two. She wrote a book every year between 1844 and 1885.)

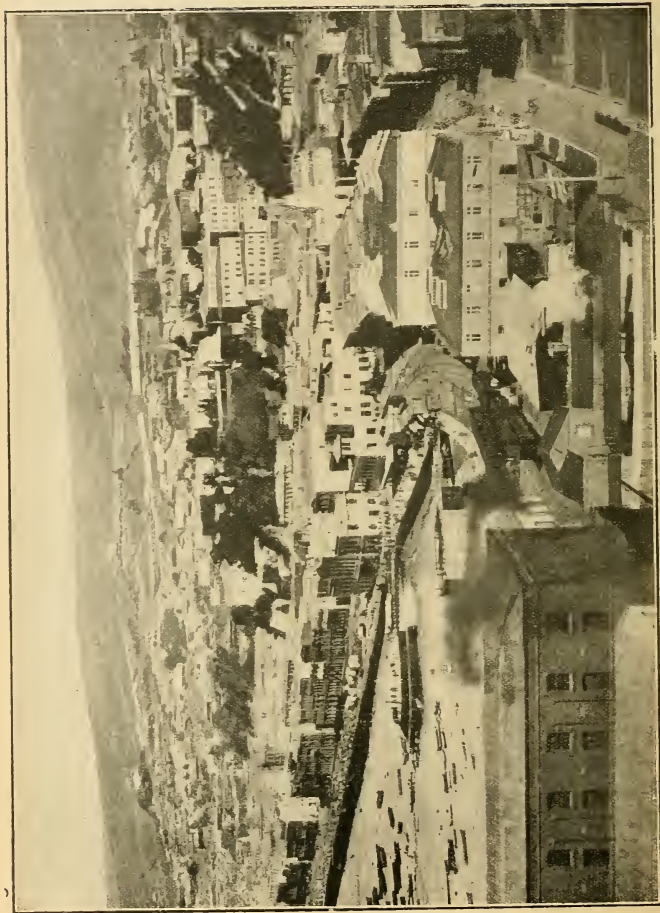
hagen replied, "We owed it to two things: (1) Co-education in primary and secondary schools and the universities, and (2) to the fact that in our struggle against Russia women fought side by side with men." The prisoners who were guilty of *lèse-*

majesté in attempting to ring the sacred doorbell of Mr. Asquith in Cavendish Square have been released. They are now exploiting the advantage their imprisonment has secured them by addressing large meetings all over the country. When the Plural Voting Bill comes on it is to be hoped the Government will consent to a full discussion of the whole question. It will be unpardonable if they try to sidetrack the question once more.

The Deborah of South Africa.

Those who profess to believe that nature has given a monopoly of political genius to the boys and left the girls out in the cold, would find it difficult to account for the existence of such women as Madame Koopmans de Wet, who for thirty years has been the most influential woman in South Africa. If she had but had the good fortune to be born in a male physical envelope, she would have been Prime Minister of the Cape, and there would have been no South African War. There was no two-legged thing in South Africa, had a better brain, a stouter heart, and a clearer insight into the truth of things. But as this invaluable biped wore petticoats instead of trousers, she was deprived of all opportunity of rendering any direct service to the State. Shut out of Parliament, she made her salon a great centre of political influence. But when the supreme moment came and the crisis might have been solved by one brave, true word spoken, one clear, resolute act done, the men failed her and Milner triumphed. Madame Koopmans de Wet was a woman above parties. Mr. Rhodes had for her the sincerest respect and admiration, and all who knew her intimately loved and revered her as a mother in Israel. She died last month after a long illness, racked with excruciating pain. But never in the worst moments did that lion heart show sign of weakness. Her faith in her God and in Afrikanderland sustained her to the last. She was far the noblest Roman of them all. For generations to come her memory will be an inspiration and a support to the women of South Africa, and not of South Africa alone.





A General View of Valparaíso Before the Earthquake.

The earthquake occurred on August 16th. At eight o'clock in the evening the whole city seemed suddenly to swing backwards and forwards. Then immediately afterwards there was a jolt of such mighty force that whole rows of buildings toppled to the ground in a few seconds.



A Town School, Victoria. Empire Day: Saluting the Flag.

The Victorian State Schools' Exhibition and the Education Movement.

BY AMICUS.

From time to time exhibitions of State school work have been held in various parts of the State. I believe the first of any importance, which showed the work of a particular inspectorial district, was held at Charlton, when the present Director of Education, Mr. Frank Tate, had charge of that inspectorate. Since that time exhibitions have been held in most districts, and have had a decidedly beneficial effect in showing people what was being done in the schools and in fostering an interest in the children's work. It was a happy thought which prompted the Minister of Public Instruction and the Director of Education to arrange for an exhibition of school work on a colossal scale in the Exhibition Building. That great display, which attracted so many thousands of visitors, may be regarded as a fitting conclusion to the series held in the provincial districts. The teachers of the State, under the guidance of their inspectors, took up the work of preparing the exhibits with commendable enthusiasm.

Local committees were formed in the different inspectorates, and a strong and influential executive

arranged for in Melbourne, to carry the undertaking to a successful issue. It redounds to their credit that this great enterprise was carried out in a manner which should make the people of Victoria proud of their teachers.

When we consider the mammoth nature of the undertaking, the organising and business ability and other qualifications necessary for successful management in such a case, we must admit that the teachers have done well—remarkably well.

THE MAN AT THE HELM.

There are some men gifted with prophetic insight regarding the future. A vision comes to them of what can be accomplished in some great sphere of labour, and they set themselves to realise what may seem to others to be a hopeless task. Happy is the man who can persist to the end. When one looks back over the past few years, one is inclined to think that the Director of Education is this kind of man.

It seems but yesterday that he and others, recognising that our State was lagging behind in the



The Principal, Lecturers and Students of the Melbourne Training College for State School Teachers.

all-important matter of education, set themselves the task of reforming our State school system.

To-day that system is second to none south of the line, and in regard to the teaching of infants and Nature Study, it is probably the best in Australasia. Since his appointment the Director has lived the strenuous life in the cause of education, and his example has been followed to such purpose, both by inspectors and teachers, that the system he and his colleagues introduced has, with necessary modifications to suit local conditions, become thoroughly workable, and has already begun to influence in a marked degree the children of Victoria. Mr. Tate has been sneered at and mocked as a mere theorist; but "mockery is the fume of little hearts," and the scorner counts for but little in the progress of mankind.

The triumphant carrying out of the State Schools' Exhibition, and the work shown therein, is an answer to the Director's critics. The exhibits bear mute but expressive testimony to the fact that the programme of instruction has stood the test of actual practice. Mr. Tate has had a hard battle to fight, and the end is not yet. But the exhibition is a proof that much has been done, and it will serve as a fresh starting point for further effort.

THE EXHIBITION.

On entering, the first impression of the average visitor was probably a feeling of astonishment at the magnitude of the undertaking. Could dominie Sampson have revisited the earth, and seen the work of Australian children, his first exclamation would certainly have been "Prodigious."

As one passed from court to court a good idea of the nature of the instruction carried out under the programme of the Education Department was gradually gained. Compared with the work of fifteen or twenty years ago, it was noticed that the work now is far more practical in character. The teaching aids seen throughout the courts, and the apparatus constructed by teachers or by pupils, plainly indicated that the concrete is everywhere superseding the abstract where that is possible and desirable.

On the walls of the courts brush drawing, or brushwork as it is generally called, occupied a considerable portion of the space. Some beautiful work was shown in this subject. Among the many exhibits which merited special praise one could not help noticing the very fine work sent in by small country schools, some from schools in the Wim-



The Training College for State School Teachers, Melbourne.

mera, some from others buried in the heart of Gippsland forests.

Not many years ago the average teacher in a country school taught little drawing. The exhibits showed there has been a striking improvement in this subject, for the work of town and country school alike was excellent. In no subject was development more noticeable than in history. I saw many plans and relief models of battlefields, as I strolled through the courts. A smart boy in our schools to-day can not only give you an account of, say, the battle of Waterloo, but can model the long ridges and the valley between, where the great struggle took place, with men and guns in position, and could no doubt point out the exact spot where Wellington and his great opponent stood at the crisis of the fight.

Another subject which attracted one's attention was the nature study. In many courts collections illustrating this branch of the school work were on view. Insects have always had an attraction for the average boy. We all know how hard it used to be to pass by an ant heap without disturbing the denizens of the mound, and insects generally have had little cause to be grateful for the pointed attentions paid them by Australian juveniles. In nature study, while many have made botanical collections their

aim, most children have preferred the study of insect life. Where definite work had been undertaken in this direction, it was seen to be the life history of an insect, as a rule—for example, the Emperor gum moth. The eggs were shown first, then the caterpillar, then the cocoon with its chrysalis, and finally the moth. Thus the life history was traced out. In more than one court, there was a small aquarium in which insects that frequent the water were kept for observation. A part of the exhibition which was much frequented was the Sloyd court, where boys were busy at wood work during each afternoon. The knowledge of tools and the dexterity shown by the boys was praiseworthy, and the attention paid to the workers showed that people were decidedly curious about this form of manual training. Undoubtedly this preparatory work will be of great advantage to boys who intend to become mechanics.

Another striking feature was the work shown to illustrate geography, and how it is taught. Relief maps and models could be seen in every court. Some of these were beautifully finished. A model of the floor of the Pacific, which could be filled with water, attracted considerable attention. The mapping in many courts also was decidedly good, and there was no evidence of any falling off in this part of the work. The quadrant was frequently no-



Mr. Leach B.Sc. one of the Continuation School Teachers, Giving a Geography Lesson.

ticed, and is evidently coming into general use for obtaining the meridian altitude of the sun. Many of the quadrants showed simplicity and ingenuity in their construction. There was abundant evidence that geography has been made one of the most interesting subjects of the school course. The writer has a vivid recollection of forming one of a class of children who used to learn lists of long names by heart. Many men past forty can remember when they were wont to go through, say, the seas of Asia, from Kamtschatka to Akaba, like a pack of hounds in full cry.

In such a subject as arithmetic, too, there was abundant evidence that concrete illustrations are used far more than formerly. Apparatus was seen to show such things as the ratio of the inscribed circle to the square, the relations of the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle to each other, the area of the surface of the cylinder, and the like.

Probably no court in the Exhibition building attracted more notice than the joint one occupied by the Teachers' Training College and the Continuation School. The fine displays in the science sections of both made the court particularly interest-

ing. The Training College court was intended to show as many teaching aids as could be exhibited in the limited space available. The science exhibit contained apparatus to illustrate almost every part of the science taught in our schools. On the walls, model blackboard sketches, illustrations for the teaching of infants, history aids, and model lessons in reading, number, and other subjects were displayed, while on and above the tables, geographical and arithmetical aids, notes of lessons, nature study exhibits and others were shown. The science demonstrations given daily by the students were much appreciated, judging by the numbers who listened.

The notes of lessons showed the best way to draw up set lessons, and many teachers seized the opportunity of consulting them.

Excellent work was characteristic of the exhibits shown in the half of the court occupied by the Continuation School. The work in geography and nature study was especially fine, and showed definiteness and thoroughness throughout. The drawing and brushwork was also good—in fact the whole exhibit was highly creditable to all concerned. It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the



The Melbourne Continuation School.

Technical Schools' exhibit, nor that shown by the N.S.W. Education Department, but a word may be said about the Cookery Centre. In no part of the State school work is more practical work being done than in the teaching of cookery. The girls are taught not only how to cook, but what to buy, which is almost as important, and a visit to the room where operations were carried on was sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the value of the work done. Even a cynic will admit that the sum of human happiness can be improved by good cookery.

AIMS OF THE EDUCATION MOVEMENT.

One aim of modern education is to produce a perfect type of citizen. The school life, too, is to be linked with the life around—the life of the world. In the "Souvenir Book," published in connection with the exhibition, we are told "that the teacher is expected to take the children on the ground where they are, and lead them outward from that."

Is there any evidence that something is being done to realise these aims? When the programme of instruction and exhibits shown have been considered, the conclusion arrived at is certainly favourable. In such a subject as history, than which none should be more potent in helping to train the future citizen, we find that the best teachers begin

with the local history (some of which appeared on the walls in the form of composition exercises), so that the child is led outward from what he knows. From the local history he is led to the history of his own State, and thence to that of Australia and the Empire. In like manner the shire or borough council is dealt with, then the State and the Federal Parliaments, and finally the Parliament of Great Britain.

Lessons are also given on the duties of a citizen, and thus the children are placed in a position to understand what membership of a state means.

In this subject, then, definite work is being done towards the realisation of the aims mentioned.

SCIENCE.

Turning to science, we find that much latitude is allowed as regards the branches of science dealt with. In some agricultural districts, agriculture has been wisely selected. Plainly, then, the life of the child is linked with the life and industry around him in such a case, and the results are likely to be valuable.

Some years ago a young teacher in Gippsland taught the principles of agriculture to his scholars. To-day the farmers who, as boys, received their education from him, are noted as being up to date and ahead of their fellows. In the exhibition there



Photo kindly lent by the proprietors of "The Leader."

A Gippsland school.

were two exhibits which were the subject of much praise. One was from the Mortlake school, where farming in miniature is carried on within the school grounds. The work done is both practical and scientific. The rocks of the district and the soils formed by their disintegration are carefully studied. Such important matters as the rotation of crops, the growth of grasses suitable for the district, the exhaustion of the soil and the remedy, are specially studied. The planting and cultivation of potatoes and other vegetables is part of the regular work. Experimental plots are used to demonstrate the use of fertilisers and the value of each. The children have been trained to recognise drought-resisting plants, and those which cannot resist the Australian climate. Weeds, too, and their effects are carefully studied. In addition, records of the direction of the wind, the rainfall, the meridian altitude of the sun, and the effects of these are shown. On the same chart barometric and thermometric readings are also set out.

The other exhibit was from a small school in Gippsland, Wy Yung, and dealt with the dairying industry carried on there. As in the case of the Mortlake school, the rocks of the district and the resultant soils are shown, and the chemical constituents in them. These are proved to exist in the grass and other vegetable products, and finally in

the milk, so that the connection between the soil and its products is clearly traced.

In geography, too, we see from a study of the various courts that the local geography is taught first, and that it is linked with geology of an elementary character. Local maps and relief models alike show that this subject is made a living one, and that the teacher develops the subject from what the child knows of his own neighbourhood, afterwards linking this knowledge with the geography of the great world without.

NATURAL STUDY.

If we consider the nature study sections we find further evidence that the aims I mentioned before are being realised.

In the different districts plant and animal life is being observed in the vicinity of the schools, as it never was before. Already these observations have proved of value. It is said that in the Castlemaine district the observations of the children have led the fruitgrowers in one locality to modify their garden operations for the better. Morally, the subject should have a good effect on children, and tend to make them more considerate and less cruel towards insects.

THE THREE R's.

As for reading, writing and arithmetic, the evidence at first sight is not so clear. But when we learn that hundreds of libraries have been estab-



Interior of a Country School.



The Cookery Room, Melbourne Continuation School.



A Lesson on "The Sells of the District."
Photograph kindly lent by the proprietors of "The Australasian."

lished in the schools throughout this State since 1900, we need have no doubt about the subject which "maketh a full man."

As for writing, the exercise books and composition shown prove that it is used to a considerable extent in the right way—as a means of expressing or recording thought, and with a view to the future—shown by the practical nature of the work done.

In regard to arithmetic, anyone who studied the exercise books would conclude that its use in everyday life is kept in view.

The problems noticed are for the most part such as the child will be called upon to solve in actual life. These exercise books also indicated that more attention is being paid to English as it is spoken, and to the rules of syntax, than to the dry-as-dust details of parsing and analysis.

INFANT EDUCATION.

But in no department of our school work has a more striking change been wrought in the way of making education a living thing and a preparation for the future, than in the teaching of infants. Manual dexterity is certainly a great advantage to the future citizen, no matter what occupation he follows. The exhibits in paper work, mat weaving, string work, and other subjects such as brush drawing and colouring, bore remarkable testimony that there has been a great gain in manual power during the last few years. But the evidences of mind-development were just as apparent. On the walls of the exhibition one saw many lessons in reading, number, writing and observation work, which the little pupils had assisted to build up. The activity of the child is now turned to account, and he has become an interested co-operator. From the point of view of thought-development and its expression, probably the most striking fact in favour of the new methods is the wonderful composition written by children under seven years of age. The work shows a mastery of words which is really amazing in those so young. Not many years ago children of twelve could not do such good work.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN THE FUTURE.

While admitting that much has been done to attain the high ideals aimed at by the Education Department, it must also be frankly conceded that there are some things to be avoided. The work in some cases needs to be more definite yet. In connection with some of the nature study collections, where the sole object seemed to be to gather as many specimens as possible, one could not help asking the question—what definite purpose is aimed at? The industries which engage the attention of our people are manufactures in the towns, agriculture, viticulture, dairying, mining, and the like in the country.

It seems to me that wherever it is possible the nature study and science work should be taught with these in view, as has been done in some cases I have referred to.

Again, it will be imperatively necessary to provide a supply of highly-trained teachers for the work in the future. Why is this? As more subjects are now taught than formerly, there is grave risk that such essential subjects as reading, writing and arithmetic will suffer, since less time can now be devoted to



A Class at Clay Modelling.

them than formerly. Greater skill and better methods than ever before will be required by the teachers in the days to come. The exhibition has proved that where the teachers are well trained and skilful, the essential subjects are as good as ever. But if ill-trained teachers or, worse still, persons not trained in teaching at all, are sent out to take charge of schools, then there is an absolute certainty that some of the subjects of the course, and probably the most essential, will be badly taught.

THE TEACHER'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of the teacher on the plastic natures of children is at last being fully realised. How is it that men from the village schools of Scotland have so often been able to rise to the highest positions in their own country, and also abroad? The answer is, they were under the right kind of man in the village school, often a graduate of a university. And if we ask why America and Germany are in the forefront to-day, we find that the reason is the same. In those countries education on proper lines has been established for some time. And as the destinies of the countries I have named have been profoundly in-

fluenced for good by their education system, so will it be in Victoria. But the fine system which has been introduced here, and which in the nation's interests should be extended and developed, needs the influence of the right kind of man, highly trained, enthusiastic, and loving his fellow-men to carry it out, otherwise it cannot be wholly successful.

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

There is undoubtedly an increasing difficulty in obtaining teachers of the right stamp. This is especially true in regard to men. The reason is not far to seek. Young men find that they can make a better living on the land, or at a trade or some other calling, than as teachers. Teachers have now to pass through a long course of training before they can hope for a living wage. Six or more years are ordinarily required to qualify as a trained teacher. The salary to begin with is small, and promotion usually slow. From the point of view of rewards, the prospect before a young man or woman who enters the teaching profession is not bright. It is an axiom that education is necessary, and it is also universally admitted that it concerns the State. I have shown that we have laid the foundations of a fine system by which the children of the State can be trained for the future, and have



A School, its Play House (the latter due to local effort) and Garden



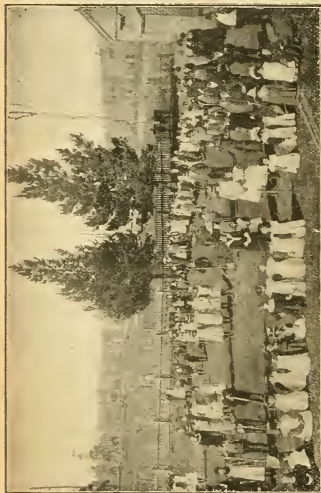
A Country School and its Garden.

proved that highly-trained men and women are a necessity for carrying it out. Plainly, then, it is the

duty of the Government to provide for such a body by holding out sufficient inducement to lead men and women of ability to enter and continue in the ranks of the teachers.

Much is being done, but more remains to be accomplished by those in power. When men see that teachers are more generously treated they will not hesitate to join one of the noblest and most important of professions. The Director of Education and his co-workers will be able to formulate schemes for the national benefit: the labours of the teachers will be sweetened by the hope of reward, and they will be ready to agree that in Victoria, at least, Thomson's lines are true:—

“Delightful task to rear the tender thought
And teach the young idea how to shoot.”



Arbor Day at a Country School.



A School Garden.



Photo. by]

[Bacon, Newcastle.

Armstrong College, Newcastle: The New Buildings Opened by the King.

The college was founded in 1871, and is affiliated with the University of Durham. For many years it was known as the Durham College of Science, but some time ago it was decided that the buildings should be completed at a cost of £50,000 as a memorial to Lord Armstrong.



Photo. by]

The New City Hall, Belfast.

[R. Welch, Belfast.

The Hall stands in Donegall Square, and occupies an acre and a-half out of about five acres of ground, the remainder being laid out as a public garden. The cost of the entire work is about £300,000 and the architect, Mr. A. Brumwell Thomas, has been engaged ten years in the undertaking.

THE NON-FLESH DIET.

BY A VEGETARIAN.

To the casual observer vegetarianism is simply a petty food fad, but to those who have enquired into the matter vegetarianism has many sides, each of which has either a scientific or a moral basis.

The science of comparative anatomy, for example, places man in the category of the frugivora, that is, fruit and nut eaters. Thus Gassendi, the contemporary friend of Galileo and Kepler, says:—

"We do not appear to be adapted by Nature to the use of flesh diet, from the conformation of the teeth, since all animals which Nature has formed to feed on flesh have teeth long, conical, sharp, uneven, and with intervals between them; but those which are created to subsist only on herbs and fruits have their teeth short, broad, blunt, adjoining one another, and distributed in even rows. And, further, that men have received from Nature teeth which are unlike those of the first class, and resemble those of the second."

Professor Sir Charles Bell, F.R.S. (1774-1842), in "Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth," 1829 (page 33), says:—

"It is, I think, not going too far to say that every fact connected with the human organisation goes to prove that man was originally formed a frugivorous animal. . . . This opinion is principally derived from the formation of his teeth and digestive organs, as well as from the character of his skin, and the general structure of his limbs."

Baron Cuvier, the chief of modern anatomists; Darwin, the greatest of naturalists; and Sir Richard Owen, one of the most eminent of zoologists, confirm these statements.

Baron Cuvier, the chief of modern anatomists; dom," 1827, Vol. I., page 88; Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., F.R.S. (1804-1892), in his "Odontography, or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth," 1829, page 33; Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S. (1809-1882), in his "Descent of Man," second edition, 1874, page 156.

The sciences of Physiology and Chemistry are equally emphatic in their testimony to the excellence of a non-flesh diet.

Dr. Albrecht Haller, the celebrated physiologist, anatomist and botanist, in speaking of diet in which flesh has no part, says it is "salutary, fully nourishes a man, protracts life to an advanced period, and prevents or cures such disorders as are attributable to the grossness or acrimony of the blood."

The modern uric acid specialist, Dr. Alexander Haig, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., in his work, "Uric Acid as a Factor in the Causation of Disease," says:—

"That it is easily possible to sustain life on the products of the vegetable kingdom needs no demonstration for physiologists, even if a majority of the human race were not constantly engaged in demonstrating it; and my researches show not only that it is possible, but that it is infinitely preferable in every way, and produces superior powers both of mind and body."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, C.B., F.R.S., says:—

"There is ample and unexceptional evidence that, where neither milk nor any of its preparations are in ordinary use, a regime consisting of bread and fruit and herbs is quite adequate to the wants of a population subsisting by severe and constant toil."

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., says:—

"It must be honestly admitted that, weight by weight, vegetable substances, when they are carefully selected, possess the most striking advantages over animal food in nutritive value."

That this is so is fully shown by the following table of nutritive values:—

IN 100 PARTS.

	Nitro- genous Matter.	Hydro- carbonate Matter.	Saline Matter.	Water.
Lean Beef ...	19.3	3.6	5.1	72.0
Fat Beef ...	14.8	29.8	4.4	51.0
Lean Mutton ...	18.3	4.9	4.8	72.0
Fat Pork ...	9.8	48.0	2.3	39.0
White Fish ...	18.1	2.9	1.0	78.0
Oysters ...	14.010	1.515	2.605	80.385
White of Egg ...	20.4	—	1.6	78.0
Yolk of Egg ...	16.0	30.7	1.3	52.0
Butter ...	—	83.0	2.0	15.0
Dutch Cheese ...	29.43	27.54	—	36.10
Chester Cheese ...	25.99	26.34	4.16	35.92

	Carbo- drates.	Nitro- genous.	Hydro- car- bonate.	Saline.	Water.
Beans ...	55.86	30.8	2.0	3.65	8.40
White Haricots ...	55.7	25.5	2.8	3.2	9.9
Dried Peas ...	56.7	23.8	2.1	2.1	8.3
Lentils ...	50.0	25.2	2.6	2.3	11.5
Cabbage ...	5.8	2.0	.5	.7	91.0
Dry Wheat ...	77.05	15.25	1.95	2.75	—
Oatmeal ...	63.8	12.6	5.6	3.0	15.0
Barley-meal ...	74.3	6.3	2.4	2.0	15.0
Dry Maize ...	71.55	12.50	8.80	1.25	—
Dry Rice ...	89.65	7.55	.80	.90	—
Dry Figs ...	65.9	6.1	.9	2.3	17.5
Dates ...	65.3	6.6	.2	1.6	20.8
Bananas ...	19.0	4.820	.632	.701	73.900
Walnuts ...	8.9	12.5	31.6	1.7	44.5
Ground Nuts ...	11.7	24.5	50.0	1.8	7.5
Cocoa Nibs ...	11.10	21.20	50.0	3.0	12.0
Chocolate ...					

Dr. Milner Fothergill, a great authority on foods, declares that beef-tea is an impostor. At one time Liebig held a high opinion of the food value of meat extract; but the eminent English food expert, Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S., after a spirited controversy, compelled Liebig to acknowledge that extract of meat is no more a food than tea is. It should be classed with tea and coffee as a nervous stimulant.

With regard to the risks and dangers of flesh food, Dr. Alex. Haig, quoted above, states that he had been all his life a sufferer from severe headaches, and had tried a great variety of alterations in diet. The non-meat diet produced at once a change, till eventually eighteen months elapsed without an attack. Further study led to the conclusion that the cause of the headaches was uric acid, and that meat produced it by introducing into the body and blood uric acid, plus substances of the Xanthine group. He devotes fifteen chapters of the book to the study of gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease, etc.

That a vegetarian diet is sufficient for the production and maintenance of great bodily vigour is attested by the following:—

The British soldiers, who fought the battles of Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and later times, were bred on vegetarian food. Scotch oatmeal and Irish potatoes have had as much effect as English beef. O'Connell was probably right when he said that the Irish peasantry, reared on potatoes and butter-milk, was the finest in the world. Of the Cumberland peasantry, Smiles, in his "Life of George Moore," says that, though occasionally they got a slice of meat in winter, "stalwart sons and comely maidens were brought up on porridge, oatcakes and milk: in fact, there could be no better food." Brindley, the engineer, testified that his piece-workers from the North of England, who lived on porridge and hasty pudding, did more work and earned more wages than the labourers of the south, who lived on bacon, beer, and cheese. Even further north, in the coldest of climates, the Norwegians, Swedes and Finns, who live on rye bread,

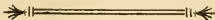
milk and cheese, are finer men than the Laplanders and Esquimaux, who live on flesh.

In spite of the poor physique of the Bengalis, and of some other of the Hindu races, there are many illustrations in India of how powerful and enduring men may be on a diet of corn, pulse and fruit. Among millions of the coolies of the North-west Provinces, Punjab, Rajputana, Central Provinces, Bombay and Hyderabad, the work done daily on very low pay, often in much exposure to fierce sun or heavy rains swamping the country for weeks at a time, or very cold weather, is toilsome and protracted. Their rule is to work from sunrise to sunset, with short rests for sleep or food. The Sikhs, who fought so well against us in the Punjab, and who are now our best and most trustworthy sepoys, are, by religion and immemorial custom, vegetarians. They are the finest race in India, being as a rule exceptionally powerful men. Seventy per cent. are purely vegetarian. Others get meat on the occasion of a feast or a hunt, say once in three or four months. Those who enter British military or police service have meat supplied to them, but comparatively few eat it.

Professor Newman writes:—

"Dr. Edward Smith, who reported to the Privy Council on the food of the three Kingdoms, came to the conclusion that the Irish are the strongest, next to them the Scotch, next the Northern English, lowest of all the townsmen, observe; their vegetarianism is graduted in the same way, the strongest being the most vegetarian, and the townfolk, who are weakest, being the greatest eaters of flesh. I do not mean to assert that diet is the only cause of strength or weakness; it is sufficient to insist that vegetarianism is compatible with the highest strength. The old Greek athlete was a vegetarian. Hercules, according to their comic poets, lived chiefly on pease pudding."

To this brief outline of the scientific justification of vegetarianism we shall add, in a future article, if permitted, a review of the moral and æsthetic aspects of the question.



OUR UNWIELDY STATES.

The Necessity that Exists for the Division of the Large and More Unwieldy Australian States into Smaller and More Compact Ones.

By G. S. CURTIS, Rockhampton.

The idea of writing you upon the above subject was suggested by the gridiron maps of Australia, which you published in a recent issue, showing the relative strength of Socialism in the different States as represented in the Federal Parliament, and also by what you have said about the necessity (*inter alia*) of extension of Government, and placing more complete power in the hands of the people. The maps illustrate the noteworthy fact that the larger and more unwieldy States send the largest proportion of Socialists to the Federal Parliament, and, conversely, the smaller and more compact the State, the smaller number of Socialists does it send to the councils of the nation. This is conspicuous in the case of the smaller States of Tasmania and Victoria, and appears to emphasise and accentuate the truth of the political axiom, upheld by many past-time statesmen—viz., that small and compact States are more easily and better governed than huge and unwieldy ones. The late Sir Henry Parkes was one of these statesmen, and no one was better qualified to judge. He on several occasions referred to the necessity of the division of the larger Australian colonies, and in his book, "Fifty Years in Making Australian History," he expressed his concurrence in the fundamental principle "that excessive area is not necessary, but positively detrimental, to national growth and development." Referring to the then proposed Australian Federation, he said:—"As a matter of reason and logical forecast, it cannot be doubted that if the union were inaugurated with double the number of the present colonies, the growth and prosperity of all would be more absolutely assured. It would add immensely to the national importance of the new Commonwealth, and would be of immense advantage to West Australia, South Australia, and Queensland themselves if four or five new colonies were cut out of their vast and unmanageable territories."

About the time Sir Henry Parkes gave expression to these views, Sir S. W. Griffith brought in his Bill to divide Queensland into three provinces. Sir Henry noted this fact, and added a synopsis of the Bill as an appendix to his book.

I am satisfied that the truth of the political axiom endorsed by Sir Henry Parkes would be most strikingly exemplified in the case of Queensland were she divided into three States. Brisbane, the seat of government, is most inconveniently situated

in the south-eastern corner of her huge territory, an anomaly that can hardly be equalled in the political arrangements of any other country. Under present conditions, it is impossible to get suitable men in Central or North Queensland to come forward as representatives, because they cannot afford to leave their homes and business to go to Brisbane. This is largely accountable for the fact of so many Labour men being sent as representatives from Central and North Queensland. The larger and more unwieldy the electorates, the better for the Labour Party, highly organised as it is in all parts of the country. This has been very clearly shown by their great success at the Federal elections, the Federal electorates being enormous in area. Queensland as one electorate is simply a political monstrosity, making a contest for a seat in the Senate a tremendous and very doubtful undertaking. The establishment of separate Legislatures in Central and Northern Queensland would mean both smaller State and Federal electorates, and would greatly stimulate the interest of all permanent residents in public affairs. There would be much less difficulty in securing candidates for the State Parliaments possessing some tangible stake in Central and Northern Queensland because they would be within comparatively easy distance from the State Capital and seat of government, while the new Federal electorates, being much smaller than the present ones, would be more easily organised, a matter that would be of very great encouragement to the opponents of the powerfully-organised Federal Labour Party.

As regards increased cost of government, this would not be very great, as it would not be necessary under the new arrangement to maintain the huge Brisbane establishment; but if it did involve some increase in cost of government, it would ensure better representation and much greater efficiency. The present number of members in the Queensland Assembly is 72. Twenty-five members each would be ample for new Assemblies in the centre and north, and presumably South Queensland would not require any more. This is about the number that all Queensland had when she started as an independent colony in 1859.

Unfortunately the important question of the division of the larger States has been quietly ignored by every one of our present-day politicians.

This must be due either to inadequate political knowledge, or want of foresight, or from a feeling that it is a difficult and embarrassing problem, which should be left alone in the absence of any popular demonstration, or from a conviction that, while the State capitals continue, as they do, to overshadow and control, and hold in subjection the rest of the country, it would be a hopeless task to attempt to secure a division of the larger States. It is, however, a problem that must come up for solution before very long, and more especially in the case of Northern and Central Queensland. These two enormous divisions of Queensland—the former embracing 250,000 square miles of territory, and the latter 210,000 square miles—had been petitioning the Crown for separation from Southern Queensland for many years prior to Federation. The replies of two Secretaries of State to our Envoys were distinctly to the effect that, failing some such settlement as that proposed by Sir S. W. Griffith, the question would be considered "whether the time has not arrived at which the great colony of Queensland must be separated into three" (*vide Times Report*, May 7th, 1892).

In order to prevent territorial separation, Sir S. W. Griffith, then Premier of Queensland, in 1890, and again in 1891, brought forward proposals for a tripartite federative division of Queensland, and, with the view that the three Queensland provinces so to be created would merge into the larger Australian Federation, when consummated, as three separate States. These proposals were cordially supported by the late Sir Thomas Mellwraith, who pronounced them to be wise and philosophic. At the Federal Convention in 1891, Sir Thomas said:—"In Queensland we are on the eve of dividing the colony, if we can, into three parts. We shall require some guarantee that Queensland is going to be recognised as three provinces in this new Federal Government." Many people in Central Queensland voted for the Commonwealth Bill on the assurance of some of its advocates that satisfactory provision had been made for the division of Queensland. Unfortunately this is not so. In my opinion the people of Queensland were very short-sighted and very unwise in agreeing to the unconditional incorporation of their huge and unwieldy colony as one State, with miserably inadequate representation. Certainly the Federal Constitution makes provision for admission of new States, but the conditions are very difficult, if not impossible, to comply with. Had a similar provision been embodied in the Constitution of New South Wales (as was at first proposed by the late W. C. Wentworth), Queensland would not have been able to secure her legislative independence, except perhaps by extra constitutional means. The subject of division is quiescent at present in both Northern and Central Queensland, but I venture to predict that it

will not be very long before Northern Queensland will realise the vital and absolute necessity of having the management of her own affairs, and will resolutely demand autonomy, and admission as a separate State of the Union; and Central Queensland will almost certainly follow suit. Both these embryonic States have much larger populations (the North about 115,000, and the Centre 65,000) than that of all Queensland in 1859, and they are far more advanced in every respect. Why, therefore, should they not have the management of their own affairs, as separate States of the Union? A good deal of ignorance or misconception prevails respecting this question. If you talk to the politician about the necessity, in the interests of good government, of dividing Queensland, he usually displays an utter lack of interest, and is inclined to regard it as an unreasonable, if not absurd, proposition. The stock argument usually advanced as a clincher is "Oh, look at your population; it is not large enough," utterly ignoring the fact that the population of all Queensland at the time of separation in 1859 was not more than 25,000, and that it does not require any particular number of people to form a self-governing community. Very few persons appear to be aware of the fundamental principles by which in the earlier days of colonisation colonies, by settlement, were enabled to manage their own affairs. Their right to manage their own affairs was inherent in the colonists by virtue of the common law which they carried with them. The acts of the Sovereign in issuing a proclamation in dividing the colony into electoral districts, in calling for the return of representatives, simply discharged a constitutional duty, which preserved to the people who had hived off from the parent State, or colony, those constitutional rights which belonged to them as Englishmen, and without which the laws and institutions of England would not accompany them. It has been pointed out by competent authority that these features of our constitutional system have disappeared in England, and the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, and the Act of Union with Ireland, have made the exercise of this prerogative in Great Britain and Ireland no longer possible, but the prerogative has not perished in other parts of the Empire. It has accompanied Englishmen wherever the sovereignty of the Crown has been established by a settlement of people enjoying common law rights. This constitutional doctrine was well stated by Mr. Justice Willes in the case of *Phillips v. Eyre*.

This great principle of self-government has been ignored and overridden by the rigid and restrictive provisions respecting the creation of new States embodied in the Federal Constitution. The people who, like those of Northern and Central Queensland, have settled and subdued the wilderness and laid the foundations of new and self-supporting communities, have been deprived by the Federal

Constitution of their constitutional rights which belonged to them as Englishmen.

Limited space precludes anything like an exhaustive treatment of this, to my mind, very interesting and important subject. I hope it may commend itself to our politicians and leaders of thought and action throughout the Commonwealth. In this connection, I would draw the attention of your readers to the splendid example of that great English-speaking nation, the United States of America. Commencing with the thirteen original States, which were gradually carved out of the two original plantations, these now embrace no less than 20 self-governing States, while other 28 States have been carved out of the territories, making 48 in all. Additional States will eventually be carved out of the remaining territories. Many of the States of the American Union are very small in area, compared with the area of our Victoria.

There can be no doubt that not only Queensland, but also the whole Commonwealth, would be greatly benefited by her division. It would also tend towards that ultimate equality of Federal power, so necessary for a successful federation of States. A Federation in which one or two States are so powerful as to practically overshadow and dominate the others is not a good thing, a fact that will perhaps be eventually exemplified by the mammoth State of New South Wales. I am aware that some persons contend that there are already too many Governments in Australia, and advocate the abolition of all the State Governments. The saving of expense is one of the stock reasons advanced, but that, in my opinion, is a very great fallacy. Abolishing the State Legislatures would mean Unification, and an intolerable centralisation of

power and authority in a far distant capital city. It is not the cost of government that is the trouble, but unwise and mischievous legislation, the ill-effects of which we are suffering from to-day.

In conclusion, let me express the opinion that the gridiron maps do not truly represent either the state of public opinion in the Commonwealth with regard to Socialism, or the relative degree in which the different States are affected by the Socialistic doctrine, e.g., there are probably more Socialists in New South Wales than in Queensland, but the maps do show that in the larger States the well-organised Labour Socialists are able to get a fuller representation in the Federal Parliament, and thus give the national policy a much more decided Socialistic character than is demanded by the majority of Australians.

If this be so, then the question of the formation of new States by the sub-division of huge areas like Queensland, is one which deserves more attention than it receives at present from those who, while sincerely desiring political and social reform, are yet determined to avoid the falsehood of extremes, and do their best to prevent the wreck of the Australian ship of State upon either the Scylla of Individualism or the Charybdis of Socialism.

So far as Queensland is concerned, her division would bring into existence other centres of activity, and a great stimulus would be given to the progress and development not only of Northern and Central Queensland, but Southern Queensland also. To use the words of Sir Henry Parkes, their "growth and prosperity would be more absolutely assured." Under the present system the progress and development of the country is checked and retarded to an enormous extent.

If any of our readers desire to help in fulfilling the best national ideals, and of bringing about social conditions which will assist in giving such facilities for right doing that oppression and wrong may vanish, join our League of Patriots, a band of men and women all over Australasia banded together for social service. Everyone, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, may help us. All that is necessary is a loving sympathy for one's fellow-creatures. Send along for a copy of "How to Help," and it may give you some valuable hints for becoming a real power for good. Send to W. H. Judkins, "Review of Reviews," Equitable Building, Melbourne.



What Some of Our Readers Say About "The Review of Reviews."

["The Review of Reviews" aims at bringing about the best condition of society possible, believing that the environment of a people very largely influences them in their development. We are constantly receiving from our subscribers letters of which the following are specimens. "The Review of Reviews" aims at being the magazine which gives the best view of world-wide affairs, but in addition to that it strives to promote social reform in its best and widest aspect. You will be giving the general cause of reform a wonderful lift by trying to get "The Review of Reviews" into the homes of all who are about you. Tell your friends how you appreciate "The Review," and show them what some of our subscribers say. I thank you in anticipation.—THE EDITOR.]

Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, writes:—

"I am, and have been, a subscriber to 'The Review' from its start. I am much pleased with the improvement that you have made in it, and I think the reduction in price will make it still more popular than it has been. I am also pleased to see that you are, in addition to giving an account of the events political, social and literary, of the month, paying some attention to the social life of the people of the colonies. We ought to lead in social progress, but I do not know if we are at present doing so. I have been specifically pleased to see that you are dealing with the gambling evil. It is very serious. It is not merely the loss of money that many sustain who can ill afford such loss, but the whole ideal of life becomes low, and men do not look to thrift and work as a means of social progress."

"A.W.A." writes:—"I am glad to say I owe a great deal to 'The Review of Reviews,' and I like your idea of Social Service."

The Rev. W. G. Sharpe (N.S.W.) writes:

"Allow me to express my appreciation of your ideal as expressed in the July 'Review,' and I sincerely trust you may live to see it in part realised; but the social reformer rarely if ever sees the fruition of the seeds he sows. I am delighted at the splendid stand 'The Review' is taking against gambling and its attendant evils, evils which threaten, vampire-like, to exhaust the life-blood of these States. I sincerely trust you may be able to inspire every man and woman to strive for the attainment of your four aims. To many of us in isolated places it appears a long struggle, but knowing now that there is a force organising, working and striving all through the land, fainting hands and feeble knees will be strengthened."

Mr. R. C. Watts (Vic.) writes:—

"I have been a constant subscriber to 'The Review of Reviews' for over fifteen years, and I am now more interested than ever in its work."

Rev. T. A. Joughin (N.Z.) writes:—

"I heartily approve of the tone and spirit of the address to your readers. For far too long the political atmosphere has been charged with low ideals, and

even when righteous laws have been placed on the statute book, unrighteous administration has too often made them of no effect. I am sure that your magazine will be an efficient instrument in helping to secure clean administration of the laws we already have, as well as a potent influence in shaping the opinions that must crystallise into the legislation of the future. The July number of 'The Review' is excellent. You have found your pulpit, and appear to be using it with a full sense of your responsibility to God and man. May you never lower your flag nor drift into that hardness of heart that brings irreverence for the dreams of youth!"

Mr. H. Hubbard (N.S.W.) writes:—

"I have studied your magazine for a considerable time, and cannot but admire its really 'Puritan' spirit. In one of your back numbers you made a suggestion about a 'Humanist' party, but your magazine all along has advocated 'Humanism,' from its 'leader' to its covers. As Colonel Parker, the American Educational Reformer, writes to teachers that 'The tone of a child's mind cannot be improved if we separate the intellect from the religious spirit,' so 'The Review of Reviews' launches forth and attacks any and every abuse, from social and religious grounds, with such a sincerely religious spirit, that its success is assured with all God-fearing men and women. How soon would heathen jingoism disappear if our local country paper were to study the spirit of 'The Review,' the only paper in Australia that advocates purely unselfish national interests and principles without pandering to the opinions of a 'raging' minority of fanatics. You attack the 'Tote' with such a daring spirit that one yearns for a similar article on 'Tattersalls,' which has got such a hold up here that a candidate for the Federal Parliament was applauded by the whole audience the other day when he expressed on the platform that his party (Labour), at least, had no intention of thus interfering with the pleasures of the people."

W.T.W. (N.S.W.) writes:—

"In renewing my subscription, I would like to express the high appreciation I have of 'The Review of Reviews,' and the stand you are taking therein on various social and national reforms. In most of these you have my entire sympathy, and I hope the sphere of your influence may be broadened until the goal is reached. . . . With all else (one suggestion noted) the articles on various topics, nobody can do else than admire your liberality and impartiality."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN UNDEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY.

"Professor Prim" writes:—

UNIONISTS AND NON-UNIONISTS.

The merest glance at some of the measures current in various parts of Australasia since the advent of the Labour Party is sufficient to prove that the New Democracy, as it loves to be styled, is extremely undemocratic. Now it certainly is from a democratic point of view, since one of its main planks is the denial of the very fundamental principle on which Democracy is based—equal opportunities for all. And this is the more surprising as the party which advocates it, and which has succeeded in getting it judicially enforced, is wholly recruited from the ranks of the workers, and is naturally therefore supposed to represent the interests of those who toil. Yet that the very contrary is the case is apparent directly we examine what this party has really done. It calls itself the Labour Party; but it is very inappropriately named, since its members are mere puppets in the hands of the Labour Unions, whose views they endorse, whose orders they obey, and whose bitterest enmity and persecution they incur when they break loose from the yoke. But the Labour Unions only represent a very small proportion of the workers, probably not more than 20, or at the most 25, per cent. of the whole of the manual labourers of the Commonwealth, and it is almost solely in the interests of this small section that a large part of the labour legislation of Australia is based. Very many of the workers object to join the unions, which are hotbeds of Socialism, and which advocate principles to which the more independent of the workers are opposed; but unless they do so they stand small chance of getting employment, since the Labour Unions have succeeded in getting measures passed the result of which has been to deprive large numbers of their fellow-workers of the means of obtaining a livelihood, to impose fines on employers for daring to employ those whom they prefer, to prevent men from leaving the Union for indefinite periods when they have once joined, to destroy the last shred of liberty which the workers formerly enjoyed, and to turn them into an abject body of slaves. This may sound like the frothiest of unprovable rant to some of my readers, yet it is almost an understatement of the actual facts, and every point can be proved by reference to recent arbitration awards, from which the real aims of the Labour Unions can be accurately gauged.

PREFERENCE TO UNIONISTS.

Paragraphs referring to this pernicious principle are frequently published in the press, and it has been made the subject of denunciation by public speakers time and again; yet it may be safely asserted that the great bulk of the people have very little idea of what it really means. It is difficult to realise the full significance of a principle which provides that, until all the members of a Union have been supplied with work, no one outside the Union—however competent, however deserving, however large may be his family or great his needs, or however much his trustworthiness and excellent character may commend him to an employer—will be allowed to earn his bread in that particular calling. Yet that is the practical effect of the principle as laid down by

Judge Cohen in the case of the Newcastle Wharf Labourers' Union in 1902, and in giving judgment in 1904 in *re Wild*, who was fined for having employed a non-Unionist, the same Judge further directed that, so long as there were members of the Union competent to do work required to be done, and ready and willing to perform it, they must be employed, the question of competency being for the Court and not for the employer to decide. Then there was the case of the Sydney hairdresser named Channell in 1903, who very naturally refused to dismiss an employee with whom he was thoroughly satisfied, and to whom he was paying the highest wage, at the dictation of the Labour Union, and who was taken before the Court and compelled to sack the non-Unionist and employ someone else. But a far more startling case occurred in the same year, when a Sydney undertaker named Byrnes employed a man named McDonagh on an emergency, and, as he had proved his efficiency, wished to retain him. In order to comply with the clause in the Award, which prevented him from permanently employing a non-Unionist, Byrnes gave McDonagh the option of joining the Union or of leaving his employment. McDonagh accordingly applied for admission to the Union, was refused for no other reason than that there were several members of the Union who wanted the job, and he was accordingly deprived of the opportunity of obtaining bread for his wife and family. And his employer was actually fined, although the Judge admitted that he had made every effort to get McDonagh admitted into the Union, and had endeavoured to the best of his power to comply with the award of the Court.

"TRICKY, UNDERHAND AND DISHONEST."

A precisely similar case occurred a few weeks ago, when a man named O'Dwyer, thoroughly competent in every way, was refused admission into the Sydney Wharf Labourers' Union on no reasonable pretext. Judge Hayden characterising the action of the Union as "tricky, underhand, and dishonest." But the climax was reached in 1904, when the same Union, having obtained all it wanted from the Court, including a settlement of wages and preference to Unionists, at once closed its books and refused to admit another member, thus turning the Union into a close guild. The action of the Union was denounced by Judge Cohen as "undemocratic and tyrannical in the extreme," and the award was amended so as to make the preference clause inoperative unless the rules of the Union permitted competent persons of good character and sober habits to join the Union without election. The cases cited above, some of which were used with great effect by the Hon. N. K. Ewing in his recent electioneering campaign, prove to the hilt the utterly undemocratic character of the New Democracy, and the futility of looking to the Trades' Unions and their puppets in the House for any real amelioration of the lot of the workers as a whole. The failure of compulsory arbitration was clearly predicted by the Strikes and Arbitration Commission in 1891, whose wise and unanimously-arrived-at recommendations in favour of conciliation and voluntary arbitration, which have proved so successful in England and the United States, have been persistently flouted by the superior wisdom (!) of Australian legislators in recent years. The genuine Democrat would not only oppose to the very utmost

the principle of preference to Unionists, but would strenuously advocate conciliation, and voluntary as contrasted with compulsory arbitration for the settlement, not only of labour but of civil disputes as well, as has been done in Scandinavia for many years with the most pronounced success.

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL WORK IN BRISBANE.

A "Friend of Reform" writes:—

A noticeable attempt is now being made in Brisbane to give practical shape to those humanitarian impulses which have become one of the most palpable fruits of the Christian spirit to-day. The Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, B.D., the present pastor of the old Wharf-street Congregational Church, where the Rev. E. Griffith, father of the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth (Sir S. W. Griffith), ministered for many years, has started a project which, if it is fully carried out, will be a splendid illustration of the service which this modern application of Christianity can render to the social condition of the people. A large building, erected some years ago as a tobacco factory, and worked under the name of "Dixon's Factory," until the uniform tariff on tobacco adopted by the Federal Government led to its closure, and now standing unoccupied near one of the most populous quarters of the city, arrested Mr. Wirt's attention, and suggested the idea that it might be transformed into an institute of social service, similar to those which have been established in a number of cities in America and England. Acting under this impression, he wrote to Mr. W. E. Shaw, of the British-Australian Tobacco Co. Ltd., Sydney, to which firm the building belonged, and laid before him a scheme showing how it could be fitted up and made into a centre of social activity and recreation for the toilers of the city, reminding the company that the closing of the factory had tended to increase the pressure of arduous circumstances upon many of the workpeople, and requesting that permission should be granted for it to be utilised for their social benefit. The response made to Mr. Wirt's letter was most generous. The company were willing that the building should be used as an institute of social service for five years at a peppercorn rate, if a responsible committee, free from sectarian bias, should be appointed to manage it; and the company might also further help by sending a donation towards the expenses when the institute was established.

Mr. Wirt at once called a meeting of prominent citizens. It was held in the Municipal Council Chamber, the Mayor in the chair. The company's letter and the proposed scheme were laid before it, and Mr. Wirt's action and proposal were enthusiastically endorsed, those present resolving themselves into a working committee, and adopting the preliminary steps necessary to carry out the project. It is intended to make the institute a pleasant place of very comprehensive social work and enjoyment. On the ground floor there will be a free creche, where, under the care of two or three nurses, the women who go out to daywork can leave their infants; and also a kindergarten will be provided for the older children; and there will be bathrooms and other conveniences erected there. Above in the upper stories there will be boys' club rooms, and resting and retiring rooms, furnished with couches, tables and mirrors for the shop girls and other female employees, where in their meal hours they will be able to find a time of enjoyable ease and refreshment; also a gymnasium for both sexes, a billiard and other rooms supplied with chess, draughts, and other games; a free library and reading room; a concert hall, where lectures, musical, dramatic, and other entertainments can be given;

and on the roof of the building, which was constructed level, and with a barricade around it, for the purpose of drying the tobacco lent, paths and garden seats and bowery recesses are to be provided, so as to form a charming place of retreat and promenade ground in the cool evenings for the weary workers and their friends. The whole will be a fine nucleus or recreative life and rational enjoyment, and it will doubtless be no small boon to hundreds in Brisbane. Those whose social limitations are irksome, who have little home comfort or culture, and few opportunities of pleasure, may here find a temporary elysium. It will be educational to many, widening their horizon, giving them a broader view of the possibilities of life, showing them that existence is something more than anxious grinding labour or coarse-demoralising gratifications, and leading them to make the glad discovery that they can make their lives worth living.

Of course, much will depend upon the wisdom of the management. It will need to be firm and businesslike. Sound commercial principles can alone give the institute stability, and there must be a strong controlling hand over all its various operations. The rowdy element often appears in free public institutions, and gives trouble. Humanity has some awkward sides. But the people generally may be trusted to aid in controlling that which ministers to their own interests or pleasures, and they will probably be the best helpers of the managers. The institute is to be worked upon a humanitarian basis. The churches are not to be openly represented in the management. It is to be a citizens' enterprise, but the main burden of its initiation and ultimate success will rest upon the Christian section of the community. Amiable worldliness never really sacrifices much for the people's good. The strength of all philanthropic movements is in the Christ-spirit. It is estimated that it will cost about £1000 to fully equip the factory for the purposes of the institute, but there will be little difficulty in raising this small sum, and if it is wisely conducted the working expenses will not be heavy. Mr. Wirt's happy thought is worthy of all sympathy and assistance.

A REFORM PROGRAMME.

George Plummer (N.S.W.) writes:—

Sir, In reply to your enquiry for whole-hearted help in improving the conditions under which humanity is at present struggling for light, I beg to submit the following contribution:—

Land value taxation on unimproved land values, not the combined value of land and improvements.

Land value taxation will cheapen land, to the benefit of all users, if applied uniformly, without exemption, and sufficiently heavy.

It should replace and abolish stamp duties, vexatious licensee fees, royalties, postage on newspapers, and eventually all postages.

It should cheapen railway rates, and eventually supersede them.

It should prevent land of good repute standing idle, and diminish segregation by filling up vacant sites.

It should lighten cost of transit, by furnishing trade and customers in continuous stream.

It should diminish cost of all catering for the public.

It would cheapen economic rent, but raise rent-value of improvements.

It would raise wages and interest, while cheapening food.

"THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

Mr. Percy R. Meggy writes:—

Sir,—In your October issue you quote "an astonishing statement" made by Mr. Henry N. Hall in the July number of the *New York Critic*, to the effect that Wolfe's famous poem of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was really written by a Frenchman, and only translated by Wolfe. I thought this joke had long died a natural death, and I was surprised to see it still walking the earth in all its pristine vigour. It is nearly seventy years since that literary genius, known as "Father Prout," who had the gift of translating, if any man had, and who was intensely fond of mystifying his readers, sent his translation of Wolfe's ode to Bentley's *Miscellany* as the composition of a Frenchman, under the circumstances narrated by Mr. Hall. How Father Prout's translation would strike a Frenchman I could not say, not being a Frenchman, but it has always struck me, being an Englishman, as one of the best French pieces I ever read, with a lilt and a swing in it, and in every phrase of it like the tread of a firing squad. I see from *Chambers's Cyclopædia of Literature* that Wolfe's poem was suggested by Southey's narrative in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of 1808 of the circumstances under which Sir John Moore was buried, of which it gives an almost literal version. "Father Prout," who was an Irish priest named Francis Mahony, 1805-1866, wrote a good many remarkable translations, but I think he must have fairly surpassed himself on this occasion. Wolfe's ode, it seems, was originally published in an Irish newspaper in 1817, reprinted in *Blackwood's* and other magazines, and ascribed to some of the leading poets of the day. Ultimately a Scotch schoolmaster claimed it as his, but Wolfe's claim was so fully proved that the schoolmaster had to confess himself a fraud.

MISS KONOPTIANNOKOW.

Dr. Laishley writes:—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13).

The cablegram from England, which appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald" newspaper of September 15th last, containing the sentence, "My life is all I had to give," is the most heroically pathetic I know of. It reminds us of what our Saviour said in respect to the widow's mite, "Verily I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Even admitting, but only for the sake of the argument, that Miss Konoptiannokow committed an error of judgment in killing General Minn, the noble self-sacrifice of her earthly existence, including an ignominious death, is significant, as showing, *inter alia*, the wisdom of a supreme infallible God of Justice, who will rightly estimate the value of her act which can affect only, in all probability, the period of her life which might have been here, in any event, an infinitesimal fragment of eternity. She evidently did not believe that, although dying technically unconverted, she was inevitably destined to eternal fire torture.

Our criminal law, and I presume Russia's is the same, although in certain cases a plea of justification is admissible, knows nothing of set-offs; and of course as the law now stands no plea of "justifiable homicide" would be in the present case of any avail. As Lord Macaulay says in his essay on Lord Clive

(1885 ed., p. 538): "Ordinary criminal justice knows nothing of set-off. The greatest desert cannot be pleaded in answer to the charge of the slightest aggression. If a man has sold beer on a Sunday morning, it is no defence that he has saved the life of a fellow creature at the risk of his own. If he has harnessed a Newfoundland dog to his little child's carriage, it is no defence that he was wounded at Waterloo. But it is not in this way that we ought to deal with men who, raised far above ordinary restraints, and tried by far more than ordinary temptations, are entitled to more than an ordinary measure of indulgence. Such men should be judged by their contemporaries as they will be judged by posterity. Their bad actions ought not indeed to be called good, but their good and bad actions ought to be fairly weighed, and if on the whole the good preponderate, the sentence ought to be one not merely of acquittal, but of approbation."

For my part, I would not on any account accept the chance of the Czar, or of General Minn, of a happy immortality for that of Miss Konoptiannokow. Against her devotion, any number of balls and afternoon teas, is very, very poor, miserable stuff.

RECIPROCITY—A STEP TOWARDS A UNITED STATES OF THE PACIFIC.

Sir,—Reciprocity, which means the opening up of wider trade or commercial relations with our great Continental neighbour, with its 5,000,000 of a population, is a step towards the federation of the English race in the Pacific under one government, including Fiji.

This colony, like France, will carry a large population of small farmers, who will want a near market for their products, and I predict, Sir, that in time this colony will have turbine cargo steamers carrying our produce at low rates to the sister colonies, helping to take away the deserted appearance of some of our harbours and expensive breakwaters. Germany assists her exports by bonuses; we should do likewise.

The breadwinners of this colony engaged in the leading industries in 1903 numbered as follows:—

Mining	17,816 persons.
Industrial	101,184 "
Agricultural	67,812 "
Pastoral	21,410 "

The mining and industrial classes being in the majority, it is only right that any measure which tends to cheapen food to these should have consideration.

We are allowed to trade with 5,000,000 persons in Australia, and in return we can only present 1,000,000 customers here, therefore we are offered a very large market for our surplus products.

This treaty, if passed, will perpetuate the late Hon. R. J. Seddon's memory in the minds of the people, as the lowering of the prices of raisins, currants, flour, eggs, fruit and olive oil to the workers, and the opening up of larger markets to the farmers, will be of more use to the colony than a concrete thought in marble.

It behoves every elector who wishes the country to prosper to watch how his representative in the House votes on this important measure of cheaper food and wider markets.—I am, etc., S. PEARSON.

P.S.—At the present time it may be wise to exclude flour and sugar from the treaty, and to place potatoes on the free list.

Wellington, September 8, 1906.

[The treaty has not been accepted by N.Z.—EDITOR.]

At the Parliament of the Nations.

INTERVIEWS WITH M.'S.P. FROM NEAR AND FAR.

One great advantage of the Interparliamentary Conference, which took place in London recently, is that it brings to one centre a number of notable people whom you would otherwise have to travel round the world to see. Last month we had an opportunity of talking with the following eminent persons who were assembled at Westminster:—

The Russian delegates.
Count Apponyi.
Mr. W. J. Bryan.
The Finnish delegates.
Baron P. Estournelles
de Constant.

Mr. Bartholdt.
Mr. Beernaert.
Mr. John Lund.
Professor Eckhoff.
Baroness von Suttner.
Count Vye de Vaye.

It is impossible to do more than briefly summarise some of the observations of our distinguished guests.

THE DELEGATES OF THE DUMA.

The place of honour undoubtedly belonged to the Russian delegates, who took their place for the first time in an Interparliamentary Conference.

The significance of their presence was emphasised by the fact that the news of the dissolution of the Duma reached London the same day on which they did. They were appointed by the vote of the whole body. The Finnish delegates were also elected by the legislature they represented. The Council of the Empire was represented by one man, Prince Khilkoff. The collective invitation had been sent to the Council of the Empire, but all the councillors had been invited individually on the understand-

ing that if they came they must form one of the Russian parliamentary group.

I was, unfortunately, too late to hear the Prime Minister's opening speech. I arrived just as he sat down, and found the Conference thrilling with excitement. "The Duma is dead! Long live the Duma!" The sensation which it created was immense. People did not realise at first that the phrase was strictly accurate and absolutely correct. Imagining that the Duma had not been dissolved, but abolished, they considered the Premier had committed a blazing indiscretion, which might lead the Russian Ambassador to demand his passports. A few moments' reflection, however, sufficed to reassure them and make us all feel prouder than ever of the warmhearted and courageous Minister whose famous phrase about methods of barbarism rendered such service to the cause of humanity and to the Empire during the South African War.

When I arrived in the Royal Gallery Professor Kovalevski, the genial and eloquent cosmopolitan, was entering the tribune. His words, few and nervous, were uttered with great feeling and effect. The Duma having been dissolved, its representatives must depart, although the Conference begged them to stay. They must return to Russia to share the fate of their brothers. In some happier day they hoped to return to co-operate in the work of promoting international peace. Although we all regretted it for our sake,



Photo.]

[Half-tones, Limited."

Members of the Russian Duma who came to the Conference

everyone felt it was the most telling thing to do at the moment. I shook hands with M. Kovalevski as he shouldered his way through the throng, closely followed by his five colleagues, M. Ostrogorski, M. Aladin, Colonel Svetchin, M. Vasilieff and M. Rozditcheff. They were all delighted with the Prime Minister's declaration, and very much pleased at the unanimity and enthusiasm with which they had been greeted by the Conference.

PRINCE KHILOFF.

Prince Khilkoff alone of the Russians remained behind. He was added to the Council, and regularly attended the meetings both of the Conference and of the Council. The Prince served his apprenticeship at an American engine shop; he speaks English excellently. He is over seventy years of age, quiet in demeanour, and very sensible in debate. He is no longer Minister, but he is famous as the only member of the Russian Cabinet who increased his reputation during the Japanese war. The Siberian railway was his work, and it was the only Russian institution that did not break down under the strain of the war.

Prince Khilkoff had seen the Tsar a fortnight before he came to London. At that time he thought the intention was rather to come to terms with the Duma than to dissolve it. The Prince would have preferred that alternative, and he made no secret of his regret that the Tsar and the Duma were not better acquainted with each other. He did not anticipate that the dissolution of the Duma would be followed by much disturbance. Here and there, where the estates were managed by Germans or Jews for absentee landlords, the peasants might give trouble, but not where the landlords lived on their estates. He thought that the reports of disaffection in the army were exaggerated. There might be a dozen or a hundred sympathisers with the revolution in each regiment, but as a whole the army could be relied upon. "Never forget," he said, "that in the army and among the peasants the name of the Emperor is still a thing to conjure with. And that you would see very plainly if the Emperor were to come out more and mingle with his people."

THE FINNISH DELEGATES.

From St. Petersburg to Finland is not a far cry, and from talking with the Russians I passed by an easy transition to the Finnish delegates. There were eight of them, some pure peasants only speaking Finnish, the others spoke English. I found them well contented with the position which they had won by the successful *pronunciamiento* of last October. Their new Constitution, they said, had now been solemnly accepted by the Emperor Grand Duke. They sympathised with the Duma, but they had no inclination to allow it to make Finland the headquarters of a Russian revolutionary movement. It was with a feeling of relief they heard of the de-

parture of the members of the Duma from Wiborg, and they were by no means easy as to the possible effect of the Revolutionary Group which had been holding a meeting in Helsingfors under the auspices of the Red Guard. The delegates gave me a copy of a pamphlet in English, containing a very interesting account of the new Constitution, which places Finland in the forefront of all civilised nations. All men and all women who are twenty-four years of age and over are entitled not only to elect, but also to be elected as members of the Finnish Parliament. The Electoral law is most interesting. The country is divided into sixteen electoral districts returning from six to twenty-two members each. Every elector has three votes, or, more strictly speaking, one full vote, one-half vote, and one-third vote. He marks his voting-paper 1, 2, 3; 2 only counts as one-half a vote, and 3 as one-third. This system of proportional representation is that of the Belgian D'Hondt. It would delight the heart of Lord Courtenay, for although it appears horribly complicated, it has been adopted by the Finns, who have universal suffrage for both sexes. There are about one and a quarter million electors. There is only one Chamber of 200 members elected for three years. Election expenses are paid out of rates and taxes. Each member for three months' session receives a salary of £56.

MR. LUND OF NORWAY.

The nearest neighbours of the Finns are the Scandinavians, who in all their branches are well represented. The Swedes made the best of the secession of Norway, none of the delegates expressing such wrathful sentiments as those uttered by some Swedes resident in London. Mr. John Lund, the Norwegian, gave a very pleasant account of the way in which Norway was settling down under her new King. The frost of Republicanism seems to have dissolved in Norway under the sun of the Democratic Dane, Queen Maud's husband. The genial monarch has won all hearts by his simple manners and unaffected ways. Mr. Lund was much interested in the proposal to establish a Budget of Peace. Norway from the first institution of the Interparliamentary Conference has voted a small sum of about £300 a year, which is divided into three portions. The first is a grant to the Interparliamentary Bureau; the second is paid to the Norwegian group of the Interparliamentary Union; the third is a subscription to the Peace Conference. Switzerland is the only other State besides Norway which votes money regularly for the propaganda of peace and internationalism.

COUNT APPONYI.

The most conspicuous figure at the Conference was the eloquent Minister of Education for Hungary, Count Apponyi. He was selected to move the response to the Prime Minister's speech, and to respond at Westminster Hall to the toast of the Interparliamentary Union. The memory of Louis

Kossuth's eloquence was recalled by the glowing sentences of the Count. The ease of his delivery, his perfect command of language and the accuracy of his grammar and of his pronunciation were marvellous. He told me that, with the exception of his visit to America, he had no practice in speaking in English. He had little time for preparation. On the morning of the Westminster Hall luncheon, which was fixed for 12.15, he began to write his speech at half-past ten, and completed his task amid constant interruptions as he sat at his desk in the Council Room. He was entertained at dinner in the House of Commons by the Eighty Club, which is intending to send a bevy of young Liberals to Buda Pesth this autumn.

In conversation with a Kossuthite Hungarian, I was told that the Independent group are by no means sanguine as to the future. They distrust the Emperor of Austria, they are not sure that his present conciliatory attitude is anything but a ruse to gain time. " . . . We do not know whether we shall gain anything that we want." "What is it that you do want?" I asked. "(1) Our language to be used as the word of command in our army. (2) Our army to be in our own hands. (3) Hungary to have its own Foreign Office and its own ambassadors. (4) The connection with Austria to be restored or reduced to the purely personal tie which existed before 1848. That it what we want, but what we expect to get is another matter."

MR. W. J. BRYAN.

After Count Apponyi, Mr. W. J. Bryan was the most prominent personality. He and his wife were present at all the sittings. His name and his fame had preceded him, and everyone was eager to hear him speak. His contribution to the Conference was an amendment to the proposed model arbitration treaty, calling upon the Powers to make compulsory a preliminary reference to a Commission d'Examen or committee of inquiry in every case of dispute before the sword was drawn. This was neither more nor less than my old formula, "Always arbitrate before you fight," which I launched in 1896, and which I pressed in vain upon the Hague Congress in 1899. The clause advising the appointment of Commissions d'Examen was the nearest I could get, and this was crippled by the absurd and even wicked exclusion of cases where honour and vital national interest were concerned. My protest against this limitation brought me within measurable range of a challenge to a duel from the delegate who mutilated the clause. I had, however, the satisfaction of seeing this limitation set on one side in the only instance in which the clause has been brought into operation. Mr. Bryan's speech, demanding that no war shall take place until there has been a preliminary examination of the facts of the case, only asks that Christian civilised nations

shall agree to enforce as a part of international law which the ancient Romans imposed upon themselves. He spoke with lucidity and with weight, and his amendment was carried with acclamation.

His second appearance was more characteristic. Mr. W. J. Bryan never had a more inspiring audience to address than that which confronted him when he followed Count Apponyi to reply on behalf of the Interparliamentary Union. He was equal to the occasion. His voice, his action, his matter were all worthy of the man and of his theme. It was a distinctly American speech, and parts of it, notably his reference to the Welsh revival, must have been almost unintelligible to many of his auditors. But the mobile features of the man and his musical voice were appreciated by all, nor could anyone fail to have been touched by the fervour and the passion of his plea for peace.

Mr. Bryan was everywhere spoken of as the next President of the United States. "Only Teddy Roosevelt can beat him," said one of his countrymen, "and Teddy has sworn he won't stand." Mr. Bryan, who is by way of posing as a great Conservative, is judiciously silent upon these subjects. He was much lionised when in London, Mr. Winston Churchill entertaining him among others at dinner in the House of Commons. His views on India were hardily acceptable to Mr. Morley.

MR. BARTHOLDT AND THE BUDGET OF PEACE.

Another American who did good service at the Conference was Mr. Bartholdt, who is a member of the Council. He aims at the reconstitution of the Interparliamentary Union so as to make it a genuine international Parliament. He recognises that in its present state the Conference possesses no authority, so he would change its constitution, arm it with authority, and supply it with funds. I have to thank Mr. Bartholdt for rendering me yeoman's service by keeping the question of the Budget for Peace before the Conference. Mr. Bartholdt's idea was that the various Governments should be asked to vote moneys every year which should be disbursed by the Interparliamentary group in their own country. This entailed, of course, the reconstitution of the group so as to make it the direct representative of the legislature. Knowing that it was impossible to get our Parliament either to elect a group or to endow it with public funds, I pressed for the adoption of a resolution which M. La Fontaine undertook to move. That resolution affirmed that it was the duty of Executive Governments to undertake the propaganda of peace and international brotherhood, and to create a Peace Budget by appropriating a sum every year which bore a definite proportion to the Army and Navy Vote.

The moving of this resolution was unexpectedly blocked at the last moment by the action of Mr. Beernaert, who held that there was no time for its

consideration, and insisted that the subject should be passed on till next Conference.

As the Hague Conference will have met before the next meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, this would never have done. But the authority of M. Beernaert was supreme. The most vehement remonstrances from the most influential members failed to move him. Fortunately the situation was saved by the tact and adroitness of Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, the head of the French group, who, after Count Apponyi and Mr. W. J. Bryan, loomed most conspicuously before the public at this Conference. M. D'Estournelles de Constant was charged with the Report on the Limitation of Armaments, which was the foundation for a resolution calling upon each group to urge its own Government to set on foot at once the preliminary study of the question of the possibility of restricting armaments. This resolution was no sooner put and carried than M. D'Estournelles de Constant stated that it was important the Conference should express an opinion in favour of the Budget of Peace. He moved, therefore, that the Conference recommends each group to press its Government to make an annual appropriation for the promotion of peace and internationalism. Mr. Bartholdt sprang into the tribune to second it. He stated succinctly the argument in favour of devoting a cent for peace for every ten dollars for war. His speech was cheered, and when he sat down the resolution was put and carried unanimously.

AN ITALIAN REINFORCEMENT.

At the Conference, although not in an official capacity, were two Italian officers, who had come to advocate a similar proposal. They had conceived the idea of a civilisation tax to be devoted to the propaganda of peace and of internationalism, not of decimal one per cent., but of one per cent. They calculate that by this means a sum of £4,000,000 per annum would be available, and they are full of magnificent ideas as to how this enormous sum can best be employed to prevent the outbreak of war and to promote the growth of international fraternity. The success which has attended the International Institute of Agriculture leads them to dream of an International Institute on a still larger scale to promote the co-operation of the whole human race in the formation of a universal conscience and the organisation of thought. One of these idealists was Signor Fabio Ranzi, the other Signor Taddei. They brought with them a pamphlet by the former entitled "L'Initiative du Roi d'Italie et le Temple de la Civilisation à Rome." Against them there stood M. Horrex, with his scheme for an International City at the Hague. Neither scheme came before the Conference, but there was much talk of them in the lobbies. Baroness von Suttner and M. Myatovitch interested themselves in the Italian project, of which we shall hear more in years to come.

"C.B.'s" SPEECH.

The impression produced by the speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was to some extent obscured by the natural but extraordinary sensation created by his sentence about the Duma. But among the older members of the Conference the significance of the Prime Minister's declaration was instantly recognised. "What is there now left for us to do?" exclaimed M. Beernaert. "The English Prime Minister has undertaken our task. We may now go home, for our work is done." "Never has such a speech been delivered by any Prime Minister," said Count Apponyi. "It was an inspiration to hear it." Delegates from all nationalities vied with each other in expressing the delight with which they heard the familiar doctrines so often stated on their platforms, repeated with the utmost earnestness and fervour by the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The speech was a portent of progress and of peace, and to W. J. Bryan it was an unexpected revelation of the faith and courage which animate Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

THE BELGIAN DELEGATES.

Belgium sent more representatives than any other nation in proportion to its size. Count Goblet D'Alviella, who is just bringing out a book about America, was conspicuous from his height and his clear, frank speech. He is a leader among the Liberals. M. La Fontaine and M. Vandervelde represented the Socialists, while of others there were no fewer than seventy-seven. Much curiosity was expressed as to the sentiments of the English towards Belgium. "We feel unhappy to think that you no longer regard Belgium with the affection which used to prevail in your country. 'Sir,' I always replied, 'we love Belgium as much as ever, and the Belgians as well. But we cannot stand the Emperor of the Congo.' 'Oh!' was the answer, 'but what we think is that England wants the Congo for herself. Were it not for that suspicion things would be very different.' To which, of course, I could only reply that not even our Jingoists, who are now stretched out flat, wanted the Congo. But that the one thing absolutely intolerable was that King Leopold, whose title was created by an International Conference in order to civilise and open up the Congo, should use the authority so acquired to convert it into a huge monopoly and collect rubber by torture and murder.

I asked one of the Belgians how things had gone at the General Election. "Excellently well," he said, "and the strange thing is that everyone is satisfied. The Clericals, who lost many seats, are delighted they escaped being turned out. The Socialists are pleased because they gained two seats, although they lost votes, and the Liberals are also pleased because they gained both seats and votes."

The Spaniards and Portuguese were represented, but they were silent. The most important German

was Professor Eichkoff, a member of the Freisinnige party in the Reichstag. He has a good voice, and is an admirable speaker. I was very glad to hear from him confirmation of the reports I receive by nearly every post as to the excellent results that have followed the visit of the German editors to London. Another notable person, one of the most picturesque figures at the receptions, was Monsignor Count Vye

de Vaye, a Hungarian Chamberlain of the Pope. He looked like a boy, but he has travelled round the world, interviewed Emperors, inspected the missions of a Continent, lectured the millionaires of America, and written a book—altogether a notable man who is but at the beginning of a notable career.

W. T. STEAD.



[Puck.]

Peace: Next Gentlemen, Please!

[New York.]

But the Powers, whose heads are bristling with hayonets, are in no hurry to take the vacant seat.

More interest is being taken every month in the ideals of "The Review of Reviews," and I am grateful to the friends who have sent me the names of friends who they think will be interested in them, and in a magazine of such literary worth as "The Review." If any reader has friends (and who has not) interested in social ideals, will they please send their names, that we may send them a sample copy. Send to Editor "Review of Reviews," Equitable Building, Melbourne.



ESPERANTO.

ESPERANTISTS AT GENEVA.

(Written while the Congress was in progress.)

To obtain an adequate idea of such a gathering as the second Esperanto Congress at Geneva, nothing less than a visit suffices (writes a correspondent). Let no one imagine that the members are there for amusement. From Monday morning they have been at work; even before the official opening many meetings were organised. The nations had each to select their speakers, the Language Committee to settle exactly what could be done in the time available, the organising committee to attempt to satisfy the hundreds of people from all quarters of the globe. All, however, led up to the formal public opening on Tuesday evening, when the Victoria Hall, which holds some 1800 people, was filled to its top gallery. And such a company! Not often have idealists, artists, ordinary folk, labouring men, and business people united thus in a common cause. The entrance of Doctor Zamenhof was the signal for a tumultuous welcome, and, quiet, modest gentleman though he is, he must by now have learnt to enjoy that which can only be called a loving greeting. The president this year is Pastor Schneeberger, whose opening speech of welcome was followed by one from the eminent linguist (whose seven languages do not, however, include English), Professor Naville.

Then Doctor Zamenhof rose, and when the shouts of "Vivu Zamenhof" permitted, began with a few graceful words of thanks to the hospitable town which had received the Congress. Continuing, he said that he was really only there as a private man, for the condition of his unhappy country had hindered him from much active participation in the progress made. With pathos he spoke of his native town (Byalystock), and the descent upon it of savage hordes, who had put to death the innocent and helpless. The Russians are not naturally cruel, he cried out; the sole thing they desire is to be left to pursue their way in quietness. War is horrible at any time, but when the bloodshed and slaughter is between those who dwell in the same place, divided only by racial and religious differences, it is far more horrible, for then friend is arrayed against friend, and even the women and children are not spared. Dr. Zamenhof then spoke of the idea that Esperanto is only a language. Perish such a thought, he cried; if that were true I would tear off my green star, and never speak a word of it again. For twenty years I have fought and struggled, but not for a language: it is for an ideal. I am bat-

tling for the spirit of reciprocal helpfulness, which shall ensure a better future for all mankind.

The fervent oration had as fervent a reception, and then succeeded speech after speech from the various delegates in the following order:—Belgium, Bohemia, the Marquis de Beaufront (who has been called the second Zamenhof) for France, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Great Britain (represented by a lady whose clear voice sounded admirably), Spain, Catalonia, Russia, Sweden, United States, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Canada and Italy (also represented by a lady). It is not possible to give the various speeches in detail. The Finnish delegate said that nowhere were there more fervent Esperantists than in his country, upon which the eyes of the world had so lately been turned. The Spanish delegate, a typical, comfortable-looking Abbé, regretted that he was not a better speaker, when a voice from the hall cried out, "Vi parolas bonege!" causing hearty laughter. M. Cart spoke well and forcibly on the delight Esperanto gave to the blind; and M. Michaux gave a most delightful finish by a witty speech in French. Telling about a shop in which a phonograph was loudly performing, and outside which was a man who insisted that the phonograph, which was trumpeting loudly, was not a fact, but only an illusion of the senses, he cleverly led up to a declaration that the whole evening in the Victoria Hall was a delusion and a snare, and all the Esperanto speeches pretence; that the foreigners had prepared their speeches, and told them to everyone else; and that, in fact, it was quite a cheat from beginning to end, and even the Dane who had come to the hall straight from the station had been coached in the train. Amidst shouts of laughter from those present who understood French, the evening closed at 11.30.

On Wednesday evening the performance will be in the theatre, when the programme will include "A Letter of Recommendation," by Max Maurey; a duet from "Figaro"; "The Flower of the Past," a drama of Edmond de Amicis, translated especially for the congress; and several original songs, the performers in each case being of different nationalities. It is a real misfortune that representatives of Governments were not present, for this is one amongst many remarkable facts—of the national delegates only one showed any difference of accent, and he in one word only, and there could be no more conclusive proof of the suitability of Esperanto as an international speech-medium.

H.R.N.—The first attempts at Esperanto poetry submitted to us do not seem to be of a particularly high-class variety.—J.B.

We print this issue a very neat translation of Esperanto Specimen No. 6, sent in by "E.H.," of Invercargill, New Zealand. We were about to say that we regretted the small number of translations that are being sent in to us, but on consideration we hardly think it a matter for regret. Truly Esperanto is such an extremely easy language to read that competitive translations into English are apt to lack interest. We shall not therefore undertake to print all translations in future, but we will continue to print Esperanto specimens that seem to us to be of interest, and will give translations in those cases where the interest of the subject matter warrants it.

TRANSLATION.

(6) NEUTRALITY AND TOLERATION.

"Let us everywhere and always show to the world the beautiful spectacle presented during the Congress, at which, in truth, every member, out of courtesy to his neighbour, refrained from questioning him about his religion or his opinions. It was enough to know that he was an Esperantist. Well, let our groups and other unions ever reproduce the mutual courtesy and geniality that made the happiness of all in the Congress. Let us be Esperantists and not sectarians, for in "Esperanto-land" the two things necessarily drive out each other; and as we are Esperantists, let us have all the respect and toleration for the religion and the politics of others which we desire for our own. Otherwise our neutrality is but a sham."

ESPERANTA KLUBO, MELBOURNE.

The monthly meeting of the club was held as usual on Friday, the 5th of October. Great interest was occasioned by the arrival at the club of the "*Praha*." The *Praha* is a *Rondo*, and a *Rondo*, it must be explained, is a document sent round through a number of stations, to return finally to its point of first departure. *Rondos* take various forms—letters, post-cards, etc.—but in the case of this one a successful attempt has been made to create a thing of unusual interest. The *Praha* consists of twenty-four pages or cards, not bound like a book, but attached end to end in a long chain, and then folded up concertina fashion.

The first three pages are occupied by a panoramic view of the city of *Praha*, more commonly known to us as Prague. Following this is a description, all in Esperanto, of course, of that city, and a sketch of its history. A model sentence is given in Esperanto, with the request that the members of each club will render the same into their native language, and append it to their contributions. An address to the various clubs to which the *Rondo* is addressed, and

directions for filling up and forwarding it, complete the *Praha* Club's contribution. From *Praha* the *Rondo* passed successively through Berlin, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Bulgaria, Rome, Algiers, Spain, Paris, London, Montreal, Mexico, Lima and Santiago, and has now been forwarded by the Melbourne Club, according to directions contained in the document on the way to its home in Prague.

The contributions are all interesting, and in many cases very characteristic of the countries passed through. Most of the clubs have embellished their sections with pictorial inserts, showing views of their respective towns.

The document is an interesting illustration of the "internacieco" of the "Kara lingvo."

(8) ESPERANTO SPECIMEN.

KONFERENC DE LA RUĤHA KRUCO.—En Genevo malfermigis la 12-an de junio, oficiala konferenco por reviziti la "Genevan Interkonsenton," kiu fondis la Rugan Krucon.

En ĝi partoprenas 38 regnoj, nome: Argentina Respubliko, Austro-Hungario, Belgio, Brazilo, Bulgario, Ĉilio, Danujo, Francujo, Germanujo, Grand-Britujo, Grekujo, Gvatemalo, Ĥinujo, Hispanujo, Holandujo, Honduraso, Italujo, Japanujo, Kolombio, Kongo, Koreujo, Luksemburgo, Meksikujo, Montenegro, Nikaragvo, Norvegujo, Peruo, Persujo, Portugalujo, Rumanujo, Rusujo, Salvadoro, Serbujo, Siamujo, Svedujo, Svisujo, Unuigitaj Ŝtatoj, Urugvajo.

Jen la ĉefaj demandoj submetitaj je la konferenco:

1.—Protekti kontraŭ malbenfaroj la vunditajn militistojn;

2.—Ebligi la rekonon de la kadavroj, per distingiga signo, donita al la militistoj;

3.—Faciligi la komunikon de la nomaro de la mortintoj, vunditoj kaj malsanigintoj al la aŭtoritatuloj de iliaj landoj;

4.—Devigi al la militantoj la hejmensendadon de la kuracitaj militkaptitoj, kiuj ne povas plu servi en milito;

5.—Doni al la membroj de la helpaj societoj la saman protektadon, kiun gvas tiuj de la militista kuracistaro.

6.—Forigi la 5-an artikolon de l'interkonsento, kiun oni neniam povis apliki (tiu artikolo kondicis ke la loganto, gastiganta vunditon, estos liberigita de la enlogigo de soldatoj, kaj de la pago de milita impostoj);

7.—Inviti la registarojn, ke ili publikigu la tekston de l'interkonsento, kaj faru la neceson por ke malobeoj, kontraŭ ĝi faritaj de soldataroj kaj privatuloj, estos punataj.

El la "Ling: Internac"

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.—KING PETER I. OF SERVIA.

BY ALFRED STEAD.

It is the irony of fate that the most constitutional of Servian monarchs should have been summoned to the throne as the result of a bloody tragedy which wiped out a dynasty and recalled all that was farthest from constitutionalism. But the assassination of King Alexander did not make his successor the heir to the throne—he was that by prior right, even although there had been no *coup d'état*, and he had remained living in quiet retreat in Geneva. King Peter was not like Oliver Cromwell, the agent of his own destiny, who succeeded where he had removed, but was hailed by the Servian people as the natural ruler for Servia when the throne fell vacant. And yet the *coup d'état* of June, 1903, has cast a shade over the early years of King Peter's reign in Belgrade, an interested press unjustly and cruelly stigmatising him as being privy to the removal of his predecessors, whereas he was always urging upon his friends the necessity for a waiting policy and all avoidance of force. Called unanimously to the throne by the National Assembly, King Peter did not hesitate to take up the heavy task. He arrived in Belgrade after forty-five years of exile, determined to serve his country and his people to the end of his days. There is something heroic in this action of King Peter, who did not fear to undertake the heaviest responsibilities and to enter into an unequal struggle at an age when most men think rather of rest and repose than of undertaking new tasks. The crown of Servia has never been a light one, and Servian history, as well as the experience of the Karageorge dynasty, left no illusions as to the extreme difficulty and peril of the task to be undertaken in accepting the national invitation. The Servian prince, from his home in Geneva, knew well that a refusal of the crown on his part meant in all probability the end of the separate existence of Servia and the incorporation of the Servian people in the Austrian Empire. The statesmen in Vienna were only waiting a pretext to cross the Danube and occupy Servia, as they have already occupied the Servian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Was King Peter to sacrifice his nation rather than condemn himself to the ceaseless and too often thankless toil of a monarch? It would have been strange for a descendant of Karageorge, the liberator of Servia, to have decided otherwise than as he did, when he determined to carry on the work of liberty so nobly begun, when his ancestor, the founder of his dynasty, wrested the country from the Turkish rule. King Peter came to Belgrade

with a task ready to hand still greater than that of Karageorge when he organised his bands, made his wooden cannon, and struck the first stroke for Servian freedom. King Peter came to a country in the last stages of national despair and shame, without credit and with but little dignity, owing to the events of the closing years of the Obrenovitch dynasty. His coming marked a new era, and the promise of his arrival has been well sustained. Servia has made progress; the country is peaceful and developing, and hope has again sprung up in the breasts of the people. They feel that just as by his acceptance of the crown King Peter checkmated Austrian designs, so by his wise and constitutional rule he is preventing the recurrence of the ever present danger and enabling Servia to stand all-square with Europe.

The position of Servia geographically renders that of the Servian monarch politically one of the greatest danger and difficulty. Standing alone between Austria and Germany and European Turkey, Servia has ever been the sport of the Great Powers seeking influence and land in the Balkan peninsula. The history of Servia is that of the struggles of Austria or Russia. The fortunes of Servia have been interwoven with those of the two dynasties of Karageorge and Obrenovitch. Both of these dynasties have struggled manfully for the good of the State, and the rise and fall of both have been traceable to outside influences. Princes and kings of Servia have fallen under the assassin's knife, and politicians in Vienna or elsewhere have not hesitated at even more reprehensible methods than straightforward murder. Servia has never enjoyed a really national policy, and has been rather the agent of Austrian or Russian policies. But the Servian people, like the Swiss, whom they much resemble in many ways, owning their own pieces of land, and being of independent character, have clung to their national ideals and have ever been determined to achieve their national hopes and aspirations. It is the Servian people who have maintained Servia at all in the past, and it is by a national policy that the country can alone hope to progress. It has always been the aim of Austria to ensure that Servia shall not enjoy repose; a state of unrest promised much more chance of pretexts for occupation than did a peaceful and progressive State. Although a constitutional country, Servia was not governed by the voice of the people, and her policy was to be found in the foreign embassies rather than in the palace or ministries of

Belgrade. Now, however, there is a hope of better things. With the advent of the descendant of the "liberator of Serbia" the country has obtained a national policy, and King Peter, calling upon the store of patriotic sentiment of his people, has made of Serbia a really constitutional and progressive State. There are those who declare that the constitution is too liberal, too advanced for the Balkan peninsula, in that it contains many points more liberal than that of our own country. The elections in Serbia are conducted fairly and without the many drawbacks which have tended to render the electoral rights of other countries a farce and make-believe.

The passing of the Obrenovitch dynasty brought to the throne a monarch who was deeply steeped in the principles of constitutionalism. It is of interest to note that while in exile the present King of Serbia translated into Servian John Stuart Mill's book on Liberty. During his forty-five years' exile King Peter resided in France and in Switzerland for many years, and became imbued with a broad-minded liberalism firmly planted on the foundations of a glorious Servian ancestry and the traditions of his grandfather, the "liberator of Serbia." His long residence beyond the Servian frontiers has enabled him to obtain a clear-sighted judgment upon Servian matters which more than counterbalances the drawback of a lack of intimate knowledge of men and matters in Serbia. Such can only come from a life-long experience and contiguity, and it may well be true that the country needs rather a larger policy than would be possible from one who was too immersed in internal details. Be that as it may, Serbia gained in King Peter a highly educated, well read, and broad-minded sovereign, who was able to infuse into her government many of the most beneficial elements of Western constitutional systems. The sudden transition from the restful life in Geneva to the turmoil and intrigue of Belgrade must have been sufficiently appalling, but King Peter threw himself with vigour into his self-appointed task, and he has shown no sign of flinching during the three years of his reign which have already elapsed. From despair Serbia has reached the high road of promise and hope, and under the new dynasty the country has been able to secure much which had previously been denied it. King Peter has inaugurated a liberation no less potent and far-reaching than that of his ancestor when he led the Servians against the Turkish oppressors, and although he has not had to fight with sword and musket, he has had to engage in an arduous struggle against the omnipresent foreign influences and the bitterness of those who see that their grip on Serbia is diminishing. The wholesale savagery of the Austrian politician or the Jewish financier, accustomed to batten on the Servian nation, may be more mischievous than the individual cruelty of the Turkish



King Peter I. of Serbia.

Born 1844. Called to the Throne, June, 1903.

irregular in war time. But the only hope for Serbia lay in braving these dangers, and in striking for political independence. Under Karageorge



The Wife (now deceased) of King Peter.
(The Princess Zorka, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro.)

the Servian people were ready to risk their nearest and dearest in their struggle for liberty, and to-day, under King Peter, grandson of Karageorge, they are ready and willing to undergo any and every sacrifice to see their country placed in a condition of complete independence, and able to pursue a national progressive policy along constitutional lines. To-day Servia possesses a Parliament which really represents the will of the people, in which peasant, deputy and priest are to be found, and which is heart and soul with the King in the national struggle for independence. King Peter has already achieved this much to his credit, that Servia has now a national policy which she is determined to maintain to the end, even though, as now, Austria gathers her legions in Bosnia and prepares to place a menacing army in Southern Hungary. The Servians are nothing daunted by the high-handed action of Austria in closing the

frontiers to Servian produce in the hopes of forcing King Peter's Government into the acceptance of an impossible commercial treaty. The Parliament in Belgrade in its last session replied by voting a considerable sum for the development of new trade routes which would render the Austrian trade unnecessary. Under King Peter the first step towards a closer union between Servia and Bulgaria has been taken in the drawing up of a customs union between the two countries, which may well be but the first step towards political and military *rapprochements* in the future.

King Peter has raised the flag of national independence, and has gathered around him, as did his ancestor, all that is best and finest in Servia. He is also peculiarly fitted to understand the intricate problems of Balkan politics, as far as the Servian races are concerned, since he has lived in Montenegro and has fought in Bosnia. Let us glance for a moment at his individuality and his life story. Few would imagine that the King is as old as he is, since he bears his sixty-two years but lightly. There is no mistaking the fact that he has had a



Karageorge, Founder of the Servian Dynasty.

soldier's training, and his erect military bearing gives him a dignity beyond his stature. Taking his duties seriously, King Peter has but little leisure, and such as he has he devotes to reading. Abstemious and temperate in all things, the atmosphere of his Court is a welcome change from that of the late King Alexander. Fearless of personal danger, King Peter drives and rides about Belgrade practically unattended, a fact which does much to endear him to his people. A soldier who has seen much active service, he is very keenly interested in the Servian army. Indeed, the Servian army is perforce an object of interest to the monarch and to all

was assassinated in 1817, after having earned for himself the title of the "Liberator of Servia." The young Prince Peter left Servia in 1858, some months before the abdication of his father, and went to Geneva to continue his studies, remaining there till 1861. He then went to Paris, and entered the *St. Barbe Lycée* in order to prepare for the military college of St. Cyr. He was received in 1862, and finished as an officer in 1864. In this connection it is of interest to remember that since his accession King Peter entertained the officers of his class at Belgrade in 1904. The young officer then attended the school of the General Staff, and finished his



The Crown Prince George.



The Princess Helena.

patriots, since it is only by means of its military forces that a Balkan state can hope to survive. Born in 1844, he spent the earlier years of his life as Crown Prince in Belgrade, and passed through college in that city. Thus many of the present Servian statesmen were his college friends, a fact which removed many difficulties when the King returned to Servia after forty-five years' absence. His father, Alexander I., ascended the throne in 1842, and abdicated in 1859, the seventeen years of his reign being marked by wise and prudent actions which brought much prosperity to Servia. His grandfather, the founder of the Karageorge dynasty,

military studies in 1867. At the same time he devoted much time to the study of political science and history. It was in 1867, at the age of twenty-three, that King Peter translated John Stuart Mill's "Liberty" into Servian. On the outbreak of the Franco-German War the young Prince took an active part and served with great distinction, being attached to the Foreign Legion till the reoccupation of Orleans, and then to the General Staff of the 18th Army Corps till the end of January, 1871. He served under General Billot and Bourbaki, and took part in many engagements. He received the Cross of the *Légion d'Honneur* after the battle of Le

Vellersexel, in which he distinguished himself notably. During the war Prince Peter was able to supplement his theoretical military training by practical experience, and at the close he was anxious to turn his military ability to the account of his own people. The Obrenovitch dynasty reigned at Belgrade, and it was therefore not possible to assist the Servians of Servia; but there were the Servians of Bosnia in order to supplement that already begun in Herzegovina. He organised the first insurrectionary troops at Doubitz, on the Onna, at his own expense, and

of Montenegro. He then settled at Cetigne, and remained there even after the death of his wife, until 1894, when the education of his three children decided him to choose a place of residence more suitable, and in that year he settled in Geneva. His three children were all born in Montenegro. They are the Princess Helena, born in 1884, the Crown Prince George, born in 1887, and the Prince Alexander, born in 1888. The two Princes passed through several classes in the college at Geneva before proceeding to the Alexandrowski school for



Alexander I. (King Peter's Father).



King Peter's Mother in National Dress.

raised the standard of revolt in Bosnia. Despite the enmity between the dynasties, Prince Peter wrote at this time to King Milan and offered to work in common with him. Milan's reply was such as to do much harm to the Servian cause in the two provinces; and when Montenegro and Servia declared war on Turkey, Prince Peter withdrew in order not to lend weight to any accusation of seeking to promote the claims of his dynasty. After this time the Prince lived in Paris and Vienna till his marriage in 1883 with the Princess Zorka, daughter of the Prince

cadets in St. Petersburg. King Peter personally superintends their education, and they number amongst their instructors the leading professors in Servia. Nothing is left undone to make them worthy of the dignity of ruler of the Servian people, and there is no doubt but that they have seriously taken to heart the wise counsel and example of their father the King.

Although living in Geneva for the years before his accession, King Peter was in close touch with Servia and the leading Servians. The *régime* of the

two last Obrenovitchs gave him every prospect that the people would demand the return of that dynasty of which he was the representative. He, however, refrained from involving himself in any of the numerous conspiracies, real or fictitious, against the Obrenovitchs, and was content to await the time when the people of Servia should imperatively feel the need of him at their head. He was not to blame that the call came after a tragedy horrible in its bloody details, which was presented to the world by those interested in Servian unrest without the circumstances which made it intelligible.

A great admirer of Great Britain, it was a very real sorrow to King Peter that the first years of his reign should be shadowed by the refusal of the British Government to send a Minister to Belgrade, while declining to give any idea of the steps considered necessary for the renewal of diplomatic relations. At last, thanks to the decision of King Peter and his Prime Minister, Monsieur Pachitch, relations

have been reopened, and there is every hope that the two countries will remain friends, more and more closely bound in the future. Servia is a small State, but the Servian nation is large and a very considerable factor in the future of the Austrian Empire and the Balkan peninsula, while there seems no adequate reason why we should abandon the rich resources of the country to more enterprising Germans, whose ideas are not without taint of political aspiration. Under King Peter, a real constitutional monarch, of high moral principles and honest purpose, Great Britain may be sure that Servia will pursue a straight and progressive course, making her more and more worthy to be considered a modern European State on an equality with any in the west of the Continent. King Peter's mission is well begun; it behoves those who hold to the principles of constitutional liberty and progress to see that he does not lack for moral and practical support against the enormous difficulties which confront him.

II.—IN MEMORIAM: PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE.

BY DESMOND MOUNTJOY RALEIGH.

When Death steps fresh from the Darkness, and taking one of our friends by the hand leads them out into the great silence, we one and all hasten to make a trivial tribute of sweet flowers or perhaps of words, to the memory of our friend.

I am not sure that we are not to some extent impelled to do this by the unacknowledged feeling which sadly reminds us that while that friend was still with us, and fighting the daily fight, we often failed to cheer and help them by a word or a smile.

Pearl Craigie never wanted for friends, or the sweet offices of friendship during her life. Emerson says, "the way to have friends is to be one," and as she was one of the best friends that a man or woman could possibly have, she had her exceeding great reward. Her days of darkness and her nights of sorrow were softened by the ineffable odour of friendship, and her happy moments were made happier by the light reflected from the eyes of those whose greatest joy was to witness hers.

OUR FIRST MEETING.

Six or seven years ago, viewing the mysterious world of Literature and Art from atop of the magic hills of inexperienced youth, I saw in Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie a bright particular star, to whom I freely accorded all my homage and adoration.

When I found myself in London for the first time, I speedily made my way into her presence, and never shall I forget my feeling of exaltation and gratitude when I discovered that she was all and more than the ideal my fancy had pictured.

I suppose we are all more or less dual-natured,

but to me Mrs. Craigie always seemed three distinct people, and it was the gracious admixture of these three that was known to the world. But to many to whom the personality, as a whole, was fairly familiar its trine aspects were puzzling and mysterious.

Born of the best blood and tradition of the New World, she was in early life steeped in the poetry, passion and glorious traditions of the Old, and the result was her almost unique modernity and keenness, which, worn as a graceful outer garment, covered the soul of a poet and a saint.

THREE IN ONE.

She was "John Oliver Hobbes," the somewhat puritan, who with unfailing finger pointed out the evils and sores of modern life, and who had much of the stern puritan hoped-for-make-believe and sham.

Then she was Pearl Craigie, the darling of her friends, the intimate of the great social, artistic, and literary world, the equal of Queens, a woman who faithfully served her contemporaries to her utmost ability.

Last, and most alluring picture of all, she was "Mary Teresa," and she was not unworthy of the great woman whose namesake she was, and in whose steps she humbly sought to follow.

The world may not have known it, but it was the "Mary Teresa" in her that gave grace, sweetness and strength to her character, and added an undefinable something which all felt though few could



The Late Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes").
Born November 3rd, 1847. Died August 13th, 1906.

define; it was as intangible, as exquisite, and as refreshing as the odour of rose gardens in the morn.

ONE OF THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

A devout Roman Catholic, she was, as are many members of her Church, somewhat of a fatalist.

Her extraordinary activity, her deep sympathy, and her wide understanding were to some extent accounted for by the fact that she felt she had much to do, and that the night soon cometh when no man can work.

Yet it must not be thought that she wished for an early death. She was one of the great lovers of the earth who are at once the salt thereof, and the living chalice of the wine of God, and she has herself said:

For who that loves doth ever sigh for death?

A mutual friend told her I was most anxious to make her acquaintance, and almost immediately I received a friendly note saying she was staying for a time at the Carlton Hotel, and asking me to come and have tea with her there.

A THREE HOURS' INTERVIEW.

It was a wonderful afternoon; I think I stayed about three hours, and it seemed like ten minutes. Her beauty of person, her perfect taste in dress, her wit, her charm, fascinated you, and one of the greatest compliments I can pay to her cleverness is to say she never let you realise how clever she really was.

She knew that to be virtuous out of season is to be worse than wicked; and so she was all things to all men, and to each she gave something intangible and imperishable.

The apparent spontaneity of her work was the result of long and strenuous effort. She spent some six or seven years preparing to write "Robert Orange" and "The School for Saints," and these she considered her best works, an opinion which most critics would, I think, endorse.

ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The author was to her the high priest of the things of the soul, and her opinion of those of her contemporaries who might be said to write for gold or applause was unsparingly contemptuous. She had a deep admiration for both Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and gladly confessed that she owed much to both of them.

I fancy that at one time she must have been a keen admirer of Emerson, though I do not remember having heard her say so, and her Catholic taste and sympathy made her at once appreciate in varying degrees Jenny Taylor, Lord Beaconsfield, George Moore, Hall Caine, W. B. Yeats, George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Balfour and Marie Corelli.

The author of "Robert Orange" was largely indebted to Beaconsfield, and she said that as a novelist who dealt with politics, certain aspects of his

work had never been surpassed. As a man he at moments obsessed her by his great ability, while her Puritan soul writhed when she remembered his ethics.

ON POLITICS.

Politics interested her immensely, though I hardly think she thought much of politicians. She felt that if you knew things from the inside, and could watch the pulling of the strings, it was vastly amusing and even absorbing. While she acknowledged that the game of politics was a necessary one, she was somewhat pessimistic as to its value, and I think she only saw two ways of helping mankind in the mass, and these two were religion and literature. In common with all who think widely and deeply, John Oliver Hobbes clearly realised the value of the theatre as an asset in national life.

ON DRAMA AND THE THEATRE.

Her views on the drama were very sane, and she could admire a musical comedy as much as a Shakespearian or classical play, though I have heard her define a certain very successful musical comedy as "movement gone mad."

The two living dramatic artists she most admired were Mr. F. R. Benson and Miss Olga Nethersole.

The former's "Richard the Second" she regarded as the high-water mark of excellence on the modern stage, and while she was writing "The Flute of Pan" for Miss Nethersole she told me that in her opinion this actress was a great actress who had never had a chance.

And here let me say that her concurrence in the somewhat unusual action taken by the management to boom an obvious failure was the result of her firm conviction that she had given a great artist a fitting medium of expression, and was far removed from any desire to force something on the public which they did not want.

She did not quite believe in a national theatre, because she felt that an art which is not self-supporting cannot be said to bear any vital relationship to the life of the people, however interesting or admirable it may be in itself; but she certainly thought that Shakespeare should be continually presented in this country. Her feeling was that his plays should be mounted with chaste simplicity and austerity, and not have their beauty shadowed by excessive millinery and too much ornament.

HER AUTOGRAPH.

I remember calling to see her in the spring of 1904. I found her with the proof sheets of "The Vineyard" on the table, and she copied for me the letter, which in the book is addressed to a young painter:—

Feb. 3, 1904.

You have caught the gaiety, the very madness and intoxication of the summer; you have put it with express beauty and skill on canvas, but you have done it from the outside—as though you yourself were in a dark cave and watching the world through some little hole. Another time

join in the madness: be less distant and calm. The calm does not deceive me: it is another name for death in the soul. But the saddest histories in the world are the histories of its men of genius.—"The Vineyard," p. 315.

PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE.

"The saddest histories in the world are histories of its men of genius." How keenly she realised that, only God knew.

THE TRAGEDY OF HER LIFE.—

Her brief married life was a failure, and she suffered intolerably. What that suffering meant to her work and to the world no one can say.

We only know that through suffering men find God; and only a soul that has suffered can point the way to Him.

She found rest and consolation in the arms of the great Roman Catholic Church.

I liked to think of her as retiring occasionally from the strenuous life of the world, into the white peace of the convent, where only God, and the things of the soul, are deemed of any account.

Then she would come forth laden with benison and balm, and pass its sweetness on to her vain and foolish brethren, who stupidly toiled for the world's rewards.

—AND ITS CONSOLATION.

The great reward of all her labour and sorrow was her boy. Now a lad of sixteen at Eton, he is old enough to remember and appreciate his beautiful mother, and, one day, if God wills, he will grow up a good, gracious man, and she, watching from Heaven, will smile and know that, however prominent and great a woman's public career may be, her rarest privilege is that it is she whom God has deputed to first set His seal on the soul of a child.

This is not the occasion to try to fix her place in Literature, though it is undoubtedly a very high one, and as far as one can see, alive she had no equal, and dead she has left no successor. Had she lived, it may have been that she would have given the world even finer work, but that need not fret us. Death is never premature, and none die before their work is done. Royal natured, she gave royally. Widely dowered, she gave widely; great souled, she explored and revealed to us the heights and depths of human nature.

None ever appealed to her in vain, and each got more than he asked, and however he may have received it, you may be sure it was offered with sincerity and grace.

HER PHILOSOPHY.

Broadly speaking, her philosophy may be summed up in a few words. She held that a man may commit murder, lust, theft, adultery, sacrilege, or any other sin, and repenting, find forgiveness and peace; but he who, seeing and knowing the higher, deliberately shut his eyes and chose the lower, committed the unpardonable sin for which there is no redemption.

She taught the terrible truth that if a man has

an ideal, and if for lust, or gain, or ease, or friends, or society, or religion, or charity, or his loved one, or for any other reason, he abandon or sell it, his soul is eternally damned and lost. He shall wander afar in the fields of darkness, and round his breast he will ever wear the flaming wreath of remorse.

"With God all things are possible," but is questionable if even He could forgive this sin!

HER END.

Her end, like her life, was very quiet and very beautiful. It was not sudden. God is never a surprise to such souls as hers. How sweet to come away from the beautiful country home of beloved ones, and, passing unsoiled through a city of strife and sin, fall asleep with the perfume of the kisses of your best beloved on your lips, and wake in the arms of God!

How beautiful that the last words which you penned should express loving care, and thought, and devotion, to those who had given you life!

What an exquisitely graceful memory and inspiration for those left behind that they know that at eventide you went into your oratory and there, humbly stripping your soul of all worldliness, gave it in happy confidence into the loving care of God, and, falling asleep to the world, awoke to find yourself eternally in His presence!

THE LESSON.

Her life shames us, and teaches us many things. First of all, she tells us that in these days if you want to be a "Mary Teresa" you need not enter the cloister.

You can live freely in the world. You can laugh and sing and dance, and be merry, and marry and bear children, and live happily in the world, and be a saint. You can love and admire beauty, you can wear beautiful clothes, and be surrounded by beautiful things, and your soul can be as good and pure as if you wore a shirt of hair.

You can live in the social and intellectual environment to which your ability admits you; you can moderately enjoy the luxuries of life and still be a friend, a brother, and a helper to the ugly, the poor, the afflicted, and the distressed.

Finding God in all things, you can follow beauty afar and worship Him in Nature, in Art, in Literature, and in Life.

Not being God's, and therefore not knowing ultimate good from ultimate evil, you will search for the something good which you will inevitably find in all things; and you will shun the evil which you will discover even in the most fair; remembering that Christ stooped and wrote with His fingers in the sand, you will be charitable to all men, and judge not. Remembering that compared to God's whiteness our fairness is but filth, we will help our brother who faints by the way.

Remembering that life is a quest and not a conquest, we will not be disheartened by failure, or sneer should our brother make mud-tracks in the snow. It is the step forward that counts, and not the ground conquered, because the end is ultimate good, and ultimate good is God; and no man can by striving find out God, but if you strive earnestly, God can and will stretch out His hands and draw you to Himself.

The writer of the splendid article on "The Totalisator in New Zealand," which appeared in the last issue, desires us to make the following comment:—"I said that £40,000 was a common amount to go through the Totalisator at one meeting in a day. It should be £25,000. £40,000 is very common for two days' racing, but has never yet been reached in one day in New Zealand."

Read Important Announcement on page 528.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

The first thing which is noticeable about the cartoons this month is that "F.C.G." is away on his holidays. The humour of the month would be poor indeed sometimes without the inimitable cartoonist of the *Westminster Gazette*. One of the best political cartoons in *Punch* is reproduced in the "Progress of the World." It depicts Dr. Clifford and Lord Hugh Cecil as brother Passive Resisters in the stocks.

The meeting of Kaiser and King at the Castle of Cronberg has, of course, furnished material for the caricaturists, and the picture of William II. in Scotch kilts, reproduced from the Italian *Pasquino*, is very funny. Mr. Bryan's campaign for the Pre-

sidency will furnish many a subject during the next few weeks, but the one we publish is excellent.

Puck represents the Democratic leader as the Knight of the Swan, Miss Democracy, of course, appearing as Elsa. The Roosevelt cartoon in *Judge* is good, but the artist was lacking in humour when he labelled his fourth card, seeing that it was the knave. For the rest the Revolution in Russia is still the most fruitful theme in the work of the Continental caricaturist.

The reform movement in Victoria of course comes in for some comment. With regard to my charges of bribery in connection with the famous betting appeal cases, *Punch* caricatures what it calls my "recklessness," evidently chagrined, like some sections of the press, at its failure to make me "say something," forgetting that it is not the press that is fighting the battle of reform. In spite, however, of attempts at ridicule, the movement progresses merrily.



The Bulletin.]

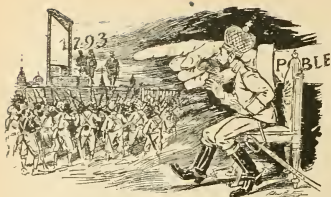
The Abashed Pirate—A Tragedy in Two Views.

I have noticed, too, with much pleasure that when a juvenile comes before the Children's Court no glowing account of his escapade appears in the daily press. He is no longer the hero he used to be. He cannot cut the paragraph from the paper now, and carry it in his hat for weeks to show admiring companions and awaken in them a desire to emulate his (what they consider) heroism.—From the report of a N.S.W. Reformatory.

VIEW I.—This is what Jocelyn Jones imagined would usher in his career of crime.

VIEW II.—And this was the unimpressive reality. Jocelyn Jones has now decided not to be a pirate. There's no lime-light in the business.





Sanpana de Gracie.]

[Barcelona.

Observe, Reflect—and be Wise.



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

The Last Hope.

Von Stoessel, condemned to death, hopes to escape by means of a decoration brought from Port Arthur.



Melbourne Punch.]

The Three Knights.

(The Three Federal Parties are now preparing to make a fervid appeal to the country.)

THE THREE KNIGHTS (as one man): "Sweet lady, I am devoted heart and soul to thy cause. I pray thee dub me thine own chosen knight, and let me serve thee, and thee alone."

THE FAIR LADY: "Marry! little you'll do but fight each other. If I could roll the three of you into one you might be some good to me."



Melbourne Punch.]

The Recklessness of Judkirs.

JUD.: "I didn't mean them. But what matters who are hurt, so long as my bombs create a striking sensation? My objects must be achieved."



Neue Glühlichter.

[Vienna.]

Electoral Reform in Austria.

"Electoral Reform is making continual progress."
"Yes, like a snail!"



Nebelpalter.

[Zurich.]

Uncle and Nephew.

It does not follow that those who embrace will never fight.



Nebelpalter.

[Zurich.]

From France.

"Keep calm, my children; even if this door (France) is locked, I have a key which will open the next one (Germany)."



Humoristische Blätter.

[Vienna.]

The Russian Coup d'Etat.

The Bear, having escaped from its cage (Duma), does not appear to notice the abyss into which he is walking.

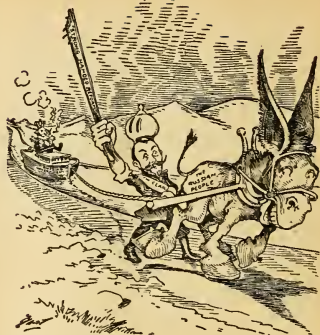


Hindi Punch.] The Indian Chutney.

[Bombay.

Nice and spicy! Hot and cold, to suit all palates and all tastes!

[In presenting the Indian Budget Statement Mr. Morley said he would like to abolish the salt tax altogether, but as that cannot be, we must be content with half a loaf. He refused to accept the theory that India was an insoluble problem, and thought it was wise to advance with a firm step along the path of improvement. He could not understand why anybody was frightened at the aspirations of the Congress.]



Minneapolis Journal.]

Strong Handed Reform for Russia.

But is the Tsar in a position to apply it just now?

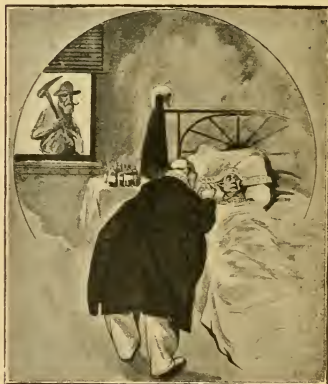


Judge]

To Republicans and Democrats.

Would you stand *pat* on a hand like this!

[New York.



The Bulletin.]

An Interrupted Death Scene.

FATMAN (in alarm to Arbitration): "Good heavens, sir, make an effort, now, and live a little longer. If a big coal strike comes, where will I be? Can't you get up and settle it?"



Nebelspalter.]

A Bad Egg.

[Zurich.

MICHEL: "After all this fuss he has hatched out nothing. The egg (German Colonies) is bad, and contains nothing but scandal and debt."



"Goddess of Plenty! Give of thy superfluity to my starving children!"

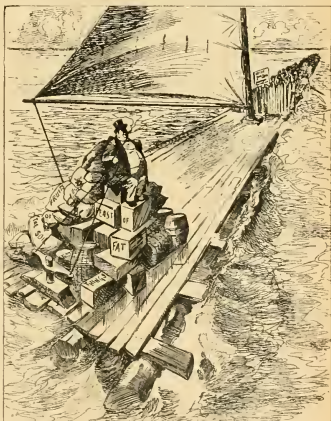


Uk.]

Bulow's Castles on the Sands.

[Berlin.

Will the Triple Alliance still hold together when the tide rises and the wild, insatiable waves beat upon it?



The Bulletin.]

About a Graduated Land-Tax.

The raft is the world; and the castaways on it are the inhabitants thereof. The earth, which is the source of food, is the provisions. The fat man, who sits on them, yet does not eat them, is the great land-owner who blocks settlement! The moral is left to the reader's imagination.



Kladderadatsch.]

Diligent Workers.

[Berlin.

They may talk as much as they like, but they must not eat.
(Shows the Duma members climbing by the vine on which are bunches of roubles. Trepoff stands below with a knout.)

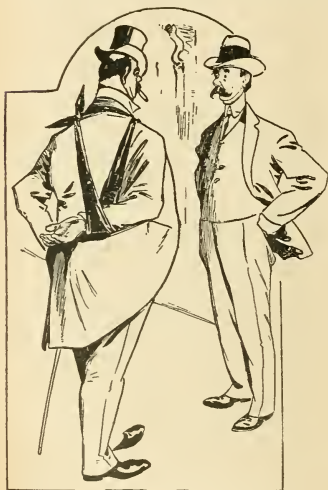


Kladderadatsch.]

King Edward as Faust.

[Berlin.

MARGUERITE (Germany): "He loves me, he loves me not
he loves me. . . ." (From the garden scene in "Faust.")



The Bulletin.]

The New Disease.

MAN IN THE STREET: "Hello! what's wrong? Broken
arm?"
SCOOPENHAM, M.L.A.: "No; land agent's elbow."



Simplicissimus.]

What a Prospect!

[Munich.

The opening of the Simplon Tunnel gives yet another
outlet for Italian "industry."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

EXPERIMENTS IN DOUBLING.

FOUR CASES OF BILOCATION.

Of all the phenomena known as psychic none is so intensely interesting as the phenomenon of the Double. To be able to project an absolute facsimile of yourself to any distance, to cause it to be seen and felt by your friends, is one of those latent capacities of the Ego in which nobody will believe until they have had personal experiences which convince them it is not only possible, but that it actually occurs. This is a matter on which I speak with conviction, but I do not expect any of my readers to accept it on my authority. Some day perhaps some of them may see a Double, and then they will believe—but not till then.

Pending such personal confirmation of the truth of bilocation, it is interesting to note the experiments in doubling which Colonel de Rochas sends to the *Annals of Psychical Science* for August. In the Phantasms of the Living seven completely attested cases are to be found. To these Colonel de Rochas adds four more. They are very interesting because they were not spontaneous, but were induced. The authority is Miss Alma Hammerlé, whose mother translated Carl du Prel's works into French. The date is "a few years ago"; the place Kherson in Russia.

FIRST EXPERIMENT.

Miss Hammerlé says that at her mother's house two of her brother's class mates, Stankewitch and Serboff, should endeavour to send their doubles to us. Stankewitch had come at 11 p.m., Serboff at 11.30. This is what happened:—

We timed our watches together, and it was agreed that M. Stankewitch should go to my brother in his bedroom, whilst M. Serboff should manifest in the drawing-room. On the following evening my sister Irma sat in the dining-room, from whence she could see the open door which led into the drawing-room. My brother, as had been agreed, remained in his bedroom and stretched himself on his bed, in order the better to concentrate his attention on the phenomenon he expected. The bedroom adjoined the dining-room.

After having been with my sister for a few minutes, I entered my brother's room, and leaning my elbow on the rail at the foot of his bed, I asked him what o'clock it was. He pulled out his watch and said it was just 11 o'clock. The hanging lamp in the dining-room gave light enough to make it possible to distinguish objects in the bedroom. At the same moment I felt something push against my shoulder and I saw at my side, very distinctly, the form of M. Stankewitch; I could distinguish his dark uniform with the white metal buttons. At the same moment my brother said, "There he is, beside you," adding, almost immediately, "Did you see him?" for after the first remark the apparition had disappeared.

My sister, hearing us talking, came in, saying that she had just seen M. Stankewitch enter by the drawing-room door, pass near the table in the dining-room, and then disappear from her sight. She also had seen him in uniform, and was able to distinguish the white metal buttons.

We then immediately, all three of us, entered the drawing-room, which was lighted by the lamp in the dining-room, and awaited the apparition of M. Serboff. He did not appear until nearly midnight. This apparition seemed to

us paler and less distinct than the preceding one. He paused a moment near the door, advanced first to the right, to one of the bookcases, then to the left to another, and suddenly disappeared.

Next day M. Serboff said that when he entered the drawing-room he was uncertain which bookcase to approach, for he had intended to take out a book, but he lost his power of concentration and returned to his normal self. He felt too fatigued to try again. M. Stankewitch said that he only saw my brother. He had not expected to find me in the room, and when he felt a resistance approaching the bed he thought it was the wall.

SUBSEQUENT EXPERIMENTS.

Miss Alma Hammerlé had a twin sister Irma. On one occasion Irma went into the country, and Alma projected her double to see what she was doing:—

It was 11 p.m. and I was in bed. Soon I saw myself in the room which she was sharing with our friend, and saw my sister in her bed, a book in her hand, and reading by the light of a lamp, which had a green shade. She felt my presence, raised her eyes, and saw me standing by the stove. When I saw that she was looking at me I tried to hide myself behind the stove, being afraid that she would be frightened at the apparition, not being sure that she would recognise me.

On the following day I wrote her the details which I have just related, and I received a letter, dated the same day, telling me that she had seen me on the previous evening at 11 p.m., near the stove.

On the third occasion she projected herself to the sick room of a friend who was ill with fever. She saw him, fixed her attention upon him mentally, making the suggestion of a complete cure:—

When I went, on the following day, to see my friends and to ask after their brother, Mlle. Anna told me that he had started in good health, and that he had told her, on that very morning, that he had seen an apparition during the night; he had seen me at the further end of his room, and had felt my presence as a calming influence, and at the same moment the feverish condition had left him.

One of my cousins who was much interested in psychology has made numerous experiments in producing her own "double."

We were passing a few days in the country, at the house of an aunt. One evening, wishing to know whether she would perceive my presence, I resolved to go and see her without previously informing her of my intention.

We were living in the right wing of the house, at the far end of the courtyard. Her room was on the ground floor. I wished to enter by the window that looked out on the courtyard. I first tried to open the shutter, but did not succeed; I then determined to get in by a simple act of will. The noise I had made in attempting to open the shutter awakened my cousin, who jumped out of bed to see what the noise could be. She saw me in front of her, and guessing my object she became calm. The following day she told me of her astonishment at having observed that the astral body had the power of moving objects.

These experiments are very suggestive. The astral double has obviously in cases one and four a material tangible entity. In case three it was capable of healing the sick. In all cases the astral went at the volition of its physical tenement. Most curious and interesting of all was the inability of the double to see a person whom his original had not expected to find in the room. He felt the re-

sistance of her body, but thought it was the wall. Similar inability to see what it has been suggested is not present has frequently been noted in hypnotic subjects.

THE PERILS OF ASTRAL DOUBLING.

Colonel de Rochas communicates some experiences of his own which show that the practice of externalising the astral is not without grave danger. Describing one of his experiments, Colonel de Rochas says:—

One evening some friends begged me to show them how the disengagement of the astral body was effected. After having placed Mrs. Lambert in the ecstatic state, I left her, according to her desire, in that state, and continued the conversation without paying any attention to her. Then the idea came to my mind to verify if the fluidic bond uniting her physical body to her astral body, which she said was then floating in the air at a great height, really had travelled over to those higher regions; so, under some pretext, I left the drawing-room on the ground floor where we were. I ascended cautiously to the first floor, went into the apartment just over the drawing-room, and put my hand forward with great caution until I reached a point which I judged to be vertically above the head of the subject. When I came down again I found the spectators in great agitation: "uring my absence Mrs. Lambert had suddenly leapt from her chair, uttering a violent cry of pain, and joining her hands over her head. Her whole body was convulsed, the movements of the heart and of the respiration had stopped. It was only after some minutes that, by means of warm insufflations on the principal hypogænic points, I enabled her to recover her senses. Then she complained about some dreadful pains in her head, which I tried vainly to relieve by means of energetic suggestions. I was obliged to have the poor woman put to bed, where she remained, without being able to eat or sleep, during all the night and a part of the following day. A kind of cerebral rupture had occurred, by which the *Od* was escaping in great abundance; any object approaching her head was insupportable to her, and the inferior extremities were very cold.

This was the first experience of the kind. He had effected hundreds of times the exteriorisation of the astral body, but never before had his subject suffered in this way. He came to the conclusion that the astral substance of a living person was capable of being impressed only by agents *en rapport* with that person. This no doubt limits the risk, but it is not surprising that Colonel de Rochas did not repeat his experiment.

HOW TO MEND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

In the *Positivist Review* Mr. F. Harrison tells his Radical friends that it is all nonsense to talk of ending the House of Lords; the only thing to do is to mend it. And he knows how to effect this most desirable object without convulsion, and even without legislation. He says:—

The first thing to do is to put an end to the vicious and obsolete rule that hereditary right shall give legislative power. It would be a step towards this if the nation resolved that from a given date no new creation of a peer should endow his descendants with right to legislate. This could be done at once without an Act of Parliament, if the great majority of the nation insisted on this being an understood practice, and that the consent of the Crown were obtained to its being made effective. This might begin by Resolution in the House of Commons. There is nothing to prevent the Crown from creating peerages for life; though the House of Lords may decide by resolution that a Life Peer could not sit and vote in their House. If it became a settled rule of politicians, at least of Liberal politicians, that no hereditary Peerage should in future be created, and if His Majesty were to be

a consenting party to such a rule, the worst anomaly of the present system would receive a check.

The irony of the situation is that such a reform would be exceedingly popular with the Peers themselves. If the Crown and the nation agreed that no hereditary Peerages should be hereafter created, the actual hereditary Peers would receive a new dignity in that the roll of their special order was closed.

If the Peers doggedly refused to admit Life Peers, it might be the time to try legislation and see if they would venture to throw out a Bill empowering Life Peers to sit by Statute, as Lords of Appeal do now.

If it became a practice of the Constitution not to create in future any hereditary Peerage, and if a majority of Life Peers strong in numbers and reputation, were also enabled to sit in the House of Lords, the resistance of the old House to reforms would be effectually neutralised. England is not often, and not at all at present, in the mood for revolutionary change, unless the Peers were to act like Russian bureaucrats. I doubt if the country is even prepared to abolish the power of the Lords to throw out a Bill a second time, when again passed by the Commons. No such firm is possible without legislation which would involve a long and bitter struggle for the old constitutional rights of the Peers would be at stake. The suggestions I have made could be tried without a Bill at all and without provoking a tentat and gradual course of reform. The country, as a whole, desires a Second Chamber of qualified men.

MR. MORLEY AND INDIAN REFORM.

By PROFESSOR BEESLY.

Writing in the *Positivist Review* on the Debate on India, Professor Beesly shakes his head mournfully over his old friend Mr. Morley. Not that he has lost faith in him. On the contrary, he gives him a glowing certificate of merit. But—always that but:—

when, at the end of his speech, Mr. Morley came to what he called "close quarters," that is to say, when he descended from pious opinions to the mention of specific reforms, he had absolutely nothing to offer of any substantial value.

The most urgent difficulty of India is an economic one. It is capable of being very briefly stated. The population is the poorest in the world—poorer, often, even than savages;—being thinly scattered on the ground, can generally get enough to eat. And this poor, half-starved population has to support the most expensive Government in the world. This is the "insoluble problem." Mr. Morley's treatment of it cannot be called serious. His whole handling of the economic question left much to be desired, both in breadth and profundity. To pass over in silence the annual drain of wealth from India to Europe without any economic return, and the real significance of the great excess of exports over imports, while attention is invited to casual scraps of information about the use of sewing machines and mineral oil, looks very like running away from the insuperable problem.

Where I think he is mistaken is in supposing that he will facilitate his task by minimising the evils he has to combat, by drawing rose-coloured pictures of the existing system, and by discouraging the agitators who are trying, under great difficulties, to bring the English Government to book it. The Indian bureaucracy is not going to be reformed from within. Mr. Morley will need all the driving force of an aroused public opinion behind him if he is to accomplish any reforms whatever.

No doubt. But does Professor Beesly imagine that any Secretary for India—even his friend Mr. Morley—will welcome the driving force without which he is doomed to impotence as a reformer? Professor Beesly says:—

Infinitely more important, if one could believe that he would be able to give practical effect to it, was Mr. Morley's declaration in favour of honestly carrying out the Royal Proclamation of 1858, which promises that all subjects of the Crown, of whatever race or creed, should be impartially admitted to all offices which they may be qualified to fill. Will he be able, before he leaves office, to do anything to give effect to this? Will he be successful in effecting the appointment of a single native of India to the Executive Council, or to his own Council at Whitehall, or—most important of all—to the command of a regiment? Here lies the only way of preparing India for self-government.

NOTES FROM THE OCCULT MAGAZINES.

The *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* for July does Mr. Stead the honour of quoting from *Borderland* the story of how he began to write automatically. The most remarkable paper in the magazine is an account of "wonderful manifestations in a haunted house":—

The occupants of a house near Calcutta were annoyed, but not hurt, by showers of flames, and an unseen person performed puja to Kali in due form with offerings of flowers and a water jar daubed with vermilion. This ceremonial was enacted during the night on a terrace-roof only accessible through the rooms occupied by the family. The "ghost" finally drove the people away by setting fire to their private papers. It is all very well, the writer says, to talk about "mysterious forces," but can a "force" be intelligent enough to know how to make offerings to a Hindu goddess in prescribed form?

The *Occult Review* for September is very interesting. It opens with the report upon the prize competition for ghost stories of animals. Most of the animals whose ghosts are described were cats. Some of the papers are very remarkable. There is nothing, for instance, to approach the story of the photograph of an Oxford professor's pet dog, which was obtained by Mr. Bournell, who knew neither the professor nor the dog. Mr. R. B. Span's stories of Demoniical Possession are noticed elsewhere. Miss Freer continues her extracts from her wallet of psychical lore. One of the most suggestive papers is entitled "A Psychic Drama," by Helen Bouchier. Mr. Wilmshurst writes on Science and the Occult at the British Association, and Mr. W. Gorn Old contributes a character sketch of George Fox. The subject for the next prize competition is thus stated:—"Judging Jesus Christ by the New Testament narratives, what are we justified in assuming would have been His attitude towards the orthodox Christianity of the present day?"

The *Annals of Psychical Science*—by-the-bye, why does Professor Richet not call it *Metapsychical Science*?—publishes as its frontispiece a portrait of Mr. James H. Hyslop, whose report upon the Smead case is given at length. Mrs. Smead is a lady through whom profess to come communications from Mars. Mr. F. C. Constable, in his paper on Science *versus* Psychical Research, thus smartly turns the tables upon the scientists who pooh-pooh metapsychics:—

Science does not deal with *realities*; it deals but with *relations*; the very ideas of science are not of realities (things in themselves) but of relations. Science never has, never can, as it is at present constituted, deal with one single fact, one single "thing-in-itself." It can deal but with relations and ideals of relations. And this a majority of scientific men, if not all, admit. Evidence is also accumulating in proof that telepathy takes place not only untrammelled by the limits of space but untrammelled by the limits of time. If, then, Psychical Research has proved telepathy as a fact, and proved that it takes place untrammelled by the limits of space; if it is accumulating evidence that telepathy takes place untrammelled by the limits of time, may it not be that Psychical Research is already touching the fringe of things-in-themselves?

In *Broad Views* for September Mr. Sinnett deals with the prejudices against Reincarnation from the point of one who knows Reincarnation to be a fact. Mr. Reginald Span describes some extraordinary

spiritualistic phenomena which he witnessed at Mentone, phenomena throwing all that Eusapia Palladino has done into the shade. The most interesting article in *Broad Views* is Miss Alice C. Ames' account of her extraordinary success in healing, almost instantaneously, many deadly diseases by hypnotism, and the not less extraordinary reason she gives for having for ever forsworn the practice of hypnotic healing. She says:—

Pain, I was instructed, was only the outer expression on the physical plane of a force that worked itself out in that manifestation, and could rarely be thrown back into the subtler bodies with impunity. Hypnotism, under any circumstances, was specially condemned as weakening the barrier beneficent Nature has interposed between us and worlds invisible. It is as if in a box closing sharply with a spring lock, something should clog the wards, and the lock become feelier, so that into the mind that has been submitted to a similar process, entities, unknown to science, can force an entrance, and the terrors of obsession may result. In this world, where the need for learning is so urgent, only a certain amount of power is at the disposition of us all. If this power be diverted into work such as I have written of, the higher vehicles inevitably suffer, virtue truly goes out of us into the alleviation of temporary suffering, instead of training itself to bear a worthier part in healing the great world pain.

In the *Theosophical Review* there is an interesting account of the Rosicrucians of Russia by a Russian. One Novikoff was a persecuted leader of the Order. Another interesting article draws parallels between the Norse Eddas and the teaching of Madame Blavatsky. Mr. A. A. Wells maintains boldly that spiritual life consists of temptations, and that progress is only possible by being submitted to higher teachers, that is, to more subtle temptations.

The Crisis in the French Church.

Mr. Robert Dell, who criticises Mr. Bodley's "France" pretty severely in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, thus states his view of the position created by the Pope's Encyclical:—

The Encyclical has thrown the French Church into a state of even worse chaos than before. A Papal decision in this sense was quite unexpected, even by the French bishops, who, by a majority of nearly two-thirds, requested the Pope at their Assembly last May to resist the law, and to refuse to accommodate themselves to the law. They now find themselves in the difficult position of being left by the Pope to hear the brunt of a policy which they regard as fatal, with only negative and to some extent contradictory instructions for their guidance. Moreover, the Pope has compromised them with their fellow-countrymen by suggesting in the Encyclical that they were almost unanimous in recommending the policy which he has adopted—a suggestion on which their position makes it almost impossible for them to repudiate. In these circumstances, it is impossible as yet to form any definite opinion as to the consequences of the Pope's action, except as regards one point—should an attempt actually be made to resist the law, the result of the ensuing conflict between the State and the Papalist party will inevitably be that the latter will be speedily and finally crushed, and perhaps that the Roman Church in France will be reduced to religious well as political impotence. This does not necessarily mean that Catholicism in some form will not survive.

Mr. S. H. Swiney, in the *Positivist Review*, says:—

What the Catholics have a right to demand—and with all the more force, if they trust entirely to the free contributions of the faithful—is that they shall be able to obtain the liberty of preaching and worship as is enjoyed by the Catholics of this country and of the United States of America.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

THE PROPHECY OF MR. RAPPOPORT.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for September Mr. Rappoport recalls the realisation of his prophecy about the dissolution of the Duma, and being mightily encouraged therewith, proceeds to "prophecy some more." He says:—

After one or two futile endeavours—insincere, of course—to form a coalition Cabinet, a *regime* of oppression, the rule of Trepoft—*Trepofstshena*, as the Russians call it—will ultimately be established, with the aim of drowning the struggle for liberty in torrents of blood. In spite of the iron rule the struggle will continue. But will it ultimately lead to a successful issue? At the risk of being accused of excessive pessimism, I unhesitatingly repeat, No; not without the intervention of Europe. The battle is now fought with money only. If the present Russian Government obtains money from Europe, then Russia's freedom becomes a will-o'-the-wisp, and the struggle will have to begin anew. There is a vast difference between the France of 1789 and the Russia of 1906, and that things are not bound to happen in the land of the Romanoffs as in that of the Bourbons.

The causes of the indifference are due to many factors, but chiefly to three: temperament, the nature, currents of thought, and social and economic state of the two countries. The obstacles in the way of Russian Liberalism become less insurmountable.

Only when the large masses of the Russian peasants have been gained over to the idea of political freedom, when they have learned to understand that only a *tabula rasa* of the present *regime* can save them and bring about a thorough agrarian reform when they at last understand that they can hope nothing from autocracy. Liberalism and the revolution will triumph! But, for the present at least, all the *moujik* is asking is an increase of land; he never dreams of questioning the sacrosanct authority of the Tsar. The alternative, I do not hesitate to say, is clearly this: either Tsardom triumphs once more, and Pan Slavism—horribly rears its Hydra-head against Europe, and European peace is continually disturbed, or Russian autocratic power—Tsardom—is crushed and Russia reduced, not only to a constitutional, but to a federated Republic. This would mean not only peace, individual liberty, and prosperity for the Russian millions, but also commercial advantages for Europe and especially for England. Without the assistance of Europe, the Russian people will struggle in vain against Tsardom. The time, therefore, has now come for constitutional Europe and republican America to stop bloodshed, the crimes, and the atrocities committed by the Russian Government, and to crush the power of autocracy and absolutism.

What he means by intervention is really the ceasing to intervene by lending money to the Russian Government.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *North American Review* takes a very gloomy view of the prospects. He says:—

The bulk of the people are benighted, superstitious, ignorant, to a degree which Americans can hardly realise. Hence they are open to all kinds of hypnotising suggestions from without, while incapable of any deliberate action on their own behalf.

They kill doctors whenever there is an epidemic of cholera, accusing the doctors of poisoning the wells and spreading the disease deliberately. They burn witches with delight, disinter the dead to lay a ghost; they strip unfaithful wives stark naked, tie them to carts, and whip them through the village. In a word, the level of civilisation in the rural districts is lower than that of the Chinese or the Mongols. And when a slight regret, that which differs from savages only in a slight degree, is roused to madness, the results of their rising in arms may be tremendous.

Of the whole nation, he says:—

Their moral sense is distorted. Hence rapine, arson, assassination, and mass murders by bomb-throwing are of everyday occurrence, and the only expression of public opinion which they evince is regret that the criminals should be brought to punishment. "Patriotism, not criminal instinct, inspired them."

Blood will flow profusely. Socialists, revolutionaries and reactionaries desire it. Demand it. The organ of the extreme radicals writes: "From the interior of the Empire, calm, level-headed observers, who are well acquainted

with what goes on among the peasants, affirm that a veritable jacquerie is approaching. There is so much electricity in the air that the least thing may draw it out."

JAPAN SINCE THE WAR.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff contributes to the *North American Review* for August an interesting account of his observations upon Japan and the Japanese as he has observed them since the war. In the early months of this year he visited Japan and travelled extensively through the Islands and in Korea. He says:—

Japan's first care has been to safeguard permanently her position in the Far East. She has begun this work by cementing Korea's diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, and, as already stated, she has with a firm hand taken over her own control the administration of the country. Her people are now occupied in quietude in the study of a compensation in the associations of peace for the great sacrifices which they were called upon to make. Among no other people can be found a greater thirst for learning; public schools are many and of every grade; attendance is compulsory, and education is entirely free. Tokyo University, Waseda University, Kyoto University and other advanced seats of learning compare favourably with the best American Colleges and Universities, as to fixed apparatus as well as to quality of the faculties.

If one were to characterise the people of Japan, a people generally believed, and no doubt properly so, to be full of sentiment, one would have to say that they are a sober people. Men who have been the founders of New Japan, men like Marquis Ito, Count Okuma, Count Matsuoka, Count Inouye and others—are thoroughly alive to the dangers which lie behind the glitter of a strong military administration.

The first struggle between them and Marshal Yamagata turned upon the proposed acquisition of the railways by the Government. The Marshal triumphed, but Mr. Schiff does not think this indicates the defeat of the Peace party. The real warfare of the future will be industrial:—

Only when the new markets now being opened in Korea and Manchuria have become more fully established is the true strength of Japan, as an industrial nation of great producing capacity, likely to show itself and to become appreciated by the other nations, who base such high hopes upon the promise of the "open door"—hopes which are likely to be doomed to considerable disappointment, because of the industrial possibilities of Japan and the advantage of her position in legitimate competition with her rivals.

It is well that the fact has become recognised in Europe and in the United States that Japan means to be, and is to be, the dominant factor in the Far East, and that any commercial or other advantages in the distant Orient, which Europe and America desire to secure, can be obtained only by the same legitimate methods these nations employ in their dealings with each other.

Mr. Schiff at the beginning of his article lays great stress upon the fact that Japan would have been beaten by Russia but for the help she drew from the English-speaking world:—

Not very generally is it realised, however, what Anglo-American friendship and support, moral and financial, meant to the Japanese; how, without these, the gallantry of its people, their readiness to sacrifice their all to maintain the supremacy of their country against the aggression of the Northern Colossus, would have been of no avail. Had America not willingly joined hands with England in the spring of 1904, when Japan made the first attempt to secure foreign loans for the purposes of the war—an appeal which, until America showed its willingness, even eagerness, to co-operate, was met in England, not over-enthusiastically; had the two nations not so readily opened their money markets to every succeeding Japanese war loan, nothing could have averted the financial and economic ruin of Japan at a comparatively early stage of the struggle.

THE SLEEPING GOD IN MAN.

IT WILL REGENERATE HUMANITY.

We are all familiar with the time-honoured orthodox conventional phrases which tell us that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and that every human being is a temple of the Holy Ghost. The Russian peasant's saying that there is in each of us a spark of God, is very striking. But after all, do we really believe it? Are we really pregnant with the living God? Is God latent within us? And if so, how can we wake the sleeping deity?

THE DOCTRINE OF DR. QUACKENBOS.

To these questions a writer who is cursed with the terrible name of Quackenbos makes serious reply in an article on "The Transliminal," which appears in the *North American Review* for August. He asserts that Deity dwells in the transliminal region of the mind; that for the most part when we are awake this divine part of us is asleep. When we sleep it is awake. It is by bringing to bear upon the conscious mind the omnipotent influence of the transliminal, that character can be transformed and humanity regenerate. "God in us" is to be set in motion by auto-suggestion to redeem mankind. Not only morality, but genius can be evoked by invoking this sleeping God:—

Genius is but a name for coincidence of action on the part of *psyche* and *pneuma* along the lines of a discovered objective capacity—for effortless expression on the part of harmoniously operating fellow self. Two or three inspirational appeals, given after mastering the spirit of the plays and satisfying myself of the personal fitness of the subjects, have raised now well-known actresses from mediocrity to fame. In these cases, dormant dramatic bent was spontaneously awakened to activity; self-consciousness was obliterated, genius in embryo was suddenly discovered and matured.

THE POWER OF THE TRANSLIMINAL GOD.

Dr. Quackenbos says:—

Man in his higher personality is adequate to the extinction from his objective nature of any abnormal craving or passion, like the craze for intoxicants. The latter is singularly responsive to treatment by suggestion. In the transliminal sphere, we are capable of acting independently of a visible corporeity; and, as beings cast in the image of God, we intuitively apprehend, we possess supernatural knowledge and wield supernormal power, we are subject to impressions by other human personalities, as well as obnoxious to the touch of higher spiritual intelligences, and we are gifted with a measure of prescience that on occasion forecasts what is to be. Of these unconscious agencies and forces, few have any realisation.

THE GOD WHO WAKES WHEN WE SLEEP.

It is in sleep that the Transliminal God exerts His divine influence. Dr. Quackenbos says:—

Sleep, the familiar chapter of pneumatic life, is not a state of spiritual torpor, but rather of intense transliminal activity. It is the school of the soul, in which there is not only spiritual development but probable access to stores of knowledge, to a wealth of facts and memory-images seemingly registered in some incorporeal Chamber of Records which the subjective self may explore at will. The Neo-Platonist was right in proclaiming "the nighttime of the body to be the daytime of the soul." But granted, during the hours of rest, symposiums of kindred transliminal spirits, incarnate and incarnate, having interests in common and free to combine and interpenetrate: granted, on such occasions, unrestricted access on the part of every soul to the knowledge and experience and impulses and ideals cherished by every other soul, and through impression during states of sleep is rationally explained

through creative communication. In the act of waking, as the transliminal dissolves into the supraliminal consciousness, the treasures detected or acquired during sleep are paraded before the objective view, ideas elaborated in transliminal regions are appropriable spontaneously, without expenditure of brain energy. Thought is easy and rapid; perplexities are disentangled in a flash of intuition; and knowledge conserved in the higher self, but novel to the objective mind, clamours for utterance. Everyone may cultivate the habit of lingering at the morning hour in this borderland between the outer and the inner man, and garnering the resources of the transliminal state for the betterment of his objective existence.

HOW TO YOKE THE GOD TO OUR CAR.

Dr. Quackenbos tells us how to rouse the sleeping God, and compel Him to transform our lives:—

Auto-suggestion is a simple means whereby simple men may become better, wiser, happier, more godlike. The life beautiful is within the reach of all through this natural means, for man's earthly constitution is not incompatible with the indwelling of the Divine. As one is about yielding to thought, he suggests to himself, he says to himself, for instance, that he will no longer be a slave of the imperative conception or the evil habit that is crippling his best expression—that he will develop talent along specified lines—that he will draw spontaneously upon the resources treasured in his higher being for creative work in the normal sphere. Lapse into sleep with the transliminal thus invoked to employ itself as instructed, all but equivalents suggestion given by another. The prerequisite is earnest, intelligent, persistent application of the self-given suggestions.

—AND TO REGENERATE THE WORLD.

If each can do this for himself, what may not be done by a multitude banded together to secure a common end. Dr. Quackenbos says:—

Given a few thousand properly equipped, earnest persons consecrated to the work of disseminating this creed of self-help among the people of the earth—and given willingness on the part of humanity to be uplifted and purified through this instrumentality—and the regeneration of the world within ten years becomes an easy problem.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS DISCOVERY.

No one can withhold assent from Dr. Quackenbos's conclusion—provided that his doctrine be true:—

The discovery of a new star or chemical element or micro-organism is of absorbing interest; but such interest pales into triviality beside that evolved in opening the way to a perfect comprehension of man's relationship to Deity, to destiny, to his disembodied fellows, and to other spiritual personalities that are not of this fold. Metaphysics seem destined in the twentieth century to demonstrate immortality on reputable scientific grounds, by establishing the laws of telepathy and translating into the earth life super-sensuous perceptions (clairvoyance), to determine the possibility or impossibility of human communication with disincarnate souls—a question left unanswered by the New Testament writers), to effect that adjustment with natural law which will banish disease, and to give us euthanasia as the fitting close to every human life.

SPELLING REFORM AT LAST.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

By the decree of President Roosevelt the official documents published in America will conform to the spellings of the amended word-list recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board, and in his own private correspondence he will adopt the simplified spellings thus officially recognised. The New York school authorities have decided to adopt in their primers the simplified forms already alluded to. The publishers expect a boon in new primers.

The membership of the Simplified Spelling Board has been strengthened by the adhesion and addition of Professor Skeat, the eminent philologist; Professor Joseph Wright, editor of the "English Dialect Dictionary" and Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford; and Dr. Bradley, a colleague of Dr. Murray, the co-editor of the "New English Dictionary."

Professor Skeat has published, through Henry Froude, of the Oxford Press, his address on the "Problem of Spelling Reform," which he delivered before the British Academy. Professor Skeat re-endorses the suggestions of Dr. Sweet, and subsequently recommended by the Philological Society the twenty-four rules for the amendment of English spelling.

The best way of indicating what spelling reformers are aiming at will be to reprint some passages from an article which Mr. H. Drummond has contributed to a New Jersey magazine, *The Journal on Orthoepeï and Orthografi*. Mr. Drummond's article is entitled "The British Academy—Spelling and the Press." He takes as his text Professor Skeat's lecture on "The Problem of Spelling Reform," which he says "is a thoroly English deliverans; interesting, lerned, cleer and com-bativ"—

The members of the Simplified Spelling Board recommend a certain course adopt the simplified formz in their publications, and enjoin upon editozs to permit the same modifications in the publication or contributions from members of the Board. Professor Brander Matthews practices what he preaches, and succeeds in obtaining a platform for the propagation of his principiz. Presept is good, practis is better; but presept and practis ar more powerful in pulling down the fals and putting up the tru.

"I" heartily commend Professor Skeat's admirable pamphlet, and trust it will be red and aplyed by yung and old throout the English-speaking race.

After citing certain chanjes in pronunsiashon, Professor Skeat turnz to the practical part of the problem. He goez back to the recommendashonz of Dr. Sweet, in 1881, and breezily recommendz the omishon of certain idle leterz, such as the folowing:—

- 1.—liv, hav, giv, abuv, cum; agreev, aproov, solv, freez; aw, ax.
- 2.—assembi, litl, dubl, promis, activ; drivn, writn; butn.
- 3.—bredth, medow, hed, brekfast; hart; jepardy, lepard; peple or peepi.
- 4.—acheev, beleev, feed, seeg; siv; receev, deceev.
- 5.—improov, looz, moov.
- 6.—cumfolt, munk, munev, ouver.
- 7.—courage, cuzin, furish, jurney, ruf; labor, honor, harbor.
- 8.—jecalow, demagor; but vague, etc.
- 9.—ad, eg, ballif, ful, stif; batl, kett, writn, traveler; arive, ajust, afair, comand.
- 10.—det, detter; lam, ilm, thum; plummer.
- 11.—ake, anker, qu're.
- 12.—puld, lookt, slipt.

Dr. Skeat faultz foul with the jurnalists hoo resolutely determind to crush the recommendashonz of Dr. Sweet, in 1881, and dur not hesitate to charj them with ignorans and declinint to be tant by thooz capabl of instructing them. Az it woz 25 yearz ago, so it is today, jurnalistic ignorans being as noizy and contentuuz as ever.

THE TWO SOVEREIGNS AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.

In the *Empire Review* Mr. Edward Dicey makes the most of his opportunity for promoting Anglo-German good-fellowship afforded him by the recent meeting of King Edward and the Kaiser. King Edward's opinions, when expressed, are the opinions

of the English, indeed of the Britons all over the Empire. Mr. Dicey wishes that the Kaiser's opinions were as much influenced by his private sentiments as is generally believed in England. The Kaiser is certainly apt to form decided opinions rapidly, to express them forcibly, and sometimes to modify them unexpectedly. That is to say, he is "a German after the German heart." Germans, the writer thinks, are nationally prone to come to definite conclusions on insufficient grounds, but at the same time they are nationally ready to listen to objections and acknowledge the force of their opponent's arguments. Notwithstanding official denials, he thinks the recent meeting in Friedrichshof may indirectly, if not directly, influence the course of European politics, though he admits that he has no grounds, other than those of observation and information in the press, open to everyone.

AN INNOVATION IN THE CONSTITUTION.

It was undeniably an innovation of the spirit, if not the letter, of our Constitution that the preliminaries, in a sense, of the Anglo-French Agreement should have been conducted by the King in person, not by the British Ambassador in Paris, instructed by the Foreign Office. It will be a greater innovation still if the preliminaries to an Anglo-German Agreement should have just been concluded by King Edward for England and the Kaiser for Germany, unaccompanied both of them by their Ministers for Foreign Affairs:—

Happily for ourselves the good sense of Englishmen is ready to approve of any innovation which, in their judgment, is useful and beneficial, even if it is not in accordance with strict precedent or State etiquette. The innovation, however, would not have been passed without grave protests if the Throne of England had not been occupied by a sovereign who has so thoroughly identified himself with his people, and who commands their absolute confidence in respect to his high ability, his genuine patriotism, his loyalty to the Constitution, his deep sympathy with our British ideas, and his extreme regard for the interest of our British Empire.

The fact that the Kaiser personifies his people in much the same way as King Edward personifies his, will, Mr. Dicey thinks, do much to win the approval of the German nation for anything endorsed by their Sovereign.

THE GROWTH OF THE ONE MAN SYSTEM.

Amont this probably weightily important meeting of Sovereigns, the writer notes the growth of the One Man system of administration in both the New and the Old World. In America, with neither an unemployed nor a pauper class, he considers it most remarkable, and part of a general tendency all over the world to increase the authority of personal rulers, whether Presidents, Dictators, Kings, or Emperors (and, he might have added, Premiers), and consequently to impair the authority of Constitutional Parliaments. Of this tendency the recent meeting at Friedrichshof is the strongest proof.

A STATE INSURANCE MONOPOLY.

TWELVE MILLIONS ADDED TO THE REVENUE.

In the *Financial Review of Reviews* an article appears on this subject which is sure to attract much attention. The gist of it is that insurance is amazingly profitable; that the reserve funds are excessively; that the cost of management could be immensely reduced if the State took over the working of fire and life assurance offices; and that with the lessened reserve funds and saving in cost of management an addition of some twelve millions could be made to the revenue, enough to justify either a substantial reduction of the Income Tax or to extinguish the National Debt.

THE PROFITABLENESS OF INSURANCE.

To come to details. Nothing in the commercial world approaches even remotely the security of a well-established insurance office—such is the opinion of a great actuarial authority. Some fifteen or more examples are then given of the dividends paid by well-known British Fire and Life Assurance Companies. The net result is that—according to the last Government annual return for Life Assurance Companies—

on a capital outlay of about fourteen millions there was a return of something over one million, or over seven per cent. The figure is a very striking one, and it appears the more significant when we remember that all companies, good, bad, and indifferent, which come within the provisions of Section 19 of "The Life Assurance Companies Acts 1870," are included in the return. It is probable that no other interest or industry in the country could show collectively such a handsome yield on its capital.

HIGH EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.

The remarkable thing, the writer says, is that this high profit is shown, in spite of the extremely costly system of working which competition, it seems, compels the companies to adopt. Roughly speaking, nearly a quarter of the total premium income of the companies goes in managerial and office expenses and commission. With fire offices this freedom is still larger.

NEEDLESSLY LARGE RESERVE FUNDS.

The writer admits that large reserves are an essential condition of sound insurance management. But it is a question whether these "mammoth and ever-growing funds" do not represent too high insurance rates, rather than cautious finance. The companies work on a basis theoretically sound, but in practice fallacious. The mortality tables are out of date. As a rule they go back to 1872, since which year sanitary science has made such strides that the death-rate has been materially reduced and the average duration of life prolonged. The calculations of the companies, moreover, are not based on the selected lives with which they usually deal, but on those of the general population, including, of course, the notoriously short-lived. Consequently, they are constantly paying enormously less in death-claims than they expected, or might have expected.

Twenty years ago one of the largest companies testified to its deaths one year being 26 per cent. below the number expected. And this improvement continues. Hence huge additions are constantly being made to the funds.

Again, the average duration of a policy in a British company is only five years, and lapsed policies outnumber those on which claims are paid by two to one. Yet companies still calculate on the assumption that every policy will mature. The "epidemic" argument is used to justify these hoards; but the writer does not think it does justify them nowadays. The reserve funds "might be reduced by one-half, and the companies would still be well within the margin of safety."

A PLEA FOR STATE INSURANCE.

The writer then proceeds to argue from what the Government has already regulated (gas, electricity, telephones, telegraphs, etc.) that it is not so revolutionary a proposal that it should also regulate insurance. In Germany it does so to a certain extent already. Of course in New Zealand State Life and Fire Assurance are well known, and the former long-established. Considering how wasteful and extravagant is the present system of insurance, he thinks Government regulation quite justifiable. Sweep away all the present costly offices and "gilded palaces," "all the paraphernalia of modern insurance," which is "an absolute excrescence of civilisation," producing nothing, and substitute a single, well-equipped office, and the public would be as well, indeed probably better served. Moreover, it would have absolute security. That a Government concern would be much less costly than many private ones is not a point needing elaboration. The writer admits that comparison with the Post-office insurance business is not altogether exact, yet its expenses of management are about $\frac{3}{2}$ per cent as against about 23 per cent. for the Life Assurance Companies, and 28 per cent. for the whole of the Insurance Companies combined. Even supposing the State expenses of management were, in practice, 7 per cent., what an immense saving—£13,000,000 and over.

HOW TO EFFECT THE TRANSFER.

The recent acquisition of the Metropolitan Water Companies shows how smoothly private interests can be bought out. A tribunal of arbitration would have to settle the terms of the transfer of the companies, and if, as in the case of the Water Companies, a little under thirty years' purchase of the net earnings is calculated for, we get the following:—

Purchase price of the Life Companies ...	£30,741,710
Purchase price of the Fire Companies ...	20,000,000
Rough probable estimate ...	£50,000,000

Mutual offices would, of course, require special treatment, and it is a nice question as to how accumulations could be dealt with under a State

system those enormous reserve and other funds, which the writer says are excessive. This, too, is a point which the arbitrators would have to settle.

Again, what of the 56,000 and over persons engaged in insurance business in England and Wales? One million per year for a series of years would probably be an outside amount to allow for compensation, and this might be largely reduced, because many of the officials would take service under the State. Putting compensation at £10,000,000, we have £10,000,000, plus £50,000,000 equals £60,000,000 cost of expropriation.

VARIOUS SUGGESTIONS.

The Government, it is suggested, should do its utmost to encourage co-operative insurance, but not to compel insurance. Large firms should be induced to insure all their employés, deducting the premiums from their wages, and paying them in a lump sum. It might even offer special inducements, such as a reduction of the income tax to those insured among the more "comfortable classes"—the classes now mainly supporting the insurance companies. The writer anticipates innumerable objections, but reminds us that the age of State Socialism has begun, and the Government will now be thinking of doing many things of which ten years ago it would not have dreamt.

SOLVING A KNOTTY PROBLEM

Many have been the attempts to solve the problem of the Domestic Servant, and many have been the failures. Few more drastic suggestions have been made than those advanced by Mr. P. V. Mighels in the September number of *Good Housekeeping*. Mr. Mighels has devoted much attention to the question, and has studied it in many lands. His scheme took shape after observation of the amazing rehabilitation of the Hoodlum recruits enticed into the U.S.A. Army—a regeneration brought about by the process of drill, military discipline, and uniform. Why, he says, is there no military organisation to do as much for the raw female material so woefully adrift in our great cities? He points out that domestic service has come to be looked upon as degrading—"what generations of lamentable blunders lie behind this pitiable misconception!"—but as a matter of fact he is convinced that young women positively like domestic service—that, indeed, it is a natural service to which they turn by inherited instinct.

Of his solution he says:—

The solution is practical, comparatively easy, and absolutely certain, if attempted upon the ordinary lines of business enterprise, for the simple reason that a huge and permanent need for domestic servants renders possible an industrial scheme of manufacturing and supplying servantes at a profit, precisely as iron ore is converted into finished steel and marketed to great financial advantage.

ATTEMPTED REFORMS.

Many reforms have been attempted on behalf of the housewives, the chief are:—

Employment bureaus, new importations (from abroad, and training schools (ordinarily auxiliary to settlements and similar institutions). The one scheme attempted in behalf of the young women who serve and who are hopelessly unprotected against abuses, is the trades union. Every one of these things, each struggling along by itself, has failed. No one has seen that the situation demands a combination of all three of the most important of the institutions here enumerated—the training school, the employment bureau and the union.

AN ARMY OF YOUNG WOMEN.

Mr. Mighels proposes that young women shall be trained in barracks much as soldiers are, the term of enlistment being two years:—

They will be informed that the barracks is a free training school, where they will be thoroughly instructed in any or all branches incident to household economy. They will be told that they will be officers, uniformed, drilled and trained to ways of skill and competence; that the barracks will be their club, affording them the use of baths, gymnasium, library, parlours, etc.; that it will be an employment bureau; that employment will be secured for all members as soon as they are competent to accept positions, and at better wages than an untrained domestic artisan will command; that they will continue to be members of the organisation and under its protection while out of work; that their wages will be paid by officers of the army; that their work will be inspected by army officers appointed for that purpose; that their hours shall never exceed ten or twelve a day (unless by their own consent and for extra pay); that their nights shall be their own; and that the army will, in effect, be a union, designed for their complete protection, and likewise a club and a home and training school combined, with many auxiliary attractions and privileges; and that a portion of their wages will be retained weekly by the corporation for the maintenance of the business.

THE POSITION OF THE MISTRESS.

So much for the maid's side of the question. The employers would, we are asked to believe, also profit largely by such an organisation:—

Women desiring servants from the army will be informed that wants will be supplied on army conditions only. Women known for the practice of abuses will be black-listed. They will not be permitted to engage servants from the army. A higher wage than ordinarily paid will be exacted. The hours per day which the army members may be asked to labour will in no case exceed ordinary factory hours, and if service is required from early morning till midnight, servants will necessarily have to be engaged in relays, extra payment being made for the overtime required. Employers would also be informed that servants were guaranteed to be skilful, competent, neat, and thorough, and that their work would be inspected regularly and maintained at a high standard of excellence. Guarantee would also be given against destructiveness, desertion and all other irresponsibility. Indeed, all responsibility for good behaviour of army members would be assumed by the corporation.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

Mr. Mighels evidently hopes that the institution would ere long control all the servants in the country:—

With smaller wages, with no ten-hour day, with no thorough training, no club, or social life, or army protection, or barracks privileges, or anything else such as army members would enjoy, how long would it be till the outsiders would beg to be admitted to the fold? And what factory life, even when backed by a grades union, could offer attractions so irresistible? As to the housewives, they would presently be obliged to employ the army graduates for self-protection, while the untrained servants would be driven, either to abandon the field altogether, or to enlist in the ranks forthwith.

This scheme is evidently intended only for cities. It would be unworkable in scattered districts.

WAKE UP, UNCLE SAM!

John Bull has been so urged to "wake up," and has had the American workman and producer held up before him as bright and shining examples so long, that Dr. Louis Bell's article, in the September *Engineering Magazine*, "Do American Manufacturing Methods Imperil Her Trade?" may come as a surprise to some Englishmen. Dr. Bell refers to the wonderful growth of American manufactures, due largely to the immense resourcefulness of the American spirit, and says that it seems almost ungrateful to suggest even the remote possibility of disaster. "The foreign peril lies not in foreign acuteness, but in the painstaking avoidance of our mistakes. Our real danger is not from without, but from within—the danger that comes from over-haste and lack of thoroughness."

These things are just as characteristic of American industry as is the marvellous alertness that has been its motive power. In the mechanical arts, for instance, American methods and workmen produce average results of remarkable excellence; but if one wants a bit of work done with the utmost thoroughness and precision, nineteen times out of twenty he will find that the workman who has finished it is a German or Swede or Englishman—if indeed he is able to get it done at all. As every thoughtful manufacturer fully realises, there is a dearth of skilled labour, and native American skilled labour is the rarest kind. As a result the finest artisans in many lines of work are not to be found in this country, and the goods which they produce are imported.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

The primal intent of this system is to produce at the lowest possible cost the largest possible quantity of marketable goods. The result is to reduce manufacture to operations by automatic machinery, using human labour only where it cannot be avoided, and constituting a manufacturing plant as a species of enormously complicated machine tool, of which the artisans are merely belts, wheels and oil-cans. In consequence the average quality of American manufacture is high, and up to the point where machines need to be supplemented by a high degree of intelligent skill the American method works magnificently:—

At this point it becomes self-destructive, and all along the line it suffers more or less from too close adherence to the principle of averages upon which it is founded. There is a constant tendency toward the production of type considered so slightly to cheapen construction, even at a considerable sacrifice of convenience; or, more serious still, manufacture is cheapened by designs which make repairs and renewals extremely troublesome. On the principle that it is better to scrap the article and buy a new one than to pay a little more for one that can be properly repaired. In similar fashion the high-pressure piece work results in turning out articles just capable of passing hurried inspection, and no more.

WHERE THE FOREIGNER EXCELS.

The result of the method is to make high-grade work relatively expensive:—

As an example take the medium-priced American hand-camera. It is a marvel of adroit adaptation to the needs of the average purchaser, and a really wonderful product for the money, but if one attempts to purchase apparatus of the highest grade it is rather cheaper to import than to buy American. Let alone the fact that most of the finest lenses are imported anyhow. The same condition holds for many other lines of manufacture. Indeed, certain classes of goods are practically unknown in American trade, and it sometimes happens that goods which would hardly pass inspection abroad are unloaded here as quite good enough

for a people that is content with the cheap and tolerable.

On the other hand, in very cheap goods—far below the average standard American plane—the foreigners sometimes beat us at our own game. The cheap Russian gun, for instance, comes to this country, duty paid, at a price that staggers native production. The European is learning American methods, and with the advantage of cheap labour, as one of the questions of time before he can bring standard workmanship up to the American plane.

THE BANE OF A HUGE OUTPUT.

A huge output is evidently a fetch too much worshipped across the pond. It has tended towards carelessness, with the result that channels for competition are opened never to be closed, and this in spite of a huge protective tariff. For instance, forgings are imported from Germany for many motor works, experience having shown that the foreign product has a uniformity in properties most difficult to secure in America, that the parts are forged so closely to gauge that the saving in labour is enough practically to counterbalance the duty. Another drawback to the rigid standardisation of type is that American standards do not suit foreign markets:—

At the present moment most American industries are behind their orders and do not worry about additional sales abroad; but some day in the not distant future these markets will be badly needed and can be won only at heavy cost, if at all. The trouble here, too, is not only with the products, but with the absolute indifference to commercial requirements. The whole tendency of our modern industrial machine is towards inflexibility, and this extends to the methods of distribution as well. Foreign red-tape makes requirements which seem often unreasonable, but foreign business goes to the exporter who respects them. The American is too apt to treat men with contempt, and suffers accordingly. The painstaking courtesy in meeting the possibly peculiar requirements of a foreign customer is a lesson that many American firms need sadly to learn. Every consignment won over by polite consideration is a self-appointed advertising agent whose services are extremely valuable.

The American has, however, no monopoly in this lofty contempt, unfortunately.

WAGES AND WORK.

The American workman is better paid than his foreign competitor, but

instability of employment, common in all lines and a recognised feature in many, goes far to compensate for the nominally greater wages of the American. The consequent feeling of insecurity is a demoralising influence, the seriousness of which it is hard to overestimate.

LACK OF SKILLED WORKERS.

Dr. Bell concludes:—

It is emphatically true that in very many lines of industry in our country active improvement has been checked in the interest of profit-taking. In the long run the effect of this is bound to be disastrous to American progress. There are signs even now of foreign competition based on an active campaign of improvement. In not a few of the engineering trades we are in this country copying European products instead of compelling them to copy ours, as of yore. Meanwhile the average quality of American labour is running down, owing to the practical abolition of internal trades, and it will be progressively harder to obtain the skill needful as the basis of improvement. Every great work feels the scarcity of skilled craftsmen, and the worst of the matter is that such have small incentive to existence in the face of the uncertainty of employment due to the general labour difficulties. When the rank and file of the workers strike, or the works are shut down on account of the latest merger, lumpers and skilled mechanics alike are idle.

There is a constant feeling of unrest among workmen under American conditions. They know that they are merely parts of a machine which stops and starts, accelerates and slows down, from causes absolutely beyond their control, and that each year they may take the chances of being displaced by cheaper men if such can be found available for filling the oil-cups.

THE DUMA DENOUNCED.

BY DR. DILLON.

In the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. E. J. Dillon deals out censure with a liberal hand. He declares that Russian opinion regards the meeting of King and Kaiser as a consultation of surgeons prior to a *post mortem* on Russia! The Tsar, he says, feels nettled that his deposition should be discounted beforehand by his British friends. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "Vive la Duma!" is interpreted to mean that he knows the victory of the Duma means the triumph of revolution, the break-up of the Russian colossus, and the supremacy of England. According to Dr. Dillon, Russia is an unknown land, not merely to foreigners, but also to the members of the Duma, to the Tsar, and—the reader is tempted to add—to everybody except Dr. Dillon himself.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

He is especially severe on the Duma. He says:

The Russian Reform Party had a golden opportunity in its grasp. The Tsar, who had ever refused even to entertain any project that savoured of constitutionalism, had at last consented to limit his own power. From the point of view of the prince brought up as an autocrat it was a vast sacrifice. It is not easy fully to realise all this meant to him. Liberals, who a twelvemonth before would have been contented with some means of controlling the acts of the bureaucracy and of putting an end to arbitrary misrule, now had a charter in their hands on which, by exercising prudence and patience, they might inscribe rights as extensive as those of any other monarchical country on the Continent.

And this rare opportunity was simply thrown away. Nothing was attempted that ought to have been undertaken, and many acts were deliberately performed that ought to have been adulously avoided.

The reply of the Duma to the speech from the Throne contained no word of thanks to the monarch for the rights he bestowed upon his people. Threats, reproaches, strictures, abounded, but no expression of gratitude for an act unprecedented in Russian history. As a political writer has pointed out, in other countries the rulers who gave constitutions to their peoples have monuments to immortalise and reward the giver. But in Russia? In Russia the first Tsar who bestowed a constitution was blown to pieces, and the second has to shut himself up lest the same fate overtake him. The best men in the country refuse to call themselves his loyal subjects. An assembly which acts about governing a potentworthy part of the terrestrial planet may reasonably be expected to display an average sense of dignity and courtesy. It might not be borrow the methods of a mere mob meeting. It should have lauded the monarch for the step he had already taken and encouraged him to take another in the same direction. It could and should have proved to him that he might with safety to his people and his dynasty turn from the interested bureaucracy to a disinterested and patriotic democracy.

"I LOOKED. AND THERE WAS NO MAN."

The Tsar, says Dr. Dillon, was pliant. A wise and moderate political party, ready to share his responsibility, would have been a Godsend. A fairly clever statesman would have cultivated the good disposition of the monarch, and transformed his conscientious readiness for political reform into genuine enthusiasm for national regeneration:—

But there was none. The Russian revolution has brought no great man to the front, has formulated no new principle, embodied no fresh idea. It is anonymous, jejune, imitative. And not only was there no statesman visible in the Duma, there was no business-like committeemen there who would sit down to humdrum work for the good of the community.

A PARLIAMENT WITHOUT BACKBONE.

They neglected the work they could do to indulge in dreary and truculent eloquence:—

And what struck many observers still more forcibly than this dearth of politicians and leaders was the exiguity of men fitted with moral courage, what we generally term backbone, such as you find in almost every English Non-conformist; men who stand upright and square to the storm and the current, whose faith is unaffected by fear, whose hope leaves nothing to heaven which their own right hand can do.

Patriotism, adds Dr. Dillon, is another of the qualities the manifestation of which Russian observers sadly miss in the acts and discourses of the Duma. The Deputies were declared to be simply playing at revolution. They exhorted the nation to refuse to pay taxes, regardless of the fact that direct taxation is as dust in the balance compared to the annual revenue, only remembering the French precedent, and declaring: "Refusal to pay taxes forms part of the programme of modern revolution."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TSAR.

Towards the Tsar Dr. Dillon seems to be softened. The *Quarterly Review* portrait of Nicholas II., published two years ago, he describes as one that closely resembled caricature. He adds:—

The plain truth would appear to be that even the Tsar may mean well to his people and his country whatever the effects of his acts may be; that he would rather rule over a well disposed nation than over a rebellious people; that he does not really order hecatombs of the Jews to be arranged by his police, because it would be unpolitic as well as immoral; that he is not fitted by nature, by training, or by divine grace to play the part of Machiavelli's Prince, and that he does not delight in imprisoning, shooting, persecuting. This view may of course be wholly wrong, but although I am open to conviction, I shall cling to it until I have had some proofs that I am mistaken.

Victory, he declares, awaits the peasants. The Mujik dominates the situation.

THE END OF ALGECIRAS.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the *Positivist Review*, explains the real meaning of Algeciras, "the desire of a great military Power to dominate in Europe," and conjures up a dreadful picture of what the Kaiser will do now that Russia has collapsed:—

The Germanic dominions of Francis Joseph must almost automatically sink into the German Empire—whether by intrigue, alliance, or force, or a judicious mixture of all these. When the dream of the Pan-Germans is realised, and the Kaiser sits astride Central Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic—from the Vosges to the Carpathians—with a population double that of France—the German Kaiser will be all that Napoleon hoped to be, and, for a brief space, was. France will hold the same position with respect to him that Austria has done for years past—the obsequious "second in my duels," says William. Italy will be at his beck and call; and even Switzerland may begin to tremble at the Pan-German spectre.

Then also will "unsere Zukunft" be in reality "auf dem Wasser," and Kaiserdom have become a World-Empire. To ward off which danger but one thing is possible—a close defensive alliance between England, France and Russia, with Italy, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium as "benevolent neutrals."

JOHN BULL'S PRIVATE ESTATE.

AND HOW HE MIGHT DEVELOP IT.

While many agitators have been clamouring for the national ownership of all land and mines, singularly little attention has been paid to those portions of territory within these islands which are already directly owned by the nation. Mr. C. Sheridan Jones, in *The World's Work and Play*, calls attention to the future of the Crown lands. At present they yield to the nation "a bare half million." Mr. Jones advocates measures which he says would vastly increase their yield to the national exchequer, while at the same time offering scope for most valuable social experiments. He first dwells upon the extraordinary malversations of Crown lands which he says has taken place in North Wales on a gigantic scale. He strongly supports the recommendation of the Welsh Land Commission of 1897, urging the appointment of a commission to call upon all landowners in Wales to show their title-deeds or evidence of possession. The mineral possessions of the Crown in Wales run from over 10,000 acres in Carnarvonshire to more than 31,000 acres in Merionethshire, while the mineral rights of the Crown are much more extensive, running to 46,000 acres in Merionethshire alone. Thousands of these mineralised acres are not being worked at all, and Mr. Jones asks for a report by Government experts upon the possible development of these unused resources.

READY FOR AFFORESTATION.

Of agricultural land the nation possesses, in twenty-three counties of England, no fewer than 70,000 acres. This large estate is an opportunity used to hand for important measures of social advance:—

These vacant Crown lands can be made of enormous social value to the community. They can be used to initiate one of the most practical proposals for dealing with the haunting question of unemployment. Students of that problem turn more and more to the initiation by the State of a new industry as an approach to solution, and the industry they find commended by the experts is—Afforestation. Afforestation is no leap in the dark. So cautions a reformer as the Prime Minister regards it as beyond the sphere of inquiry, and he is right—the time has come for action, for carrying out the striking recommendations of the Departmental Committee of 1903. That Committee pointed out that, in Norway, waste lands valued at 4s. 5d. per acre yielded 38s. 5d. per acre planted with forest trees.

Mr. Jones adds that the Cabinet have such a scheme now under consideration.

FARM COLONIES AVAILABLE.

For the unemployed the Crown lands seem to Mr. Jones to offer the ready-made material for Labour Colonies:—

First, the District Committees should be able to lease this land at a reasonable rent. Then they would have funds available for wages. And, in the second place, once the men know their business with the spade and the hoe, allotments could be provided for them near the Colony. If they were also near a large industrial centre, those allotments could be made to pay, and for the men working on them, the unemployed problem would have been settled. Does such land exist on the Crown estate? I am able to answer the question. There are Crown lands, for instance,

in Cheshire—lands which could well be made to serve Liverpool, Manchester, and Chester, in all of which the cry of the unemployed was heard last winter and will be heard again.

These Farm Colonies might turn the Unemployed into permanent small holders. For the men who will be wanted again in the towns when good trade returns, Mr. Jones suggests that work might be found on the Crown estate in foreshore reclamation.

HOW SOON THE ICE AGE WILL WIPE US OUT.

The apocalyptic imagination seems to be as active as ever, even though it clothe itself under forms suggested by modern science. And, as in the older apocalypses, the modern seers by no means agree. Some years ago Mr. Grant Allen assured the world that but for the steadily diminishing ice-cap at either pole, the earth would know no lower temperature than that of an Italian winter. In the *Arena* for August Mr. John C. Elliott, on the contrary, portrays the imminence of the next ice-age. He affirms that the glacial period is still going on. Places visited by travellers in the first quarter of the nineteenth century and pronounced by them to be free from ice during the three midsummer months, are now covered with several feet of solid ice, capped with snow throughout the year. The earth's glacial zones are rapidly and permanently enlarging. The writer says:—

The day of disaster already looms on the horizon. Although systematic researches conducted by competent men along the lines indicated, on the northern confines of the Atlantic, would, in all likelihood, determine with a very considerable degree of precision just what portion still remains of the allotted span of our present civilisation, it is perhaps permissible to say now that untoward climatic conditions along the more northerly portions of the Atlantic seaboard are in a fair way to reach a climatic in a few centuries.

In a few centuries, then, the habitable earth will be vastly restricted, and the writer expects when this prospect becomes clearer "a sudden stiffening of the foreign policies of the world's chancelleries." The instinct of self-preservation will drive the nations to struggle for a habitable home. The writer goes on calmly to indicate how the Ice Age will affect the two sections of the English-speaking people. He coolly says:—

Obviously the United States must carve out a refuge for her people in South America against the time when they will be driven out of the northern continent by the irresistible advance of the all-effacing ice-sheet. It is devoutly to be wished that the Latin republics will cheerfully acquiesce in any scheme looking to the incorporation in a South American hegemony animated solely by North American institutions, otherwise—might must decide.

The British Empire is more fortunate. It "will suffer no impairment in resources":—

Seated securely, flanked on one hand by a continent of kinsmen in South America, and on the other by the dominions of Australia, New Zealand, India, and her wards and provinces of the Near East, the mistress of Africa can serenely await the unrolling of the map of time, until, in the long course of ages, the northern ice-sheets finally retire once more into the Arctic fastnesses.

THE SINGLE-RAIL SUSPENDED RAILWAY.

A GERMAN SUCCESS IN CITY TRANSIT.

An American view of suspended railways is given by Mr. John P. Fox in *The World's Work and Play*. He says that the cry everywhere to-day is for subways in our cities. New York is about to spend sixty millions on construction alone. The elevated railway as it has been in American cities is "dead."

A QUIET "ELEVATED RAILWAY."

Yet Berlin, twenty-five years ago, constructed an elevated railway, with solid and ballasted floor, which was free from the noise and other drawbacks of the American elevated railway. The Berlin railway is—

so quiet that the twopenny service in Pullman cars has made property go up in value instead of down, so architectural with its monumental stations and richly carved pillars as to beautify even some of the palace-lined streets of the German White City. Almost hidden by trees in summer, the graceful arched structure is called the umbrella of Berlin, and under its water-tight and light-coloured floor the children play, and everyone finds shelter from rain and snow and summer sun. The railway crosses a river bridge, and the grass-bordered walk merges into a vaulted cathedral aisle, the steel changing to coloured brick, enlivened here and there with bright mosaics.

Reverting to subways, Mr. Fox refers to the heat problem which they create. The enormous amount of electric current raises the temperature until in one New York subway it reached 95 degrees. As the traffic increases the temperature will rise.

But Mr. Fox announces, besides the old elevated railway and the subway, a third alternative which he considers will revolutionise urban and inter-urban traffic. Over a river in Barmen and Elberfeld a railway was devised some years ago; the cars hung from a single rail; and the experiment of this eight-mile line, carefully studied and tested, is said to supply the key to our city traffic problems. Compared with a high-speed surface railway the suspended car need weigh only 29 tons instead of 100 tons, and required only 450 horse-power motors instead of from 1000 to 3000 horse-power. The suspended car is able to take far sharper curves at full speed, and the road-bed costs very much less:—

When the high-speed line is built between Brussels and Antwerp there will be some astonished railway men in this country—astonished because we failed so long to appreciate the immense value for passenger transport of the suspended principle seen in our cable-ways and trolley conveyers. But it is for city service the suspended type of elevated railway offers the greatest advantages, too startling almost for belief, and yet there seems no escape from the verdict of some of the best authorities in this country and Europe. First of all, it is even quieter than a surface car. It costs less than any other elevated type, and only from a fifth to a tenth of what a subway does. It can be built with no flooring or sleepers of any kind to shut out any light or collect snow, having slender girders supported by graceful arches, almost hidden by trees, if desired, as over a street in Elberfeld.

It is said to be the safest railway known:—

A car with twice the seats of a surface car can be run at twice the speed for half the cost, there being a great saving in weight, especially from the simpler type of trucks. Switching can be so simplified that local and express trains can change tracks or cross way over at will, without loops.

The advantages in comfort as well as in safety and speed are said to be very great:—

The people, instead of having to ride in the dark cellars of the streets, into which are drifting down the dirt and dust of ill-cleaned highways, can be up where they can see without dim artificial light at mid-day, and can breathe without the help of costly fans. The unnatural burring of passengers in heat and darkness will be succeeded by thoroughfares open to light from top to bottom for every class of traffic. Sewers, pipes and wires can monopolise the ground level undisturbed, as they should. And the future needs of traffic can be met without such overturnings of streets as the past has seen.

These facts will doubtless have been considered by the L.C.C. before it launches out into any new expenditure in electrified tramcars.

COUNT TOLSTOY ON WOMAN'S MISSION.

A RIDICULOUS "NON SEQUITUR."

Count Tolstoy, in the *Fortnightly Review*, in an afterword, printed after a translation of Tchekhoff's short story, "Darling," lifts up his voice against the Woman's movement of our time. He says:—

Long ago I happened to read in a paper an excellent article by Mr. Ata about women. The writer expressed a remarkably clever and profound thought.

"Women," he says, "try to prove to us that they can do all that men can do. Far from disputing this," says the writer, "I am ready to agree that women can accomplish all that men do, and perhaps accomplish it better, but the point is that men cannot do anything that approaches that which women can do."

Yes, this is undoubtedly so, and it concerns not merely the giving of birth to children and their rearing and early education, but men cannot accomplish that highest and best work which brings them nearest to God—the work of love, of complete self-surrender to the one loved, which good women have done so well and naturally, are doing and will always do. What do men do with the world, what would happen with us men, if women did not possess this quality and did not practise it? Without female doctors, telegraphists, lawyers, scientists, and writers we might get on, but without motherly, feminine companions and consolers who love in man that which is best in him, and by unconscious influence stimulate and support in him all this best—without such women life on earth would be poor indeed. Jesus would not have had Mary and the Magdalene; Francis of Assisi would not have had Clare; the Decembrists would not have had their wives with them in their penal servitude; the Donkhorovs would not have had their wives, who did not restrain their husbands, but supported them in the martyrdom for truth. There would not be those thousands and thousands unknown, and like all that is unknown, the very best, women, consolers of drunken, weak, and dissolute men, who are more than anyone else in need of the consolations of love. In this life, whether it be directed to Koukin or to Jesus, lies the most important, the greatest, and the entirely irreplaceable power of woman.

What an amazing misapprehension is all this so-called women's question, which, as is inevitably the case with every triviality, has taken hold of the majority of women and even of men!

Woman desires to improve herself—what can be more legitimate and desirable than this?

But woman's purpose, by her very calling, is different from that of man's. And therefore woman's ideal of perfection cannot be the same as man's. Admitting that it is not the ideal of man's perfection, it is certain that it is not the ideal of man's perfection. And yet it is to this man's ideal that the absurd and mischievous activity of the fashionable women's movement which so entangles women is now being directed.

What nonsense the dear old prophet of Yasnaya Polina sometimes talks! As if allowing women liberty to pursue their natural bent, untrammelled by male interdicts, would impair their capacity to accomplish the work of love. If the power of woman is so important, great and irreplaceable, as I agree it is, why deprive any department of human life of its beneficent influence?

PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.

The most important paper in the *Philosophical Review* for July is that of Professor James H. Tufts, on "Some Contributions of Psychology to the Conception of Justice." It will strike the reader as belonging much more to the realm of sociology than psychology. The doctrines of psychology on which he proceeds are (1)—the individual is complex, not simple; (2) the individual is both habit and adjusting activity, continuity, and growth; (3) forms without contents are empty. From these abstractions he proceeds to develop a very concrete method of dealing with our problems of corrective justice, distribution of wealth, and of education. The Law Courts ought, he urges, to consider a man as a complex being, subject to influences of heredity and environment, with a future as well as a past, instead of viewing him, as at present, as "abstract criminal" or innocent. Distributive justice rules out the fictitious freedom of contract between unequals. It would supplement the abstract maxim "To every man according to his deserts," with the maxims, "To every man according to his efforts," and, still more, "To every man according to his needs." These recognise the complexity of personality. The writer proceeds to show that in this full sense of justice no distribution of property, viewed as an exclusive interest, either is or is likely to be just. The fuller justice demands therefore a fuller participation in the higher goods of life, in a broader education, and in fuller social satisfactions. He concludes with the hope that "the goods which are not private, the goods which are so largely the product of social co-operation, may increase in value, and may be the share of every member of society." These fragmentary jottings may suggest the course of a most interesting and fruitful line of argument.

Professor A. E. Taylor insists that the place of psychology properly lies among the natural sciences and not among the philosophical.

DID LUTHER COMMIT SUICIDE?

Not long ago Miss J. M. Stone, writing in the *Dublin Review*, asked, "Was Luther Insane?" In the *Mercury de France* of August 1st, Charlotte Chabrier-Rider goes farther and suggests that he committed suicide.

Luther died in the presence of three theologians, and yet for more than three and a-half centuries his sudden end has been the subject of the most violent controversies. Cælius, one of the witnesses referred to, wrote what may be called the official account of Luther's death, and every pains was taken to circulate his story as widely as possible. It was translated into several languages, and was inserted at the end of Luther's works, and ever since it has been the "high authentic source" of all Luther's Protestant biographers.

But if Luther died a natural and peaceful death, as his witnesses pretended, why did they cry anathema on all who should venture to find their pious story obscure and contradictory? The writer thinks the mere fact of the precautions and threats sufficient to rouse suspicion as to the truth of the story they took so much trouble to circulate. Notwithstanding all their efforts, we learn that a rumour to the effect that Luther died a violent death continued to gain in belief even in the Protestant city of Eisleben.

It is now repeated that Luther hanged himself, and the original authority for the story was none other than Luther's special attendant and confident not an ordinary servant, but a man who had been a student at the University of Wittenberg, and of whom Melancthon spoke highly. As soon as the news was known, Protestantism made everyone who knew it swear never to divulge the secret, and this "for the honour of the Gospel." After keeping the story a profound secret for some time, the servant at last spoke out, and Sedelius published the details in a book in 1606.

This version of Luther's death certainly clears up some of the obscurity and the contradictions of the official account. It is now evident why the doctors and apothecaries tried to restore Luther to life, which was inexplicable while Luther was supposed to have died in sweetness and peace in the arms of the Saviour. It also explains other physical signs described at length by Cælius.

The writer thinks there is nothing remarkable in the hypothesis of suicide. She says we have but to remember that the Reformer was aware of the failure of his work; his doctrines had placed him in a miserable position, his home life was unhappy, his wife was anything but an angelic being, and the state of his health was most unsatisfactory. There was no rest for him anywhere. He was tortured by doubt, not merely religious doubt, but nervous doubt, which made him unable to act. And what hell could equal that of the Reformer who was filled with doubt as to his work and his mission? Exhausted by nervous strain, obsessions and hallucinations, it is no wonder he wished to end his life. Yet the real end of Luther will probably remain a mystery, one of the numerous enigmas of history, although several historians have adopted the theory of suicide.

One of the most perfect and beautiful of Norman churches in this country is Steeley Chapel in Derbyshire, which is the subject of an interesting article by G. Le Blanc Smith, in the April number of the *Reliquary*. For years this church was used as a fowl-house, and it was fast falling into irrepairable decay. Mr. Pearson, however, has made "a complete and scrupulously correct restoration." The church is much hidden by trees, and is very gloomy inside.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE UNEMPLOYED.

By SIR EDMUND VERNEY.

In *Broad Views* for September, Sir Edmund Verney writes on the problem of the unemployed:—

If the British public is prepared to adopt it, the remedy for unemployment is not far to seek. Employment might be found by the State for every unemployed man if he chooses to accept it; it should be a voluntary act on his part, but should carry with it this provision, that if he does come to the State for employment he should undertake to work for the State for a certain term; he must be willing to surrender his freedom for a time, in consideration of suitable work being found for him; he shall labour under strict supervision, so that he shall earn his daily bread.

Again he says:—

When the supply of neglected children is stopped, and children are trained in mind and body to fulfil a worthy destiny, the unemployed question will be solved.

Sir Edmund Verney insists that in a radical reform of the land laws alone can we find a permanent remedy for our troubles. He deprecates emigration. He says:—

Across St. George's Channel we have an object-lesson of a fertile country bleeding to death from emigration, and across the Atlantic we see the deep-seated hostility of the emigrant who has been made to feel that there is no room for him on his native soil, where he is not wanted. He carries with him the sore memory of waste lands rejecting waste men, that the idle rich be not disturbed.

The Birmingham Distress Committee are alive to the advantages of a farm colony; they are taking steps in that direction, and approaching Mr. Fels on the subject. It does seem strange that in a question so vital to the country we all look to the leadership of our American cousin, and apparently not one rich Englishman can be found to encourage the establishment of farm colonies, which have been written about and preached about for many years, and successfully experimented with by the Rev. Dr. Paton, of Norwich, and others.

An emigrating scheme is singularly easy to work. It is exceedingly interesting. It excites sympathy abroad; gratitude is its reward at home. To successfully run a farm colony is not at all easy. We may hope that those who have hitherto promoted emigration will not shrink from the more serious, the sounder, and more patriotic project of farm colonies at home.

CHINA REVOLUTIONISED.

It is an astonishing picture presented by Dr. A. W. P. Martin, formerly President of the University, Peking, to the readers of *The World's Work and Play*. On his return to Peking he finds "China transformed." The streets of Peking are being modernised, the houses are bound to follow, the railway comes to the gate before the Palace, electric light and power and tramways are shortly expected; journalism has sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and is being pushed with the passion of propaganda:—

Numerous dailies are published, and in order to reach the masses, who are too illiterate to read for themselves, there are reading-rooms on the corners, at which the papers are read and expounded. Those places have the air of a wayside chapel, and, indeed, the innovation is confessedly borrowed from the methods of missionaries. A placard addresses speaker and hearer that they are not to discuss the reigning dynasty, though of course they are free to thunder away against foreigners and foreign countries. To reach the rural population travelling expositors for itinerant preaching are sent to the places, and are warmly welcomed by people who have no better pastime than to listen to a blind minstrel, or to look at a troop of strolling players whose dialect they do not understand.

Schools for girls are greatly in vogue. A movement in favour of unbinding the feet of Chinese women is strongly favoured by the Dowager Em-

press. A new alphabet has been introduced, based on native characters, which will simplify the process of learning to read. Formerly, 3000 distinct characters were required for the reading of ordinary books. The Chinese are pushing railways in all directions. The receipts at the Post Office are advancing rapidly. A publishing house in Shanghai has been selling 2000 copies a month of a primary book on history and geography, for the use of Government schools, and their steam presses are unable to overtake the growing demand.

A CHINESE CHRISTIANITY.

The character of the people has changed, stolidity giving place to excitability. "China for the Chinese" has become the rallying cry for all parties:—

Native Christians are making a strenuous effort to retain the benefits of missionary enterprise, and at the same time free themselves from dictation and dependence. So a church has been formed which is to be independent alike of foreign aid and control.

Such a church exists in Japan, and we wish success to the "Church of Christ in China," whatever the motive for its creation. Our merchants might not welcome such an expansion of native enterprise as to cause them to close their doors, but this is precisely what the missionary aims at. He rejoices to see the natives carry on a crusade without control or assistance. It is significant that a Minister of State (not a Christian) subscribes for the support of this church, and a newspaper (not Christian), after exposing the effectlessness of their old religions, calls for "a hero to take the lead in this renovating movement, which may yet extend to the proportions of a new faith for the nation."

The anti-foreign riots are favoured by the mandarins and others as a means of protest against foreign jurisdiction. Nevertheless a medical college recently opened by four missionary societies received a donation from the Dowager Empress of 10,000 ounces of silver, and a letter from Pao-tungfu reports a number of officials, by order of a Viceroy, dumping into the river the idols of several temples required for school-houses. "The people manifested curiosity, but no resentment."

Living Pictures of Living Plants.

In the Science Notes in the September number of *Chambers's Journal* we are told of an experiment which is being made in America to epitomise the life-history of a plant within the duration of an animated photograph. The writer thus explains how it is done:—

In the making of an ordinary animated picture a large number of separate and distinct photographs are taken consecutively on a travelling band of celluloid, at the rate of some sixteen every second, and in the reproduction of the picture the separate images are thrown upon a lantern-screen in the same order and at the same rate. It will be remembered that the blending of these images in the spectator's eyes, which are incapable of perceiving them separately at such a speed, results in the production of the illusion of a single picture instinct with life and motion. In photographing the life-history of a growing plant the separate pictures are taken at a comparatively long interval of time—about one picture an hour—so that the complete exposure will embrace the appearance of the first tiny shoot above ground, the growth of the stem, the unfolding of flowers and seeds and withers.

A few hundred photographic exposures will cover the entire cycle, and produce a film which, projected at the ordinary rate, will occupy only a few minutes of the student's time. In these few minutes he will observe the actual growth of the plant and its every change and movement the whole story of its life compressed into two or three minutes.

THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT'S FIRST SESSION.

If we are to believe the writer of "Musings Without Method," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the first session of the Liberal Government has been merely one long series of unparalleled ineptitudes. He does, however, believe some trust can be placed in Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Grey, and also "that they will have the honesty—rare in politicians of their colour—to resign if impious hands are laid upon their departments."

Nothing but megalomania can explain the bad taste of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "La Duma est morte. Vive la Duma!" Such a leader cannot expect efficient followers; and we have Mr. Asquith unable either to show a surplus or reduce taxation; Mr. Lloyd-George too busy stumping the country to master the policy of his own Government; Mr. Haldane permitting his representative in the Commons to "prate of the Hague Conference as though that debating society could really impose its views upon the nations of Europe"; and all the other Ministers, but the two exceptions aforementioned, misconducting themselves in various ways.

THE TRADES DISPUTES BILL.

The object of this Bill is "to place the working-man above and beyond the law." It has served Mr. Keir Hardie as a scorpion with which to lash the Prime Minister:—

If this monstrous measure passes, every species of illegality will be legalised by our craven-hearted Government.

There is nothing left but for the masters and men to organise private militias and fight it out, as in 1892 matters were fought out between Pinkerton's armed detectives and Mr. Carnegie's workmen in Pennsylvania. And yet Sir J. Lawson Walton was brave enough to question the wisdom of this measure; Mr. Asquith, also, "was as bold as brass," and questioned it likewise; "Mr. Haldane was equally valiant":—

But it is the courage of Bob Acres, and it oozes out at the approach of the first braggart that comes along. And it is not possible to find a single word of excuse for these pusillanimous lawyers.

THE NEW TRANSVAAL CONSTITUTION.

Naturally this meets with no favour from *Maga*, which, truth to tell, is too much carried away to write with its usual ability. The Constitution "is an act of revenge taken by the Pro-Boers." Manhood suffrage for the Transvaal when England is not yet thought fit for it! But other big colonies have manhood suffrage—which *Maga* forgets. It is far worse than Majuba, this new Constitution, because it is a surrender after twenty-five years' experience of the folly of Majuba. Our present Government—

cherishes a sentimental hatred of England. It consists of cannibals eager to make a meal of their nearest relations.

And so on. This contemptible Government is

committed to class legislation in its extremest form:—

Next to the working-man it best loves the degenerate. For his comfort it is prepared to sacrifice the Army, the Navy, the safety of the Empire. That the children of the degenerate may be fed, housed, and educated, that the degenerate himself may receive a pension, or even sit (for £300 a year) in the House of Commons, it is eager to tax the upper class until its estates are cut into small holdings, and its galleries and libraries shipped to America, and to drive the middle-class out of existence.

Nothing is left us but the worship of the parish pump, since the Empire does not interest degenerates. And even that slender consolation is not long to be left us, since pump, parish and all must soon be annexed by the foreigners to gain whose good opinion we have forfeited our skill and our strength. Thus *Maga*.

ABDUL HAMID AND PAN-ISLAMISM.

The uncertain state of the Sultan's health lends additional interest to the opening article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, the anonymous writer of which says that history will some day recognise the present Sultan as—

one of the most striking figures, and within certain obvious limitations, perhaps even one of the master-minds of our times.

SULTAN and KHALIF.

Abdul Hamid II., two years after his accession (which was in 1876), had to cede much of his temporal dominions in order, in fact, to keep any of them. To compensate himself for this he has revived the spiritual authority to which he lays claim as heir to the Khalifate. He has been equally bent on restoring his authority as absolute monarch, and on preserving what empire was left him against further encroachments of Christendom. The old bureaucracy helped him to get rid of any traces of constitutionalism; but Abdul did not, as they expected, put on again the bureaucratic fetters. Ministry rapidly succeeded Ministry, each one leaving in Abdul's hands a portion of the power which once belonged to the Porte—

until at last the rambling pile of Government buildings in Stamboul is tenanted by mere clerks, Ministers and Excellencies though still they may be styled, whose sole business it is to register and to carry out the unquestioned behests of their Imperial master. The Sublime Porte has come to be little more than a polite fiction. From one end to the other, Turkey is ruled from Yeldiz Kiosk, where, surrounded by a Pretorian guard and a scarcely less numerous army of spies, Abdul Hamid holds in his hands every thread of the military and civil administration throughout the whole Empire.

This absolute despotism the writer considers Abdul's signal achievement as Sultan, and it is the more absolute because so firmly rooted in his spiritual power as Khalif. "Astute" is the best word to describe his policy. "In the world of Islam there can be no nationalities," said Abdul, knowing well that there can be and are many, and that their racial jealousies are a safeguard against dreaded disloyal combinations. Hence Syrians, Circassians, Kurds, Arabs and Albanians,

rather than Turks, are the trusted denizens of Yeldiz Kiosk, a "strange medley of private secretaries and spies, aides-de-camp and eunuchs," with behind all the extraordinary figure of Sheikh Abul-Huda, a mysterious personage

through whom in moments of crisis "the Shadow of God on Earth" receives "revelations" equally potent to explain away failure and to invest success with a supernatural glamour.

The Shadow of God on Earth seems to have known extremely well what he wanted to do, and he has done it. He has raised once more the fallen standard of Islam, and

Yeldiz Kiosk has become, within a quarter of a century, the head centre of a great organisation which aims at embracing the whole Mussulman world, and has certainly already succeeded in spreading its ramifications over a greater part of it.

THE SULTAN'S INTERNAL POLICY.

Abdul Hamid came to the throne when European intervention on behalf of the Christian races within his empire had partly dismembered that empire—a catastrophe which he probably attributed to the ill-advised tolerance of his ancestors. Therefore he determined that, at all costs, such a thing should not occur again. His shrewdness told him that he was quite safe in slaughtering Armenians or perpetrating any other atrocities so long as international jealousies reduced the Concert of Europe to impotence, and one of the greatest Powers remained "benevolently neutral." Secondly, he has chiefly devoted himself to strengthening his hold over Arabia, with which his claim to the headship of Islam is naturally so closely bound up. Here "he played off one tribe against another, one chieftain against another, stimulating their dissensions, and always profiting by their divisions." There have been reverses, even recently, but the writer evidently thinks them only temporary.

THE SULTAN'S PRESTIGE.

This, we are told, is much higher among Moslems outside than inside Turkey. Inside Turkey his subjects see the many spots on the sun too plainly—the impoverished exchequer (though the Sultan will, it seems, draw on his private—and deep—purse to prosecute a very favourite scheme), the grinding taxation, the prostitution of justice, all the infamous methods we are accustomed to associate with Turkey. Outside Turkey the Sultan's prestige is, unfortunately for us, greater than we realise.

PAN-ISLAMISM.

Because, says the writer—

the mysterious growth of a Pan-Islamic revival does not easily fit in with the more familiar conceptions of our materialistic age, we remain comfortably blind to it until it reveals itself in a sudden burst of lurid light, which discloses the activity of elemental forces none the less formidable because they work through hidden channels in unexplored depths.

It has revealed itself lately in the state of Egypt, where it needs all Lord Cromer's experience and authority to make us realise that the Pan-Islamic

seed has fallen. The writer quotes a certain correspondent of Lord Cromer's, who probably accurately states the facts, and who never denies the benefits of British rule. But when it comes to a choice between the benefits of this rule and allegiance to the Sultan as Khalif, *plus* the old evils, he chooses the latter without hesitation. Here we may find the clue to Abdul's recent action in Egypt. It was not because of a remote strip of territory, but because Pan-Islamism appeals to every grievance, and teaches every Moslem to turn to the Khalif for redress. The Sultan, the writer thinks, knows very well what he is doing, even though we do not always think so:—

No other European Power offers so wide a field for Pan-Islamic activity as the British Empire. But it is by no means exclusively confined to the British Empire. The French do not conceal their alarm at the progress which it has made in their possessions in North Africa.

No sooner has Abdul Hamid been repressed by us on the Egyptian border, than he begins worrying the French in the hinterland of Tunis. The writer's moral is:—

For no Power does Pan-Islamism constitute so great a potential danger as for the British Empire, which we sometimes ourselves describe with our usual light-heartedness as the greatest Mahomedan Empire in the world.

a phrase which has a very different meaning which no one understands better than the Sultan himself.

THE GROWTH OF THE TELEPHONE.

The September *Scribner* celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone in an article by Mr. John Vaughan.

He quotes statistics to show the tremendous growth of the telephone in America since Mr. Bell obtained his first patent:—

To-day the exchanges are numbered by the thousand, the telephones by the million. Various industries, unknown thirty years ago, but now sources of employment to many thousands of workers, depend entirely on the telephone for support. Numerous factories making lead sheathing, dynamos, motors, generators, batteries, office equipments, cables, and many other appliances, would have to close down and thus throw their operatives into idleness and misery if the telephone bell should cease to ring.

The Bell Companies employ over 87,000 persons, and, it may be added, pay them well. Many of these employees have families to maintain; other support their parents, or aid younger brothers and sisters. It is safe to say that 200,000 people look to the telephone for their daily bread.

These figures may be supplemented by the number of telephones in use (5,698,000) by the number of miles of wire (6,645,000) in the Bell lines, and by the number of conversations (4,479,500,000), electrically conveyed in 1905. The network of wire connects more than 33,000 cities, towns, villages and hamlets.

Mr. Bell, who is still alive, is a Scotchman, having been born at Edinburgh in 1817. As Professor of Vocal Physiology in Boston University he was trying to perfect an apparatus to make language-sounds visible to deaf-mutes, when he became convinced that articulate speech could be conveyed electrically.

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION TRUE.

MODERN PARALLELS TO THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.

Mr. R. B. Span, in the *Occult Review* for September, in his latest Glimpses of the Unseen, says, what is well known to all students, that in the Annals of Spiritualism and Psychical Research there are well authenticated cases of Demoniocal Possession, or, as he calls it, of obsession of evil spirits.

ONE POSSESSED IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the New Testament the evil spirit had an ugly habit of throwing its victim into the fire. Mr. R. B. Span found a parallel to this:—

When I was in New Zealand there was a case of obsession at Auckland, a young man being possessed by a spirit which caused him more bodily harm by throwing him into the sea, when he was nearly drowned, and on another occasion into the sea, when he was nearly drowned. When under this influence his language was fearful, and he had no control over himself at all, whilst a strange voice used to come from his organs, stating that it intended to ruin the young man body and soul. Fortunately for the victim, there were some friends who recognised his condition as one of obsession, and instead of having him certified as insane and sent to a lunatic asylum, they called in the services of a clergyman, a good and saintly man, who became also convinced that it was a case of diabolical possession; and after constant and earnest prayer, the evil spirit was eventually exorcised by the name of Christ and the spiritual aid of the Cross, and the young man was never troubled by it again.

A CALIFORNIAN CASE.

Mr. R. B. Span, when in San Diego, in California, awoke from a deep sleep to find his room faintly illuminated by a lurid radiance. He saw—

several dark forms moving from the other end of the room slowly towards me. Instinctively I tried to jump up and cry out, but I and myself incapable of moving or speaking. There were four or five of these figures, all arrayed in long dark cloaks with hoods drawn over their heads, which, however, did not conceal their faces, which were indescribably horrible and malignant. I was seized with an agony of fear, and prayed with an intensity of feeling I have never before or since experienced. "O Christ save me! Christ save me!" As I did so a brilliant flash of white light shot through the room, and the figures quickly retreated and vanished, while the awful feeling of oppression and paralysis left me also, and I came to my full consciousness, trembling violently and feeling weak and ill, as if I had passed through some great mental and physical strain and spiritual crisis.

He thought that it was only a nightmare. Next morning he told his friend, a trance medium, Mr. T.—, of his "dream":—

Mr. T.—, who had been staring intently at something beyond me, and had become very white suddenly gave a cry of alarm and rose quickly to his feet, at the same time throwing out his arms in front of his head as if to ward off a blow.

The next instant he fell to the floor in what appeared to be a fit of some kind, as he was writhing convulsively and moaning and gibbering "like one possessed." We picked him up and placed him on the armchair, and then shrank back in horror, as Mr. T.—'s face was quite transfigured, altered beyond recognition, into the most repulsive, awful face imaginable. It was the countenance of a devil.

I knew it was a case of obsession, but did not know how to act beyond praying that he might be delivered from it. Fortunately, the spirit had not gained full possession, and after a short, violent struggle, in which Mr. T.— was thrown foaming on the floor, the spirit came out of him.

Mr. T.— felt very weak and unwell for a time, and could hardly speak at first. When he was better he told us that as I was relating my dream he suddenly saw clairvoyantly several figures emerge apparently from the wall behind me, and recognised (from my description) that they were the same beings who had appeared to me in my vision of the night before.

They came straight towards him, and he was filled with a great horror, and sensing danger of some kind, he jumped to his feet, instinctively throwing out his hands to ward

them off, and then in an instant one of them had gained possession of him. He was particularly liable to anything of that kind, being a good trance medium. It was two weeks before he quite recovered from the shock and strain he then underwent.

Readers of *Borderland* may recall one case of obsession by an evil spirit which occurred in my presence. It was an ugly experience, but no one who has gone through it can doubt the literal truth of the Evangelist's story of the casting out of devils.

HOPPERS AND HOP-PICKING.

In the *Young Woman* the Rev. G. B. Charles writes on his experiences among the Kentish hop-pickers. The hop-picking season, he says, is for tens of thousands of London poor the one chance in the year when better, sweetening influences can make themselves felt:—

There are, roughly speaking, four classes of "hoppers"—the home picker, who is always certain of good work, and who in many parishes is able to do all the picking, much to the comfort of the grower. Then there is the coster, the match-maker, the factory girl or lad of the East End, forming a special class, with characteristic habits and tastes, which the mission worker needs to study if he is to be successful. The gipsy comes next—and it is perhaps only in Kent during September that an outside observer can in any sense realise how numerous a class the folk so graphically pictured by George Borrow form in England. Lastly, there is the professional tramp, a gentleman of whom the grower always fights shy, who is not taken on when anyone else is available, for sad experience has taught all concerned to expect the very minimum of possible work from him with the maximum of grumbling and discontent.

The outsider even now often pities the hoppers for the poorness of the accommodation provided for them, but it is far better than it was a few years ago. When the hoppers arrive they are now met, and refreshments can be obtained by them at the chief stations. The same work is done when they leave, and has greatly lessened "the terrible scenes of rowdiness and drunkenness which used to disgrace the exodus of the hopper," though the writer admits that it has not yet ended them. Since the people mostly live in camps away from the villages, and thus have to get their food from a distance, they are tempted to go too much to the public-houses. Hence, whenever possible, a store is established near at hand. Provision is made for the hoppers to read the papers and write letters; very often there is a dispensary, with a lady nurse in charge, and sometimes even a regular hospital for in-patients, both institutions having proved a great boon. Public-houses are also combated by means of lantern addresses, which are very popular, and by Sunday and week-day services. Ladies and other workers, we are told, are well received by the hoppers, and their books and papers gladly accepted.

Various agencies carry on work among the hop-pickers. In a hopping district the local clergy generally give up their Septembers to it; and their activities are supplemented by the Church of England Missionary Association for Hop-pickers, the C.E.T.S., and the Hop-picking Mission Committee.

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN NEGROES.

By DR. ALBERT SHAW.

The Editor of the *American Review of Reviews* contributes to its September number an elaborate, comprehensive, and copiously illustrated paper, entitled "What Hampton Means by Education."

THE NEW SOUTH.

Dr. Shaw says:—

In no other part of the country are there just now such marks of a varied and rapid progress as in the South. The towns are taking on new and modern forms through the awakening touch of manufacturing capital, and the country is changing through the application of better methods in agriculture. Forests and mines are yielding larger returns of wealth every year, and prosperity is far more widely diffused than ever before.

Yet those acquainted with the resources of the South are well aware that this new economic movement is only in its beginnings. But the mere fraction of the water-power of the streams flowing from the Appalachian highlands has been utilised as yet for operating factories and generating electric power. The supplies of iron and coal are inexhaustible and will be drawn upon in ever-increasing quantities. As for agricultural possibilities, present results are not one-fifth of what may be reasonably expected in a future not very distant.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HAMPTON.

How free, and how fast, and how solid will be the progress of the South depends upon the education of its people, notably of the ten millions who are coloured. Hence Dr. Shaw bespeaks the—

earnest attention of intelligent Southern people for the remarkable work carried on at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, located near old Point Comfort, at Hampton, Virginia. In its shops and mills, and on its farms, in its dairies and in its varied industrial departments, Hampton is year by year training hundreds of young negroes for fitness to participate in the work of Southern development. It is performing a more important task than the training of skilled farmers or artisans, for it is training a generation of splendid teachers, each one of whom can go out and take charge of a negro school and make that school the centre for improvement in the surrounding negro community.

WHAT HAMPTON MEANS BY EDUCATION.

What Hampton means by education is the fitting of young people for the work they have to do in life; and the method it uses is that of going straight at the desired end without wasting a day. For the Hampton Institute is a life, rather than a school. Its students are at work as well as at study. They are building up habits of order and self-control and steady industry. On the farm lands of Hampton or in the varied shops, where practical trades are both taught and worked at, the boys face all the conditions of practical toil. But they also learn that when the day's work is done it is feasible to use plenty of soap and water, and to turn the mind to other useful, interesting things.

THE METHODS OF HAMPTON.

The method used in teaching arithmetic is characteristic of the way in which all subjects are taught at Hampton. It is not merely textbook or blackboard work in abstract numbers, but it is the practical arithmetic of daily life. Liquid measure is taught in connection with the practical business of the dairy, which sells milk to the great hotels of the region. Land measure is taught upon the ground itself, and the pupil does not merely read and write the word acre, but stakes an acre out upon the actual ground. The girls learn arithmetic in connection with the measurements in dressmaking or cooking. There is a mathematical side to the work of every practical trade, and so all the problems of arithmetic, in so far as it is desirable to teach that subject, are given a practical character. Thus the boy who learns to lay bricks learns to make the necessary calculations that go with the mason's trade. Newspapers and periodicals are constantly used as furnishing facts to supply problems in arithmetic, geography, and the various other general subjects of instruction.

HOW THEY TEACH FARMING.

In the Agricultural Department the training includes a thirty-minute recitation on agricultural subjects four days in the week and a review of the week's work out of doors with his instructor one day in the week. At night he has three periods of regular academic work, including agriculture:—

In December he goes to the Trade School and takes a month of practical carpentry so as to learn the use of tools and be able to do his own repair work on the farm, build a poultry house, etc. In January he goes to the wheelwright and blacksmith shops and gets acquainted with plain repair work on wagons. In February at the printshop he learns how to mix paints and spread them on plain work, and in the mason's department how to mix and lay a cement floor for stalls or barn, and how to lay brick in a pier or chimney. One week is spent in the harness shop, learning how to mend a harness without strings and wire, that rainy days on the farm may be busy ones. Mechanical drawing is also given, that he may not only read but make simple plans.

Spring work begins outside in March, and the student comes back to agriculture work in the garden, continuing through the summer, learning how to plant, grow, gather, and store or prepare for market all the vegetables that can be grown at Hampton.

At the beginning of the second year he takes up further garden work: (1) the cultivation of fruits in orchards, including pruning and spraying; and (2) the handling of crops under glass—cold frame, forcing house and greenhouse work.

The third year he will study animal husbandry, the care of stock in the dairy and horse barns and the care of poultry and bees in summer.

Mr. H. C. Foxcroft contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* of September an enthusiastic article in praise of Booker Washington, under the title "A Negro on Efficiency."

One of the most efficient among living Americans is a man of colour. To the appreciative judgment which grasps and weighs the suggestions of more original minds, he joins the organising talent which can embody them on a large scale; the personality which, through truthfulness and promptitude, excites, the robust common-sense which can guide, the genial good humour which can retold the enthusiasm of his susceptible race. In breadth and balance of mind he may be said to embody Bagehot's "Animated Moderation." Rarely do we meet with so perfect a blend of the enthusiast and the man of affairs; the unbiased student of facts who is blind to no evils, and the devoted optimist whom no evils can daunt.

Mr. Foxcroft recalls the fact that he owed all this to the influence of a New England woman:—

A simple experience left on him its mark for life. The wife of the mine-owner—a New Englander, wealthy and cultivated—had "a high respect for manual labour." Her requirements, if rigid, were simple. Truthfulness and promptitude—cleanliness, order and method—in a word, thoroughness, proved essential. "Excuses and explanations," she warned him, "could never take the place of results." Charming in his account of the struggles which under her watchful superintendence transformed the neglected garden into a paradise of order; and of the sudden realisation that he had created this. "My whole nature began to change. I felt a self-respect . . . a satisfaction hitherto unknown. Never again could physical toil appear a degradation; never again could I fear the lady he still reveres as 'one of' his 'greatest teachers.'"

Students of Ballad Poetry will be glad to read Mr. C. H. Firth's article, in the *Scottish Historical Review* for April, on the Ballads of the Bishops' Wars, 1638-1640. The ballad-makers who wrote in favour of the Scots were, naturally, against the English Government, and were consequently suppressed. They suffered the same penalties as the pamphleteers, but a good many of their ballads have survived, and in 1834 a selection of them was published from the collections of Sir James Balfour. Martin Parker was the most prolific ballad-writer.

BEING YOUR OWN SERVANT.

In the *Quiver* Miss Elizabeth Banks discusses the American woman's method of dispensing with servants. I infer that her article refers chiefly to American women in the Western States; at any rate, New York women do not seem often to dispense with servants. It seems, after all, much the same state of things as prevails in New Zealand and other colonies, except that in America the problem is evidently more acute. Miss Banks says:—

Among dozens of my own college mates, and hundreds of well-educated married women with whom I have been thrown into contact, I have found no servants. I have discovered that the husbands of many of these women—doctors, lawyers, editors, real estate dealers, and clergymen, get up in the morning and "put the kettle on" for the convenience of the wife, who hurries down later to get the breakfast, and, if she has children, wash, dress, and comb them, and send them off to school.

These servantless American households have generally telephones and all kinds of labour-saving conveniences unknown in English households. Often, apparently, they have the comfortless plan of allowing the children in every room; and it reads as if tinned food were rather too prevalent. Even the washing and ironing is often undertaken by these energetic women. Of necessity, therefore,

the majority of modern-built American flats and houses are conveniently made for the very purpose of making the wife's work as easy as possible, and that American shops are full of handy contrivances which really do, according to their advertisements, "make housework easy." There are the patent brooms, scrubbing-brushes and mops, cheap telephone service, the fixing of messenger callboxes by the telegraph companies free of charge, and a thousand other helps.

If Englishwomen were really to do their own work, as they sometimes feebly talk of doing, Miss Banks rightly says London would have to be rebuilt and remodelled on the American system. Even then she doubts their succeeding, as the English gentlewoman lacks what Americans call "go-aheadativeness" (terrible word!), and what the colonial calls adaptability—a perfectly just criticism. English houses are not built to minimise labour and trouble. Miss Banks says:—

Whether the American woman who combines the duties of wife, mother, nurse, cook, housemaid, club woman, washerwoman, student of Greek, musician, and whatnot, becomes thus a queen or a mere drudge is a question for dispute. Personally, I am inclined to the opinion that she is more drudge than queen, and not by any means to be envied by her English cousins, who think they have a servant problem and are desirous of knowing how the American woman manages to do her own housework and to rid herself of the annoyances that help to make miserable the English life.

In the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* for August Franz Rieffel has an interesting article on the new "Cranach," acquired by the Stadel Institute at Frankfurt. The altar-piece, a triptych, represents the Holy Family—in the centre Mary, Anna, and Joseph. Anna is holding the infant Christ; above are Joachim and the two former husbands of Anna. On the left wing (inside) Alphaeus and Maria Cleopis, with their children; and on the right Zebedee and Mary Salome, and their children. James the elder and John the Evangelist. The picture, which was painted in 1509, has a further interest for Germans, since the features of various princes are recognisable in some of the figures.

THE SCANDINAVIAN IN AMERICA.

Mr. Hrolf Wisby, writing in the *North American Review* for August, on the status of the Scandinavian Americans, pays them a very high tribute. They display more enterprise in the New World than in Scandinavia:—

Norwegian property-owners permit opportunities to go, at a fractional percentage of their real value, into the hands of German and English capitalists. In other words, the owners leave a fortune at their doorstep, and often without realising the fact, to face the hardships of the settler here. Somehow, America seems to have an exhilarating effect on these people, for here they acquire initiative to realise their opportunities.

The result is that the 400,000 Norwegians now in this country possess 20,000,000 dols., or almost as much ready money as is owned by the 2,240,000 Norwegians in Norway, who have only nine dollars *per capita*, or 20,150,000 dols.! In other words, though the Scandinavians here only constitute a little over a ninth part of the Scandinavian peoples, they are five times richer *per capita*, and own in cash money an amount equal to three-fifths of all the money in circulation in Scandinavia.

They settle on the land and become admirable citizens:—

Home-sickness is the Scandinavian's worst malady, but a trip on the "Christmas Ships," which annually take thousands of furland Northerners to the native board for a brief sojourn, has proved to be the best cure. The home-sick man soon discovers that he has outgrown the conditions besetting home life. In the second generation there is but a very faint trace of national feeling, and gradually America absorbs him.

Of the three Scandinavian nations Mr. Wisby says:—

The Norwegians are clannish. The mountains made them so. They are headstrong and devoid of good manners, like a true peasant folk, though good-hearted enough, to be sure. The Swedes are the politest and most humane people of the North, and prone to resent the strong-hearted Norwegian attitude as an insult to their feelings; hence the trouble that has now been adjusted by Norway's setting up a separate government. The Danes present a sort of happy medium between the extreme polish of the Swedes and the pronounced bluntness of the Norwegians, but they are, on the other hand, altogether too liable to melancholy and indifference.

IS ANGLO-SAXON FRIENDSHIP A MYTH?

In the New York *Critic* for August "An American long resident in England" says that if he were to live in England for a hundred years he could never forget that he was a stranger in a strange land. Time has convinced him that nowhere is it so hard for an American to feel at home as in England. This does not seem to augur well for an *entente cordiale* between the United States and England. The writer says:—

The truth is, we never have understood one another since our forefathers left England, because they could endure the country no longer, we never shall understand one another while America remains America and England is the England we know.

In his isolation John Bull opened the floodgates of his affection upon us, of a sudden recognising in us what he merely regarded as a religion. We ceased to be Yankees—we were transformed into Anglo-Saxons. All Britain rang with the new *entente cordiale*, the English language apparently having no word for so un-English a sentiment.

The Anglo-Saxon is an alliance to keep on misunderstanding one another and pretending we think it friendship—that is, if we in America hold to the part of the bargain assigned to us. But the American cannot change his independence nor the Briton shake off his prejudice.

Surely this anonymous writer's experiences have been exceptional during his long residence in England.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The August number of the *North American Review* is one of the best that has been published. For variety of interest it is unsurpassed.

THE RESULT OF THE GERMAN EDITORS' VISIT.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Review* thus reports on the results of the German Editors' visit to England as seen by an American observer in the German capital:—

Fifty German journalists, many of them life-long denouncers of "perfidious Albion," have journeyed to England, where they have been royally entertained by distinguished representatives of British culture; and they have returned to the Fatherland cured, at least, of their prejudices. They have assured themselves that the British nation needs peace and not war, and they will be chary in future of lending credence and publicity to those extravagant tales of impending British attacks on German seaport towns which were mainly responsible for the eager acceptance by the Reichstag of the latest Navy Bill. A more appreciative style is already perceptible in the comments of the press on Anglo-German relations. The note of denunciation has, for the moment, entirely disappeared, and the friendships formed by Great Britain with France and other countries, which until quite recently were construed in an aggressive sense, are now discussed in a commendable spirit of tolerance. There is, in fact, a manifest desire to let bygones be bygones, and to assist into prominence the pacificatory elements.

THE LIMITS OF HEREDITY IN DISEASE.

Dr. Louis Elkind, in an article on Heredity, thus sums up the latest conclusion of scientific men as to heredity and disease. He says:—

(1) Diseases, as such, whether inborn or acquired, are never transmitted, but, however, in the case of inborn affections, the predisposition to the malady—but not the malady itself—is transmitted from parent to offspring. In the case of tuberculosis, which until quite recently was generally regarded as an inherited disease, the latest scientific investigations have proved beyond doubt that it is not the germ itself that is inherited, but the predisposition to the disease.

(2) Acquired external defects or mutilations of any kind are, as a rule, not transmitted.

(3) As regards acquired pathological disarrangements of internal organs, there is some probability—judging at least from the results which have recently been obtained from certain experiments and operations on the nervous system—of their being transmitted from parent to offspring; but under quite definite and special circumstances, that is to say, if these internal lesions have caused the parent great suffering and called for much endurance.

THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

The London correspondent of the *Review* gives some startling figures illustrating the comparative safety of English over American railways:—

With a train mileage less than half that of the American roads, the English roads in 1905 hauled twice as many passengers, conducting their business on one-tenth the trackage, and in doing so killed but one-tenth as many people and injured less than one-tenth as many. In 1905, some 10,000 people were killed and 75,000 injured through the workings of American railroads; while in England 1159 were killed and 6785 were injured. More than one-half of the deaths on the English lines were caused by the carelessness of individual passengers, and over 150 were suicides. In the same year, there were 6167 collisions and 4476 derailments in the United States, and 111 collisions and 80 derailments in the United Kingdom. Considering that the density of English traffic is six to one greater than that of American traffic, and that the English roads have to operate within an area little larger than the State of New York, their comparative immunity from accidents is all the more wonderful.

THE CREATION OF AN INLAND SEA.

Mr. Edmund Mitchell describes one of the most extraordinary occurrences of recent times—the creation of a vast inland sea on the borders of Mexico. The Lower Colorado river, which had changed its course owing to the silting up of its banks, was being used for purposes of irrigation. A deluge came, and the river forced its way through the irrigation canal into a vast natural hollow, which it is now converting into what is known as the Salton Sea:—

Should the waters of the river continue to flow into the basin in their present volume, after making the proper allowance for evaporation, it will take from thirty to forty years to fill the entire saucerlike depression up to sea-level. Should this ever happen, there would be a lake nearly 2000 square miles in area, the overflow waters of which would eventually reach the Gulf by some new channel cut through the barriers of silt at their weakest point of resistance.

WALT WHITMAN.

Mrs. Louise Collier Wilcox writes appreciatively of Walt Whitman, but she recoils from according him a place among the prophets of mankind. She says that his life was not without stain in his youth:—

However completely he may have turned from that part of his life afterward, it would seem legitimately to divorce him from the assumption of the highest holiness. His way of feeling life and humanity was large, patient, far-seeing and loving, but his method was definitely to descend into the midst of natural life and spread cheer and goodwill. There is another method, which is living above the general level of righteousness, gradually to exalt that level. This seems to have been the method of such masters of living as St. Francis and Buddha, and, above all, of the Supreme Human Pattern. But not his unworldliness, his bigness, his extraordinary prophetic power, his cosmic consciousness, undeniable as these are, justify the claims made for him by his enthusiastic friends, that he stands on the pinnacle with the supreme Masters of Life.

THE WISE WORDS OF THE INDIVIDUALIST.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bisland, in an article entitled "The Harmless Necessary Truth," reminds our socialist regenerators of mankind that it is all very well piling up the agony and representing the children of the abyss as victims of society. But they must not forget that—

drunkenness, indolence, dishonesty, wash away the unfit from the shores of agreeable opportunities. Perhaps quite as potent as any of these three vices is the species of intoxication offered by the excitement of city life. Neither domestic service nor country employment would be allowed by the victims to be a tolerable exchange, as compared with their herded, sweated trades within the sound of Bow Bells.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Watson Griffin, on behalf of the Canadian manufacturers, replies to Mr. Porritt's statements in a recent number of the *Review*. Mr. Griffin says that in 1904 one Canadian bought in the United States more than forty-one Americans bought in Canada. Dr. Moxom, in an article on "Christianity on Trial," says:—

"Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" We read these words in the New Testament, but, with curious fatuity, we never suspect that they are addressed to us. It may be that the Church and the Christendom which is identified with the Church are to hear the doomful words which were spoken to the ancient "elect" people of God: "The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains several interesting but not conspicuously prominent articles. I quote from Count Tolstoy's afterword and M. Rappoport's Jeremiad about Russia among the Leading Articles.

TRAITS OF TOGO.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser gossips deliciously about Admiral Togo, the most modest, religious, and saint-like of fighting men. She says:—

When Admiral Togo was informed that the city of Tokyo had decreed a public triumph in his honour, he remarked that such distinction was illogical and unmerited, since every man in the navy had done as much as he to secure the country's success.

When the Court Photographer sold his photograph he went to his studio:—

"I am shocked to find," he said, "that people are buying my photograph. It is very wrong that they should spend money on the portrait of such a stupid person. I wish to have the negative so that you may print no more copies."

When he assumed the command of the fleet he stated, in the most businesslike way, that "Japan would conquer at sea, but not until he himself and Admiral Shibayama had died." Only once in the whole war did he show any feeling of joy, and that was after the battle of the Sea of Japan.

The article is a mosaic of such pleasant anecdotes about the Japanese Nelson.

THE NEW GERMAN FLEET.

"Exenbitor," who recently demonstrated that the Germans had no fighting fleet worth speaking of, now warns us that their new programme will make them formidable indeed in ten years' time:—

The last of the *Dreadnoughts* and the final one of the baker's dozen of armoured cruisers provided for by the amending Act will be laid down in 1917, and three years later, when the final ships are ready for sea, the German fleet will be complete in all its power—thirty-eight battleships, including eighteen *Dreadnoughts*, each with a concentration of gun power equal to practically any two battleships now in commission in the British fleet and well armed. These eighteen ships will be so swift that we shall have nothing to bring them to battle, unless in the meantime we have built ships as powerful.

We are therefore invited to a shipbuilding competition on a far larger scale than before. Incidentally the new German programme will necessitate spending ten millions to enlarge the Kiel Canal:—

The strategic *raison d'être* of the canal must consequently disappear as soon as the new colossal men-of-war of the new programme are completed for sea.

THE GROWTH OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY.

"Cygnus" gossips pleasantly about the present and future of motor-cars. He says:—

In June, 1904, the number of motor-cars registered under the Motor Car Act was 18,840, and that of motor-cycles 2203. The licences to drive issued were 50,707. Worby Beaumont, whose authority stands very high, forecasted the British output between September, 1905, and September, 1906, at £4,000,000.

"Cygnus" hopes that electricity will supersede all other methods of driving motor-cars. He says:—

It is quite conceivable that the idea embodied in the Kriger system, which is actually at work, that a car may be driven by electricity, generated by a separate engine on the car, may be simplified and worked economically. If that time comes, the petrol-driven car will become as obsolete as the packhorse.

THE POLITICS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS PARTY.

An article signed by Mr. Shan F. Bullock and several other of his friends thus defines their idea of what should be the political programme of a middle class party:—

Our views on many questions of the day are clear and pronounced. The King, in our opinion the ablest man in England, should visit South Africa. Indeed, we think, must soon have a form of Home Rule, if only to control, and perhaps rectify, the results of Mr. Wyndham's Land

Purchase Act—an Act, let us say, which presently the Irish people will come to regret.

As to education, they have decided opinions:—

Once one of us tried the experiment of sending his boy to a Board school. Within a year he contracted the following diseases: measles, ringworm, whooping cough, vermin, ill-manners, bad language, and a cockney dialect.

That was enough. They say:—

We are willing to pay, and pay and pay. But, in return for paying and enduring, let the State reward us by ceasing to hinder with our Secondary schools; let it forego half measures, and boldly make of those schools real and efficient national institutions—schools worthy of itself, of us, and our children. Nationalise them. Put them on the rates. If the classes must mix, if their children must consort, let the union be done thoroughly, decently, and in order.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FEAST OF ALL SOULS.

Mr. J. G. Fraser, with a great parade of authorities, proves that "the nominally Christian feast of All Souls is nothing but an old pagan festival of the dead which the Church, unable or unwilling to suppress, resolved from motives of policy to connive." He suggests that the festival of All Souls on November 2nd originated with the Celts, and spread from them to the rest of the European peoples, who, while they preserved their old feasts of the dead practically unchanged, may have transferred them to November 2nd.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. A. C. Pigon writes on the taxation of site values in order to prove—

first, that some transference of rates from ratable to site value is desirable, and, secondly, that uncovered land should be taxed at the value it would have in its most profitable use. These two propositions are the keystones of the new rating policy.

Mr. H. Scheffauer, in an article entitled "The Significance of San Francisco," predicts that

the nations may now observe the creation of what is to be the youngest, most beautiful city in the world, beam by beam and stone by stone, a city that shall no longer be merely the Paris of America, but its Athens and the undisputed Queen of the Pacific.

May Sinclair waxes enthusiastically about three new American poets—

William Vaughan Moody, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Ridgely Torrence. They are all three rich in imagination, but Mr. Moody is distinguished by his mastery of technique, Mr. Robinson by his psychological vision, his powerful human quality, Mr. Torrence by his immense, if as yet somewhat indefinite, promise.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

To the September issue of the *Century Magazine* Professor A. V. Williams Jackson contributes an interesting paper on the Zoroastrians or Fire-Worshippers of Yezd, whose religion is stated to be nearly three thousand years old. These "Jews of the East," are, we are told, a much-persecuted people, but through ages of misfortune they have remained true to their religion.

In another article, "Down on the Labrador," Mr. Gustav Kobbé gives an account of the Eskimos and the Moravian Mission on the coast of Labrador. The settlement consists of six Moravian mission stations, and the work is directed from the Moravian Settlement at Herrenhut, in Saxony. Most of the missionaries are Germans, and it is a life of isolation from the world which they spend on those lonely shores. The writer thinks the influence of the missionaries over the Eskimos would be much greater if the missionaries were as adept at sport as they are at theology. The Eskimos are said to be a very conceited race, with a very high opinion of their musical gifts.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

The opening paper in *Blackwood's*, on Abdul Hamid of Turkey, has been separately noticed. It remains to call attention to one of the charming and amusing papers in much lighter vein which are a specialty of *Blackwood's*—“A Man's Bête Noire,” and to Mr. Walter B. Harris's unearthings from an old volume of the Memoirs of “A Gentleman of Rank.” Travel papers are represented by “A Trek in the Kalahari,” and another paper deals with Staghoums—past and present.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA.

Sir C. H. T. Crosthwaite, the writer of this paper, which is in large part an admiring criticism of Mr. Morley's Indian policy, does not believe that it is “a new spirit.” It is merely the old and oft-expressed desire of the educated classes in India for positions of more power and influence. They resent their exclusion from English society: the exclusive nature of the Civil Service, which, however, is open to them, and other things in their lot which are not as they would have them. But it is mischievous to let it be supposed that this discontent, of which every Anglo-Indian must be aware, is anything new. The demand of the educated Indians is not so much for a change in the form of Government as in the personnel. If they could do so, the writer doubts whether they would establish “popular” government in India. What they want is more of the higher office in the State, carrying power and handsome emoluments:—

They have no wish to destroy autocracy or bureaucracy. They do desire to be the autocrats and the bureaucrats.

The upshot of the article is that no much greater advance towards popular government or towards dispensing with the services of Englishmen is possible, and it is better to make that clear at once to all concerned.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

In the September number of the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. W. A. Shenstone surveys our knowledge of the origin of life. He begins with the experiments of the great Italian, Francesco Redi, about 1670, and even those of some of Redi's predecessors, and ends with Mr. Burke, whose discoveries, he says, teach us no clear lesson, and convey no new knowledge about the origin of life.

Count Alvise Zorzi concludes his article on Ruskin in Venice. He says if Ruskin were alive now and could revisit Venice, he could not fail to be satisfied with the restoration of the Ducal Palace, the work done in the church of the Frari and other churches (the Campanile of St. Mark's excepted), and the treatment of many palaces; and he thinks Venice ought to vote a majestic monument to Ruskin to record all the benefits he conferred on the city by his writings.

In “The Face of the Land” Mr. F. Warre Cornish sets forth in a charming manner the characteristics of the different counties of England. The land, he says, has its own face, as well as the sea and the sky, but the sea and the sky tell their story in expanses of colour, light and shade. On the land the deities are innumerable—the Erdgeist, the Will of the Wisp, elves, pixies, goblins; some to hurt, some to help, some both to hurt and to help. But these are invisible natures, and yet they have shaped and coloured for our delight the visible features of our beloved England. Mr. Cornish regrets that in Somersetshire, for instance, the pride of living in the house where one's grandfather lived is fast

becoming obsolete. The farmer migrates to the cheap suburbs of Barnstaple and Bridgwater, with poor results to the half-educated rustics.

THE EMPIRE REVIEW.

The opening article in the *Empire Review*, on “The Meeting of the Monarchs,” has claimed separate notice. One paper deals with the extension of Canadian trade; two travel articles respectively with the Victoria Falls, by Mrs. Page (not as well written as her earlier papers), and on the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand—unfortunately a feeble article; the interesting *Sea-Dyak Legends* are continued; and Mildred Ransom has a temperately-written “Plea for Civic Rights for Women,” pointing out once more the many anomalies in their legal position as compared with that of men, and especially insisting on the desirability of their municipal rights and duties being extended. Mr. Haldane's Army scheme is criticised from two standpoints, one much more favourable than the other.

SMALL GRAZING FARMS IN AUSTRALIA.

There is an interesting paper on the question of small grazing farms in Australia, and whether they can be made to pay or not. By “small” the writer means about 2500 to 3000 acres. After an experience of twenty years, his conclusion is that, in general, given sufficient capital, they can be made to pay. He cannot recall a single instance of a man having started wool-growing on a small area of suitable country and not having succeeded in making a living. Drought, for various reasons, often presses far less heavily on the small than on the very large grower. As to what the writer considers “sufficient capital,” he says, for a 3000 acre block, fit to carry 2000 sheep, a man wants £1500. Moreover, the small grazier must not gamble on the sheep-market and must start clear of debt. He warns those “simple people who advocate putting the ‘unemployed’ on the land” that sheep-farming requires capital as much as any other business, and that Australia cannot afford to give away land for nothing to the “unemployed” while thousands of her own practical bushmen are eager to purchase or rent every acre the Crown has available.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE.

Many readers will be interested in Mr. A. Wallis Myers' setting-off of the advantages of golf and lawn tennis one against the other. To keep thoroughly fit, if I read him aright, he thinks both are desirable. He insists that golf is not an expensive game, except while you are learning and smashing up your clubs.

IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

The other article of chief interest is the moot point of the importance of smoking. Most people will think that the noes have it. Dr. Robert Bell, in his contention that smoking is not injurious, of course qualifies his statements by saying it must not be carried to excess, and as a notion of what he considers excess says that anything more than two ounces of cigarettes a week, no smoke to be inhaled, or two ounces of tobacco for pipe smoking, if preferred, or four ounces of cigars. This many smokers will consider very modest. Naturally also he will have nothing to say in favour of young people smoking.

Dr. Brudenell Carter, in contending that smoking is injurious, makes one interesting point:—

A great American University instituted a comparison between its smoking and its non-smoking students, with the results that the latter were easily first in everything, in games as well as in studies, and I think this result might safely have been foretold.

THE WORLD'S WORK AND PLAY.

There is much interesting matter in the September number. Mr. Sheridan Jones' policy for use of the Crown lands, Dr. Martin's account of China transformed, and Mr. J. P. Fox's appreciation of the single rail suspended railway, have been separately noticed.

A NAVY THAT HAS FOUND ITS SOUL.

Mr. Arnold White describes from his experience in the recent manoeuvres the flagship as the brain of the fleet. He says:—

The discovery of its soul by the Navy during the last four years has already doubled the strength of the fleet by improved gunnery efficiency, and within the last two months has quadrupled the control of the Admiral over distant ships through improvements in the range and reliability of wireless telegraphy. This naval renaissance is mainly the work of flagships.

The quarter-deck, he says, once sacred to the Admiral, is now devoted to the physical drill, which is one of the things that has revolutionised the modern navy. The Swedish system has been adopted, and the general effect of the new training has, he says, been to increase the alertness and improve the health of the ship's company. Mr. Arnold White approves the omission of one "Dreadnought" from the construction programme. He says we shall have four "Dreadnoughts" ready to fight before a single foreign "Dreadnought" is launched, and if the "Lord Nelson" is, as some affirm, equal to or better than the "Dreadnought," "England will have ten 'Dreadnoughts' at sea not very long after the Hague Conference has ended in smoke." In view of the enormous responsibility, naval and national, that rests upon the admiral, he suggests that there should be a spare admiral, with a dormant command, ready to succeed to the command in case of the death of the commander-in-chief.

800,000,000 BRICKS A YEAR FROM ONE FIELD.

Mr. Frank Brutt describes the gigantic clayfield stretching for miles at Peterborough. In 1879 deposits of Oxford clay, seemingly inexhaustible, were discovered covering an area of many square miles, with a depth varying from 60 ft. to 232 ft. There is now more than a million sterling invested in capital, and over three thousand operatives are employed. The Oxford clay is easily workable, the oil in it promotes combustion. The clay dug up by the steam digger— $\frac{1}{4}$ cwt. at each throw—is tipped into a mill, reduced to powder, the mould-filled, pressure of one hundred tons applied, and the brick is turned out. A single machine will make many thousands of bricks a day. One acre of clay 100 ft. deep will yield as many as eighty million bricks. This industry has rapidly developed the city of Peterborough. Already it is predicted that Peterborough will become one of the largest and most important centres of industry in the Midlands.

FRATERNITY BEFORE SOCIALISM.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis describes a Cornish experiment in cottages. Twenty years ago she resolved to put into practice the ideals of Morris that fellowship is heaven, of Goethe that we should live in the Whole, the Good, and the Beautiful, and of Kant, that every human being should be an end in himself. She rented five cottages at from £4 to £5 a year, and let them furnished from 12s. 6d. to £3 3s. a week, according to the season. She confesses to being disillusioned by "the man who loiters, and the woman who plays in the name of service." She says:—

When I began this work I was, as I said before, a Socialist. As I write I cannot honestly call myself that

or any other "ist." I have proved more and more every year of my venture that though every man should have an equal opportunity with every other man, it is the bigger vision that it is the imperative thing in both employer and employed. Mere material well-being cannot make a working man into a better democrat any more than wealth of necessity turns a millionaire into an enemy of the people. "It takes a soul to move a body even to a cleaner sty," said Mrs. Browning, and in any democratic experiment there must be mutual comprehension of the fraternal idea, or it will ever be a case of parasite and host.

She has not yet made the bank interest on the capital sunk. But she has gained an experience that is priceless. "Self-mastery first, self-giving next" is, she says, essential.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The drainage system of North London, which it has taken more than five years to complete, is pronounced by one writer the most perfect in the world. Mr. Percy Collins gives an interesting account of how to protect orchards from the ravages of insects. From Mr. Evelyn Sturges' sketch one learns that Algebras, noted in diplomacy, is famous also as one of the chief centres of the making of corks. The work of the Drawing Society in encouraging drawing in schools is described by Robin C. Bailly under the heading of "Rearing a Nation of Artists." There is much else that is bright and readable.

EAST AND WEST.

The practical-minded Western will perhaps feel about the August number that there is more of East than West in evidence. The subjects dealt with have been Eastern pre-occupations rather than Western. Miss E. M. Caillard deals in devout metaphysics concerning the ideal, the real and the actual. Mr. Ernest Horwitz treats of Vedanta and Christianity, declaring that Vedanta will never take the place of Christian principle, and that all missionary efforts to make Hindu converts to Christianity is a national insult. Mr. Manohar Lal describes the main features of Vedanta philosophy, and claims that Emerson often spoke pure Vedanta. Mr. Abdul Majid denounces afresh the affront offered to Islam by the unfounded story of the burning of the Alexandrian Library. Mr. Rama Prasad Chanda extols the importance of the study of Indian social history. Between the school of abstract doctrine, of equality, fraternity and liberty, and the school of Shastric injunctions, he urges as the middle course for the party of reform the historic method of social action.

A gleam of the West seems to break through in Baroness Rosenberg's "Humour in Religion." But by "humour" she means only a sense of the relative proportion of life. She rightly thinks that a saving sense of humour would minimise the innumerable sectarian divisions and create between different religions a deeper tolerance. Pandit Jwala Datt Joshi has a novel recipe for strengthening the permanence of the British Indian Empire—to raise a militia of six millions of fighting men, glad to fight in the heart of Europe itself to win for their King-Emperor a Raj over the whole world! "Can we not get permission to fight under the banner of our lord, the Sovereign, and begin work in right earnest: first of all by crushing his avowed enemies, and then seeking a living anywhere outside the British dominions that might suit us best in the world?" Feeling tributes are paid to the late Vicereine of India. Mr. Morley, as Secretary of State for India, is pronounced by the editor to be a right man in the right place. He has come to the conclusion that there is no general desire in India for any radical constitutional reforms.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

There is an interesting article in the September *Pall Mall Magazine* entitled "Way-side History: or, the Camera and the Relic-Hunter." Mr. T. W. Wilkinson gives photographs and notes of a number of objects, more or less curious, such as a ruined church at Dunwich, an old lock-up at Wheatley, Aidin Grange Bridge, the old Quintain at Egham, the Eleanor Cross at Geddington, etc., etc.

Commander Peary, who describes the charms and the attractions of the North Pole and Arctic Exploration, says the North Pole is the last great geographical prize which the world has to offer to adventurous man, the prize for which the most enlightened nations have been struggling for nearly four centuries. The four things, cold, darkness, silence and hunger, and the part they have played in Arctic expeditions, are discussed in turn. To the man of health these have a strong fascination, and in addition there is the call of novelty, there is the nature call, there is the great day and the great night, and there is the feeling of ownership which a man earns when he lifts a new land or a new sea out of the darkness and fixes it for ever upon the chart.

Mr. Maurice Steinmann describes an ascent of Mont Blanc with pen and camera; and Mr. Keighley Snowden depicts vividly a Day in the Life of an Engine-Driver. With Mr. P. H. Oakley Williams's article on Ballooning, the current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a capital outdoor number.

THE TREASURY.

To the *Treasury* Dr. E. Hermitage Day contributes a delightful historical article, his subject being St. Edward, King and Confessor, and the foundation of Westminster Abbey. Alas! only a few stones now remain of the building as witnesses of his devotion, and he was denied the desire of his heart—to be present at its consecration. A topical article is that by Effie Bruce on the Hop Gardens of Kent. The hop plant is very sensitive. Cold, wet nights and frost soon leave their mark on the plants, while the blight caused by the aphid is often disastrous. Constant washing is resorted to for the destruction of the pest, and this is carried out by large engines, which force the spraying solution along pipes laid between the rows of hops. The Rev. F. G. Scott, the Canadian poet, some of whose lines Mr. Chamberlain quoted in a recent speech, comes in for an appreciative notice by the Rev. E. J. Bidwell. Sir Edward Russell, the journalist, is interviewed as a present day Churchman, and Dean Swift is treated of as an eighteenth century Churchman, by M. V. Wollaston.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

The *United Service Magazine* for September has in it a great range of reading matter. The general reader will, perhaps, find the account of "Some Experiences on Plague Duty in India" the most interesting and entertaining. The most serious paper is that on modern war vessels, by "Veritas Vincet," in which he advocates the supersession of the present cruisers by fast armoured vessels possessing the maximum powers of offence. This, with the battleship and the torpedo craft, could constitute the three types of vessel. He delights in the extraordinary assimilative power of the British Royal Navy. There is the usual grumble about the treatment of the Army officer and the food of the soldier. To make recruiting more popular and our soldiers more valuable industrially, "Apprentice" suggests that the troops should be trained as shoeing smiths, saddlers, carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers, telegraphists and horsemaster-

ship. There is a spirited account of the action of "decoy ducks"—troops sent to draw the fire of the enemy—in the battle of Donkop, during the South African War. There are several historical papers. In one Mr. Percival A. Hismal recalls the fact that the United States Navy began in resolutions of Congress on the 25th of November, 1775. The first United States squadron was put into commission in December of the same year, and only when it had somewhat ignominiously failed was John Paul Jones, on the 10th of May, 1776, given his first command. It is he that has obtained the title of the founder of the American Navy.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Mr. W. D. Howells, who has written so many charming articles on England, publishes one, on "Canterbury and Other Kentish Neighbourhoods," in the September *Harper*. Without its cathedral, Canterbury, he says, would still be worthy of all wonder; but with it, what shall one say? The towers and pinnacles of the mighty bulk, yet too beautiful to seem big, soar among the tender forms, for the English sky is so low and the church so high. As to Pever, Mr. Howells would like to go there May after May, as long as the world stands.

Under the title of "The Chemistry of Commerce" Professor Robert K. Duncan writes of the wonders of cellulose. He describes the substance called cellulose as the organic archetype of conservatism. From the industrial standpoint, the utility of cellulose is stupendous. The paper factories, the factories for cotton and linen fabrics, and many other industries all use cellulose, and yet we are told that we have only entered on the fringe of its possibilities. For instance:—

Cellulose seems, to a certain extent, a conductor of electricity. Attach a coin to the positive end of a battery and a sheet of moist paper to the negative end; press the coin on the paper, and, after suitable development, the image illustrated on the preceding page is formed upon the paper.

Reverse the polarity and press the coin on the paper. No result is apparent, for the image is latent, but even after the lapse of months treat it with silver salt and developer, and there will at once be seen the image of the coin. It is by no means impossible that this little fact will lead to a method of electrical printing without ink.

THE ARENA.

The *Arena* for August is as progressive and propulsive as ever. Mr. Elliott's alarming picture of our next ice-age has been quoted elsewhere. Louise Markscheffel insists on "the right of the child not to be born," and asks whether it would not be a benefit rather than a misfortune if there were no children born for three years. Would there not be greater attention paid to the child-problems of to-day—training, feeding, housing, etc.? Mr. B. O. Flower gives a laudatory sketch of Mr. George Taylor of Sydney, an Australian artist who believes in art for moral progress. His pictures are striking enough. Mrs. Spencer Trask discusses the Virgin Birth in a way to suggest that we are approaching a rush of ancient Greek Christology in modern phrase. Mr. J. Morris looks forward to the mechanical production of food in the future, and to the consequent monopoly by Trusts of the mechanical factories. Charles Kassel takes the poet Byron as a study in heredity, and recalls the prodigal character of the poet's father and other forbears. Mr. G. W. James points out to San Francisco her great opportunity for securing public control of the water supply, buildings well built and fire-proof, and laying out the new city well. The frontispiece is a portrait of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

Except for the very interesting paper on "Pecksniff and His Prototype," by one Mr. S. C. Hall, a writer and critic, the *Independent Review* this month has not a really striking article. Mr. J. L. Hammond has an appreciation of Charles James Fox in consideration of his centenary to be celebrated this month. Mr. H. N. Brailsford contributes the first of a series of articles on Sir Edward Grey's Foreign Policy treating so far of Russia and Macedonia only. He says that it is important to know whether our future policy will be that of the Cronstadt visit and the March loan, which helped the Tsar to browbeat the Duma, or that of the Prime Minister's historic "Vive la Duma!" which "made a new epoch in our relations with the Russian democracy." For this same speech I notice that *Blackwood's Magazine* has nothing caustic enough to say about the Prime Minister.

Lady Trevelyan writes on the case for Women's Suffrage, a very temperate, well worded article, but making singularly little of the hardest case of all—that of the voteless woman income-tax payer. She says that from the returns gathered from fifty constituencies, it is found that about 82 per cent. of the whole number of women who would be enfranchised would belong to the working-class. Of course one of the great arguments against suffrage has been that the woman's vote would be an upper class vote, and therefore reactionary.

Mr. F. Sheehy-Skeffington's article on "Michael Davitt's Unfinished Campaign" is a depressing paper, at least from an Irish standpoint. The Castle and the Clergy, he says, are drawing closer together, and that Irish National Democracy, prophesied by Mr. Davitt a year before his death for 1910, certainly cannot come so soon. But that it will come the writer has no doubt, in spite of his gloom.

THE CORRESPONDANT.

An anonymous writer opens the *Correspondant* of August 10th with the first instalment of an article on the Monroe Doctrine and Pan-American Policy, *à propos* of the Rio Janeiro Conference.

PAN-AMERICAN POLICY.

The United States, says the writer, has resolved to establish its leadership in the entire American continent, and since the disappearance of the imperial régime in Brazil no Power in South America is strong enough to resist the Yankees. The application of the Monroe Doctrine to South America is not without interest to Europeans, since the Americans have thought they could take part in the Algeiras Conference and meddle in an affair exclusively European, and have they not already interfered in other affairs which have nothing whatever to do with the New World, such as the case of the Jews at Kishineff, the question of Asia Minor, etc.? This protecting power of the United States over the South American continent is not one of principle, but of interest, for the Americans require new markets. The Chinese have boycotted them, and Japan does not like their "humbug, bluff, puff, fuss." The Latin Republics of South America are rich, and as they have so few industries of their own will be excellent markets for American manufactures.

POLITICAL BRIGANDAGE.

Fénelon Gibon discusses the question of the wealth of the French Congregations, and denounces the liquidation of this wealth as a scandalous abuse of power. As an instance of the manner in which it is carried out the case of the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse may be cited. Everyone knows the im-

portance of the buildings and other property of this institution. First, the property was put up in three lots, with the following result:—

At the Civil Tribunal of Grenoble the Chartreuse was awarded 501,000 francs in June last, whereas in 1897 its value was registered as 10,697,500 francs. In the hands of the liquidator, therefore, there is a depreciation of over 10,000,000 francs.

The pastoral mountains, constituting the second lot, found a purchaser for 47,000 francs.

The third lot, put up at 80,000 francs, received a single bid of 100 francs.

The three lots were then put together at the price already reached, and a further bid of 1000 francs realises the sum of only 629,000 francs for this important and wealthy monastic institution. The writer may well characterise the proceedings as shameless political brigandage.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* prints some notes of Emerson's on Father Taylor, a Methodist preacher. The Rev. Edward T. Taylor was known as the sailor preacher, for he was for over thirty years the preacher at the Seamen's Bethel in Boston. Though the seamen were the main object of his mission, crowds filled his church.

Mrs. Wharton's novels are the subject of another article by Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick. He says the business of Mrs. Wharton's *dramatis personæ* is to portray an effective episode, and he characterises this business as one requiring "cleverness as distinguished from originality, poetic feeling, humour, insight, romance, energy, or power." He regards "The House of Mirth" with all its achievement as a promise of more important novels to come.

Mr. A. C. Benson contributes a short essay on Vulgarity. He distinguishes two leading types of this moral fault—superficial vulgarity having as its chief component self-satisfaction, and a more disfiguring fault, namely, an inner vulgarity, of soul which may co-exist with a high degree of mental and social refinement. The latter is seen to perfection among wealthy aristocracies. Such people have no respect for energy, intellect, superior attainments, nobleness of character, except in so far as these qualities tend to social importance. This vulgarity of soul results in tyranny and oppression: in nations it produces civil war, and ultimately it was the cause of the French Revolution.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

The *Nuova Antologia* for August contains several articles of special interest to English readers. Of the recent inter-Parliamentary conference held in London, one of the Italian delegates writes in a strain of almost lyric enthusiasm. Its importance, he asserts, went far beyond anything that had ever been anticipated by the most fervid promoters of the gathering, and it may well mark the inauguration of a new period in international politics. These effects he considers to be largely due to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who had the courage to "hold language that a very few years ago could only have fallen from the lips of a humanitarian philosopher or a utopian dreamer," and the effect of which he describes as "thrilling and unforgettable." Thanks to "C.-B.'s" speech, 590 deputies, convened from all parts of the world, and belonging to twenty separate legislative chambers, were bound together by a single ideal, and pledged to a new faith of fervent liberalism, sane democracy and rapid social progress." Olivia Agrosti Rossetti writes appreciatively of Hol-

man Hunt's autobiography, though with a word of censure for his thinly-veiled animosity towards Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Anine Vivanti writes of Carducci, not as of a poet of world-wide glory, but as "the adored friend, the ideal of my dreaming childhood, the second father of my orphaned youth," and describes in vivacious style the terrors of her first interview with the great man. There is also the first instalment of an extremely suggestive study of the political and literary influence of Italy upon English life and civilisation during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To the friars and traders who, from very different motives, ventured across the Channel in the fourteenth century England was a remote and barbarous land—to the prelates and adventurers and men of letters who followed in Tudor times it was mainly a land in which fortunes were easily made. Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, a generous patron of learning, was a warm friend of Italy and invited many Italians to his court; but it was not till the reign of Henry VII., who might himself almost have passed for an Italian prince of the Renaissance, that Italian influence in the world of letters and learning began to make itself strongly felt.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (August 18th) prints the Italian version of the much-discussed Encyclical of Pius X. on the education of the clergy. Liberals and Protestants have been so occupied in denouncing as reactionary the regulations laid down concerning the prevailing "spirit of insubordination and independence" that they have overlooked the equally important paragraphs admitting that "in many dioceses the number of priests is far superior to the needs of the faithful," and urging the bishops in consequence to much greater circumspection in admitting candidates to holy orders. This pontifical direction, if acted on, ought to remedy many of the abuses now prevailing in the Church in Italy.

Emporium (July) prints a pleasantly-written and illustrated article on Mrs. Humphry Ward and her novels, but the author is evidently under the impression that Humphry is the lady's Christian name.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* (August 16th) prints a translation of an article by one of the Paulist Fathers of New York, Father Conway, in which he says all that can be said in defence of the Church and the condemnation of Galileo, and establishes clearly two points—first, that the condemnation in no way touches the question of Papal infallibility, and, secondly, that Galileo himself never pronounced the fateful words "*E pur si muove*," which were placed on his lips by a later biographer. Other noteworthy articles deal with the composition of the present House of Commons by the Italian senator, G. Sonnino, and an introduction to a new study of the Gospels by the distinguished Milanese priest, Don Luigi Vitali.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

In the two August numbers of the *Revue de Paris* Elie Halévy writes on the Birth of Methodism in England.

A NATION OF PURITANS.

The English nation, remarks this writer, is a nation of Puritans, and Puritanism is Protestantism in all the rigour of dogma, its theological essence: it is adhesion to the dogma of justification by faith. We are not saved by our acts, but by the immediate and mysterious communion of the individual soul with the Divinity. Hence the principle of tolerance inseparable from Protestant inspiration. As a religion it is cold and severe: it cannot attain to the sublime. Protestantism and Catholicism are as far apart as Christianity and Mahommedanism. The Puritan "re-

a sort of Mussulmans of the North, grave, silent, proud, and as intrepid as the Mussulmans of Africa.

Neither the progress of the mercantile spirit and industrial civilisation, or the development of the scientific spirit and critical rationalism, or even the prestige and the pomp affected by Anglo-Catholicism, has prevented England from remaining a nation of Puritans. The religious conscience has not evolved on this side of the Channel, as in the other Continental countries of Europe.

RAILWAYS IN TURKEY IN ASIA.

Victor Bérard discusses in both August numbers the question of Arabia and its railways. He says the intrigues of Muktar Pasha and the German agent, M. von Oppenheim, are only part of Turco-German enterprise in the Levant. The real cause for alarm is the policy invented by Abdul Hamid and encouraged by the Kaiser. This policy, which is directed against Egypt and England, includes the making of a railway between Medina and Mecca, and the Tabah incident has already shown us the importance of the scheme. To the religious and political significance must be added the economic significance of this railway to Mecca, for if Mecca was not the Jerusalem of Islam, it would still be the geographical centre of the Arab world, and one of the vital centres of the commerce of the Levant. The writer describes the railways of Asia Minor which have already been made, and remarks that the railway between Khaifa and Akabah, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, places the route to India under the menace of Turkey and Germany.

SAINTE-BEUVE AND ALFRED DE VIGNY.

Sainte-Beuve and the poet Alfred de Vigny were at one time intimate friends, yet of all the poets de Vigny seems to have received the worst treatment at the hands of Sainte-Beuve. The critic spared nothing of the poet's genius or personality. In the second August number of the *Revue de Paris* we have some of Sainte-Beuve's letters to Alfred de Vigny, written when the two were friends.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

Writing in the first August number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the preparation for reduced service in the French Army, General Liebermann says that the strength of the German Army rests with its officers. The great number of candidates and the selection resulting from it develops in a high degree a spirit of emulation.

THE FUTURE FRENCH ARMY.

The French officers are so alive to the disasters which the army has suffered that they are anxious to make every effort to efface those disasters. But the recruiting of the officers depends on social conditions, and, though it may at present give satisfactory results, the future seems less certain. There are so many other careers open, more rapid and more lucrative, for the intelligent and educated youth, that a gradual diminution in the number of capable officers is to be feared.

If reform is needed in the education of citizens, it is indispensable in the education of the future soldiers. The early training should teach the soldier how to think, and to exercise his judgment and discernment. This is the only way to develop personality and character, and put an end to routine by substituting confidence in himself. Thus prepared by the elementary school, boys from fourteen to sixteen will be ready to profit by the preparatory training for military service.

FRANCE AND INCOME TAX.

In the second August number, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu reviews French finance of the last thirty years, and discusses the Budget of 1907. With reference to M. Poincaré's income tax proposal, he says that during the last quarter of a century, and especially during the last twelve years, a general income tax appears as the last great idea of the Government, and it seems as if the Republic would not be complete till a general income tax has been introduced into France. But he thinks this tax cannot have good results in France. The system is entirely repugnant to French ideas; both French customs and French traditions are opposed to inquiries into private life. He is convinced that in substituting a tax, more or less personal, on a conjectural basis for real taxes on almost all other branches of revenue, France will be running enormous and ruinous risks. M. Poincaré prefers the English system to the German or Prussian, because the former approaches more nearly to a real tax, while the latter is essentially a personal tax. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu analyses M. Poincaré's proposal in considerable detail, and concludes that the difficulties in the way may be regarded as insuperable.

THE FRENCH AND THE BELGIAN ELECTORAL SYSTEMS.

Charles Benoist writes in the same number of the Belgian Elections of last May, and describes the systems of secrecy of the ballot and proportional representation. He favours the Belgian entirely, and thinks France has everything to gain by adopting it. In the first August number F. de Witt-Guizot discusses Universal Suffrage and the French Elections of 1906, and says the three things to be desired are the maximum of liberty in the vote for every citizen, the maximum of honesty in electoral operations, and the maximum of sincerity in national representation.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

The most interesting contribution to *Onze Eeuw* is that which deals with Dr. van Eeden's attempt to establish a co-operative community at a place called Walden in Holland. Dr. van Eeden is a well-known man and a philosopher; therefore, when he adopts socialistic ideas he affords to laymen and others much food for reflection.

Dr. van Eeden asserts, as many have done before him, that interest on capital is unfair; if a man lends money to start a business, it is unjust on his part to take a share of the profit. He has accordingly purchased a large piece of land in Walden, and has created a co-operative community which now comprises fifty-four persons. At the outset Dr. van Eeden was fortunate, for a lady who owned an adjoining estate gave her land to the community. As profits came in, the founder proposes to utilise them in the purchase of another estate on which to start another community. In course of time there will be many such communities, all affiliated to one which will be the chief. The development of this idea is naturally being watched with the greatest interest, but there is one question which arises in the minds of most people, namely, to whom will the various properties belong? Will the chief community maintain that it is the owner of all, or will each community insist that it is the owner of its land and buildings? Further, if any individual worker saves money, will he hand it over to the general community at death, or will it be placed out at interest during his lifetime and bequeathed to his family at death?

In *Elsevier* there are several readable articles, all

well illustrated. The sketch of the work of K. P. O. Bazel, with many reproductions, is a good commencement; there are pictures of houses, entrance gates, and even an ornamental cushion, which were constructed or made in accordance with his designs.

The contribution concerning Isadora Duncan, the clever young American, and her new ideas about dancing. This modernising of ancient Greek dances formed the subject of a long article in *De Gids* some time ago, and was mentioned in this column at the time. The present article has the advantage of the illustrations, showing various styles of dancing. The article gives a description of Miss Duncan's school near Berlin.

Two other contributions are descriptive of Madeira and Madrid respectively, and here again the illustrations materially assist the reader to understand and to enjoy the text. The views of different places in the Spanish capital are especially interesting.

De Gids opens with some Letters of J. Geel, written during the period of 1836-1846, with a lengthy introduction; these are, however, not of great interest to the outsider. Following this we have an essay by Dr. Vürtheim on Ancient Literature and the German Classics, which touches a point of interest to all who are studying the literature of Greece and Rome either from choice or by compulsion. Modern writers, like Goethe and Schiller, have utilised the themes of the ancients, and students often prefer to acquire their knowledge through the later writings, which are in their own language, to plodding away at the originals. Is this a good way? Do the modern authors give us an exact idea of the books of olden times? That is the problem. Those who know the difference between even a good translation and the original will be inclined to say that a free rendering by a modern writer is not calculated to convey a very exact notion of the ancient texts.

Another article well worthy of perusal is that on the events and the condition of things in Holland during the years 1795 to 1798. This recalls the fact that Holland was then known as the Batavian Republic.

LA REVUE.

In *La Revue* of August 1st Simone Kleeberg gives us an interesting study of Ellen Key.

ELLEN KEY.

Ellen Key's most important works are her thoughts on Love and Marriage, God, the World and the Soul, the Century of the Child, etc. She would reform the world by love, and she works ardently for an evolution which would bring into our life more beauty, more morality, more truth, and more happiness. She has much to say of the duties of motherhood. She thinks the woman who is too much absorbed by her intellectual personality cannot be a mother. The true mother is absorbed by the happiness and welfare of her children; she is their guardian angel, their friend, their counsellor, their moral and intellectual support, and success in her noble task is her most sublime recompense. It is interesting to learn that Ellen Key is of Scottish origin. Her family settled in Sweden after the Thirty Years' War. Her grandfather, the possessor of a remarkable library, was an ardent follower of Rousseau.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN.

Jehan d'Ivray, writing in the second August number on the North-East Egyptian Soudan, says that the most important progress made in this region consists in the means of communication, it being now possible to go from London to the heart of the Soudan in three weeks. It is only fair to the English to recognise that they have the gift of creating a com-

mercial centre and a comfortable station in places which would discourage other nations. The writer, in referring to the statistics relating to the imports of the country in 1905, draws attention to the tremendous quantity of spirits included, with Lord Cromer's assurance that most of it is of good quality. On the whole, he concludes, the Soudan is to-day England's finest conquest.

BALZAC AND THE CRITICS.

In an article on Balzac, in the same number, Georges Pellissier notes that of the great authors Balzac received in his lifetime the worst treatment at the hands of the critics. The Conservatives were his enemies because he had denounced the vices of the Catholic and monarchical society of the day, and the liberals because in the principles of 1789 he fought against a certain spirit of individualism subversive, in his eyes, to all discipline and all solidarity. Lastly, he alienated the press at the best part of his career by his novel "Lost Illusions," and from that time all the journalists united in a common cause against him. There were also other reasons. Balzac's style, for instance, has been attacked, but the writer doubts whether such a work as "The Human Comedy" could ever have been marked by purity and elegance of style. Balzac modelled his style on life, and it expresses as faithfully as possible the human comedy of appetites and passions noble and vile.

The Young Man's Magazine for September is exceedingly interesting and up-to-the-times' number. Dr. Bell, of Wellington, contributes a most informing article on "The Phenomena of Earthquakes." The remaining part of an address delivered to the Canterbury College Dialectic Society on "Student Life," by Professor Brown, is concluded. The Rev. J. J. North writes a stirring article on "The Totalitarian: A Call for a Crusade." The accomplished Dr. Waddell, of Dunedin, discourses enchantingly on "Christ and Modern Fiction." The reader will look forward with pleasure to the next issue of the magazine, in which the contribution is to be concluded. Mr. J. W. Pornton writes a suggestive article on "Ether"; and Professor H. B. Kirk, whose scientific contributions are always acceptable, contributes a unique article on "Mycetozoa" (fungus animals).

The Harbinger of Light for October is an exceedingly interesting number. Its chief literary features are a character sketch of Professor James Hyslop, Ph.D., the reprint of a lecture on "Dreams—Their Origin and Significance," by Mr. J. Colville, but there are also some photographic curiosities which help to make the number a very striking one. These are some reproductions of Assyrian tablets, said to have been produced at Melbourne seances, and some spirit photographs, one of which purports to be that of W. E. Gladstone.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Both Sides of Australian Socialism.—This is a pamphlet of 24 pages, giving the opinions of several well-known Australians upon this much-debated subject. Most of these have appeared in the columns of "The Review of Reviews." They certainly give a very clear view of both sides. To quote would be to anticipate unfairly, and, besides, a very good sample of the contents has already been given. The "grid-

iron" maps, showing the proportion of Socialists in the Federal Houses, are reproduced. In order to establish a case for State Socialism, the author states that out of a population of 4,052,570, the total number of State servants amounts to 140,000. The pamphlet is well worth reading. Its price is only 1d. It is issued by the Australian Press Cuttings Agency, 341 Collins-street, Melbourne.

The Discriminators, by "Ancient Briton" (6d.; R. A. Thompson and Co.), a booklet of 72 pages, in which the author treats discursively of Socialism, general politics, protection and preferential trade, the settlement of the people on the land, the industrial life of the people, etc. It is woven into the fabric of a story, which embraces both the old and new parts of the Empire. With all the views of the author it is not necessary to agree in order to appreciate his very evident sympathy with many of the conditions which bear upon humanity to-day. The book contains very much that is suggestive, and students of political economy will find in it much that is stimulating to their thought, even though they may not agree with its conclusions.

St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, by Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A. (The Religious Tract Society, 2s.). An additional commentary of much excellence on this thought-inspiring epistle.

Guides Through the Minor Prophets, by the Rev. J. East Harrison (6d.). A very fine work, well illustrated with charts, dealing with the minor prophets. For all who wish to study the Bible, but whose time is limited, and whose opportunities are few, nothing can be better as a help to the study of these books than this treatise.

PUBLIC AND COMMERCIAL EXAMINATIONS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE.

It is generally known by this time that the University of Melbourne recently decided to substitute for the Matriculation Examination a carefully-graded series of examinations. The first stage is the Primary Examination of scholars of thirteen to fourteen. At the second stage two examinations are provided, the Junior Public and the Junior Commercial. These are followed by the Senior Public and the Senior Commercial. The last day of entry for these latter is the third of next November. The Chamber of Commerce awards an Exhibition of £20 and a prize of £8 8s. to the Junior Commercial, and a gold medal to the highest aggregate marks in honour papers of the Senior Commercial Examination.

In Division VI., "Senior Commercial Examination," there are fourteen subjects. Six must be passed. Four out of the six are compulsory. The remaining two may be selected from ten optional subjects, or five subjects, and honours in two others will pass. Subject No. 7 is Banking and Exchange, being the principles and practice of banking and the means of exchange. A first and second examiner is appointed by the University to each subject. For banking and exchange the University has selected as First Examiner for the examination to be held next December Mr. Clement H. Davis, Secretary of the Bankers' Institute.

At the urgent request of the University, Mr. O. Morrice Williams, General Manager of the London Bank of Australia, has also consented to generally supervise the examinations in banking and exchange

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THREE NOVELS ON THE DETHRONEMENT OF LOVE.



Photo. by

Mr. H. Maxwell

(Author of "The Guarded Flame").

[Gunn and Co.

The holidays are still with us. Parliament does not reassemble till next month. The schools have not yet reopened, and there are still a few divine days of this glorious summer lingering on the threshold of autumn. So instead of dealing with any more weighty books, I devote this section of the "Review" to the consideration of three new novels, English, French and Italian. The Italian, it is true, can hardly be said to be brand new, since it has been out for a year, and has already been twice noticed in these pages. But its importance justifies a third notice in the shape of a quotation from a contemporary, which gives in a couple of pages the essential soul of the book.

All three books, although labelled light literature and belonging to the realm of romance, deal with the most serious and tragic of subjects. As in the earlier times our ancestors discussed everything in sermons, as a little later they handled every topic in their plays, so nowadays the whole of the most difficult problems of human life and conduct have been taken possession of by the novelist. In "The Guarded Flame" we have science and passion; in "The Disenchanted" the moral and intellectual regeneration of the woman of the East, and in "The Saint" the problem of religion and politics, of

asceticism and of love, handled by men who are masters of their art. No one can complain of these books as being frivolous. Even the butterfly-winged genius of Pierre Loti is for once constrained to something like strenuous purpose as he describes the working of the scepticism of the West on the simple faith of the daughters of the harem. In "The Saint" the strain is heroic throughout.

Yet, as might be expected when philosophical and religious questions fall into the hands of romancers, they are all treated, at least in part, from the point of view of Dan Cupid. In "The Guarded Flame," which is not the flame of love, but the flame of scientific thought, jealously guarded from the devastating influence of the storm-wind of human passion, we have the cloistered man of science maintaining the chaste frigidity of a passionless tenderness as a substitute for conjugal love, with the result that the young wife after years of suppression suddenly blazes up a very volcano of lawless passions, with results which can be imagined. In Pierre Loti's book the women of the harem, who for centuries have been dedicated to the cult of physical passion, are represented as having now become educated infidels in revolt against harem life, and betaking themselves to a platonic affection as the ideal human relation. In "The Saint" the love motive plays much the same part. But whereas in "The Guarded Flame" it was science which clapped the extinguisher on love, and in "The Disenchanted" scepticism substituted platonism for passion, in "The Saint" love meets and is vanquished by his old enemy, religious asceticism. Thus in the three most notable novels of the hour Cupid is at a sad discount. If his bow is not broken his arrows are blunted and his aim uncertain. Here is a trilogy which may justly be described as the dethronement of Love as the master motive in the affairs of mortals.

I.—"THE GUARDED FLAME."*

Imagine Herbert Spencer blended with Alfred Russell Wallace and you have Richard Burgoyne, the scientific hero of Mr. Maxwell's powerful but most unpleasant novel. Imagine this man absolutely consecrated to the life of thought, a recluse of the scientific cloister, but kindly hearted withal, going through the ceremony of marriage with a pretty young girl of twenty-two when he had reached the age of fifty-six. He appears to have married her in sheer kindness of heart as a subtle method

*—"The Guarded Flame." By H. Maxwell. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

of affording charitable relief to the widow and orphan daughter of a scientific friend. Mingled with this there may have been an afterthought that this new member of his household might be as useful a private secretary to him as she had been to her father in his lifetime. So the grave, kindly-eyed savant, the King of Shadows, who had made the whole realm of human knowledge his own, added the little Sybil to his possessions, and took her and her mother to live under his roof. Sybil went a willing and quite unknown victim to the sacrifice. She used to help her father in his plodding, unceasing work—"a wise learned girl at fourteen, who writes official letters, makes notes, and copies diagrams, as another girl would keep poultry or do woolwork." So when Burgoyne asks her, two days after her father's funeral, to transfer her trained energies to another study, she assents without other emotion than that of gratitude.

All that she gives up is nothing to her. She is simplicity itself: a daughter of science, handmaid of these old thinking men—without dreams, without cravings. . . . It will be all just the same—husband to work for, instead of father.

At fifty-six Burgoyne was splendid; never a strong man really, but the life in him most wonderful. Nevertheless it seems to have been a marriage only in name. If it was ever consummated, there were no results either in offspring or in the awakening of womanhood in the breast of this worshipper at the shrine of thought. So she lived on year after year, contented, submissive, enjoying the placid consolation of an atrophied sex. No one could have been kinder than the high priest of science. He was a tender and considerate master whom she served diligently and well, for years happily unconscious of need for more.

Into this secluded and comfortable cloister of modern science, where thought was all in all, where God was not—not even the fair Freya of any of the deities of Olympus—there entered the inevitable disturbing elements. First, one Jack Stone, a brilliantly clever medical student whose health had broken down from overwork, and who is added, as was Sybil, to the working staff of the Temple. After him came a young and pretty great-niece of the old philosopher, who, with characteristic kindness of heart took compassion upon this lonely child of the third generation and brought her up as his daughter. Effie was young and vivacious, and she dragged Mrs. Burgoyne from the dim thought world into the dancing daylight. Aunt and niece become playmates, they learn to cycle together, they live together, they work together, and at last they both love together the same man—Jack Stone, to wit, who at last finds himself engaged to one and in love with the other.

It is the revenge of the blind god. At first Sybil is entirely unconscious of the tempest that is brooding beneath the placid surface of things. All three, Stone, Effie and Sybil, are represented as preoccu-

pled continually with guarding the flame of Burgoyne's genius, shielding him from any interruption, ministering to his slightest wants, and preserving all his precious sayings from oblivion. Burgoyne is not so much the high priest of the Temple of Science—he is Science itself, the new Idol of Mankind whom all must worship and whom these dwellers within the threshold must for ever serve and obey, regarding the privilege of offering such service and obedience as their supreme reward.

Effie was the first to become conscious of longings that philosophy, even of the latest modern kind, could not satisfy. Her uncle finds that she fills her portfolio with sketches of Stone, his handsome and clever secretary, and at once draws the deduction that she is in love. When she admits the soft impeachment the old man promptly makes a match of it, hustling Stone into an engagement with a deft dexterity and an irresistible authority which left Stone no chance of asserting a will somewhat enfeebled by ill health against the mandate of his master, who backs his match-making by making a handsome marriage settlement on his niece. This engagement was the beginning of the end. Mrs. Burgoyne, who before then had not even seen a faint glimmering of the fact that she herself had fallen in love with her constant companion and fellow-secretary, woke up to discover the truth. Before the engagement Stone had told her:—

I fight for life sometimes, and then I know what the old monks felt. You can't understand no woman can. You women have learnt your lessons. You can crush out the longings, freeze the instinct of the blood with streams of cold thought. The nuns never suffered as the monks did. In men's lives the flesh dies hard. I tell you there are days when I feel I shall go mad, melancholy mad, when I think of it—not of noble hopes that are gone, but of the base things I am called on to renounce, the pleasures of the senses, the things the intellect spurns.

When the engagement was announced, Sybil imagined that Stone had felt all these things because he was in love with Effie. She felt vaguely miserable, and as the months went on the spectacle of Effie's joy in life increased her discontent. She, too, began to realise that perhaps Stone was wrong in saying that the nuns never suffered as the monks did. The world became very grey to her. She could not sleep. She became restless. "Why is there pain in the thought of it—of the union itself, the happy lover, the thrice-happy bride?" She could not answer those questions, for as yet she was unaware of her own feelings towards Stone. She is a sexed creature as yet unaware of her sex. But the day of the awakening was not far off. One fine summer's day, when the trippers were abroad in the seaside village where they lived, filling the place with an atmosphere of amorous emotion, Sybil bicycled far away into the country into a beech wood, and sat down in the shade to rest and to think:—

To-day for the first time she analysed the thought itself in which the pain lay throbbing. . . . Suddenly she burst into tears—passionate sobbing that seems to burn her throat—a child's passionate revolt against injustice.

She was never tired. It is the sight, the thought of Effie and her love that have shaken her. Acted out before her eyes, here is all she has missed—lost without sense of loss—unthought of till now.

Still although conscious of having lost love out of her life, Sybil does not in any way associate her distress with any personal feeling about Stone.

It was otherwise with Stone. He loathed the prospect of his marriage with Effie, and in a moment of impulse he tells Sybil that "it is going to be a damnable mistake." "I swear I'd never thought of it till he spoke to me."

Thus the long imprisoned secret came to be revealed.

Effie is going away for a fortnight to London. On the eve of her departure Sybil goes into the work-room to get a card from the register for her husband.

But Stone has followed her—talking in a hard, dry voice. "This is not the place—we put it. In the upper drawer—think. You—you won't find it there;" and, as he stands behind her, she hears his fast breathing.

Her fingers shake in the drawer, and she cannot answer. "Can't you find it?" And he stoops beside her till his face touches hers.

"Oh, please don't."

It is the feeble half-whimpering appeal of a child, not the protest of a woman of thirty-three, as he takes her in his arms and kisses her on the eyes and forehead. Her head has sunk, so that he cannot reach her lips. It seems as if she would sink through his arms to the floor. Then he turns her with her back to the bookshelves, and holds her against him.

"Kiss me. Kiss me."

In a breathless whisper he says it—a command rather than an entreaty.

And slowly the open wavering lips turn to his, and she obeys him. Her face is cold as death; she is limp as a rag; and, in sudden fear that she is about to faint, he takes her from the wall, and, with one arm round her, draws her away.

"Wick. You must go back. I'll follow. My darling, I love you so—I love you so."

Then she goes back into the other room—stopping in the hall to look at herself in the mirror above the Lowestoft bowl. Effie is still playing. Her husband, on the sofa, looks up and smiles. Presently Stone comes in with the envelope, gives the paper to his employer; then sits in his accustomed place near the piano. Their life goes on. This monstrous betrayal has occurred, and the quiet room is unchanged. She is wrapped in flame, and the quiet life goes on.

It was the awakening—she understood. For a moment she was horror-stricken by the baseness of the fall, then she was lost to everything without thought except for her love.

Her husband is but a kindly grey-haired man with whom she had been dead, till lips pressed to hers brought her to life. As she thought of it, joy in life filled her throat with song. He is hers, not Effie's. And so she sings her song of glory in life and love. She was dead, and she has come to life, and the face in the glass is transfigured and glorified, taking a new and noble dignity in her wondering eyes.

So it began. If only it had stopped there! But it did not. The lovers appear for one delirious fortnight to have abandoned themselves to the uttermost expression of passion. She has given herself to her love with an abandonment so absolute that already it almost frightens him. Her struggles to forget all things, except the love-warmed hour; yet even while he is locked in her embrace, the thought of the man he has wronged chills his

blood. As a knife shame stabs him. But she seems to have forgotten what shame is, or never to have known. She is without regret, without remorse. She is wrapped in soft flames. If for a moment a thought of the treason comes, it has only this power—to make the joy fiercer and yet more sweetly dear. Night after night, after she has read her husband to sleep, when all the house has been blotted out in night and sleep, she glides in through a door of fire, and then in the darkness seeks her love with open arms.

Effie comes back, but the *liaison* goes on. Burgoyne gets a chill, and is laid up with multiple neuritis. He becomes paralysed in his lower limbs, lies like a mummy motionless in bed; and his wife, to whom he gives a heart of diamonds on the anniversary of their marriage day, pities him, but continues her relations with Stone. "The chain of the flesh held her. Her love held her in chains of fire." She did not want her husband to die; but she could not help brooding over the possibility. Stone was sure he would die, and told her so, while she sobbed and shivered in his arms. At last the climax comes.

Burgoyne sleeps in his darkened room. "Motionless he lies as a stone knight—the white crusader sleeping for ever on the white tomb." With this image in her mind, as she stands in the shadow watching him, her heart melts in pity and remorse; "but the chain of the flesh holds fast—holds her in the bondage of her shameful love."

From the white crusader on the white tomb she flies to her lover's arms. The house is hushed at midnight, "for a moment firelight flickered redly on the empty chair, the leather couch, the lovers locked in each other's arms. Then again the darkness dropped its veils to hide this shameful secret of the night."

Suddenly the guilty pair are startled by a footfall. The scene which follows is the most thrilling in the book. Sybil was scared horribly at the thought of discovery:—

Her black hair, tumbling loose about her shoulders, hung nearly to her waist; with a shaking hand she clutched at her loose wrapper where it lay open at her throat, and her white face in the midst of the dark hair for a moment looked like a staring, senseless mask.

They seek to hide. In vain. The footsteps sounded slow, shuffling, and dragging, most horrible to hear. The paralysed husband had risen from his white tomb, and was tracking his false wife to her hiding place. "It was as though a dead man had risen, as though

the monstrous wickedness of their crime had cried aloud in the silence of the night and brought the dead men from their graves."

Inside the room, panic, terror. Her face is a staring mask, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, as she clings and crouches, listening, waiting, shaking in every limb, while the man of stone is coming through the darkness to the door.

Thus she thought, crouching lower still, shaking in unreasoning terror. Now his hands were groping in the darkness upon the door itself. The heavy feet had stopped. In the darkness he was leaning against the upper panels, while his fingers groped for the handle, and she heard his laboured breathing. Then the handle turned and was violently shaken; his weight was thrown upon the panels with a thud as of stone; the bolt plate burst from the wall. As a stone man might have crashed through the door, he came inching, swaying into the room, and stood before them.

He was white from head to foot, gaunt and terrible, swathed in wool, bound in white linen—a statue that had come to life, a dead man who had risen from the grave. His eyes were upon her now. As he advanced he pointed with outstretched hand at his cowering wife—at guilt personified crouching down by her lover's knees against the wall of books. Then, just as he reached the couch he tried to speak. His voice came hoarse and thick—horrible vocal sounds, not words. Then there was a low, gasping cry, and at the same moment his arm sank as though it had been slowly pulled down by some unseen person, and, staggering forward, he fell face downward across the couch.

The natural consequence of this miraculous exertion of energy by the paralysed philosopher was an apoplectic stroke, from which he took three years to recover. He lay for weeks apparently unconscious of everything. His wife, now completely cured of her passion for Stone, was nevertheless compelled to continue relations with her lover. She feels herself a murderess, and she realises the weakness of the creature for whom she has sacrificed her husband's life. The chapter describing the alternating agonies of remorse, of fear, of dread lest death should supervene, and of a half desperate hope that the injured husband might pass away before regaining consciousness, are very powerfully written.

Then there was Effie, did she know? Did she suspect? Alas! the doubt was soon resolved into cruel certainty. Effie divines the truth and commits suicide. Her death completed Stone's disillusion. Her white hands rose between him and the woman whom he loved. He vanishes from the story and dies at San Remo.

Burgoyne, however, does not die. He recovers, and when he is himself again he announces in the preface to his *magnum opus* that while he was lying apparently unconscious, suffering from lack of speech and almost complete paralysis, he was studying the mechanism of thought and watching the rebuilding of the brain. All the while he was perfectly conscious of the causes of his apoplectic seizure. He knew, therefore, of his wife's guilt, of Stone's treachery, but never by word or look did he imply reproach. Nor did his wife learn until the preface was published that he had from the first been fully aware of her fall. Then when he knew she knew he knew, he forgave her fully, restored her to her old place as "dear Sybil," and she remained his obedient, sexless secretary to the end of the story.

"The Guarded Flame" is very scientific and materialistic. Most readers will find it too scientific, and not a few will resent the supercilious assumption that no one of intelligence can be other than a materialist. Of the scientific side of the book I have said nothing; but the following dream-vision

of the result on the brain of an apoplectic stroke is vivid and striking:—

Once he dreamed that he was climbing iron stairs and walking on iron galleries in some incredibly stupendous power-house of electricity. He had ascended hundreds of feet, and yet he was far below the unseen dome of the mighty house. Thought, sense was crushed by the mystery and vastness of the place. All about him, as he climbed from stage to stage, were the grey zinc accumulators. Here and there were hollow, inexplicable spaces, but all else was filled with the grey zinc and the wondrous white metal rods—bundles of these endless rods which, close at hand, seemed like fagots in a wood-house fallen into inextricable confusion, but which, as he guessed, were arranged in the curious labyrinthine pattern ordained by this unknown dynamic law. And through the vast store of rods the electric current flows—now here, now there, an unseen stream of latent fire. Suddenly he understood.

This was the brain of Richard Burgoyne's brain. Then in a moment comes a flash, a spark. Something has fused; and up there, as he crawls by galleries and stairs, he can see the mischief—bundles of the white rods fused into a mass; rods, beds, and stanchions burnt and twisted out of shape—a stop here now and always for the playing current.

The net impression left by the book is that it is a great pity that amiable philosophers who live only a thought life should not be able to provide for pretty young orphan girls other than by marrying them. Burgoyne ought to have adopted Sybil as his daughter. She would then have been free to marry Stone when he came across her path. It is wrong to say that anything is impossible in the explosive capacity of suppressed sex. But I confess I find it difficult to believe that Sybil, at the age of thirty-three, could have been liable to such a Krakatoa eruption of dammed-up passion as not only to abandon herself so utterly to a lover, but to exultingly triumph over the destruction of the hopes of her only girl-friend. Awakened passion of desire is sometimes merciless as a tigress. But there is nothing in the story to suggest that Sybil possessed such a raging volcano of latent sex as to render her oblivious to all considerations of honour and duty. If she had been Italian or Spaniard it might have been less incredible. But an English girl, nurtured and disciplined like Sybil—I confess Mr. Maxwell's story leaves me unconvinced. The problem as to what should be done by the young wives of old men, when young men fall in love with them, is one of perennial interest. The event is always happening, and must always happen, unless the young wife is ugly and of a shrewish disposition, or she is kept imprisoned in the recesses of a zenana. There is not much difficulty about it so long as the young wife does not share her lover's passion. But when she does, then the trouble begins. No general solution can be presented. Each case must be dealt with on its own merits. Sometimes separation, sometimes platonic, will suffice. But the one thing that ought to be ruled out as intolerable and impossible is the course taken by Sybil. It may be, and often is, impossible to avoid loving another man better than your husband, especially when your husband is a husband only in name; but it ought to be, and usually is, by no means so difficult to keep that mutual passion sternly within the frontiers which

have been erected on the physical plane for the protection of the sanctity of the home.

II.—THE DISENCHANTED.*

It is perhaps unjust to include Pierre Loti's latest charming work as one in a trilogy of novels asserting the Dethronement of Love. But in a sense it is true. The disenchanted Turkish ladies of whom he writes are in revolt against the conventionally accepted conception of what Love is, and should be, for a Moslem woman. They would dethrone the established throne of Love, based upon social convenience or the will of man, in order to erect upon its ruins the throne of true Love, of which the essence is the free consent of both parties to a perfect union. In this the fair daughters of the Infidel who have apostatised from the faith of their fathers are more faithful subjects of the great King Eros than either the scientists of the "Guarded Flame" or the Saints of Fogazzaro's romance. But nevertheless to the male Mohammedan, Pierre Loti's Disenchanted are all rebels against Love as he understands it.

André Lhéry, a well-known novelist, was languidly examining his letters one pale spring morning, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, in the cottage where his latest fancy had kept him almost a fixture since the preceding winter. "A great many letters this morning," he sighed, "too many."

Women's letters, for the most part, signed and unsigned, each correspondent as a rule thinking herself the only woman in the world daring enough to write to a strange man, whom, moreover, she alone could understand as he had never been understood before. This morning's post had brought a letter bearing the Turkish postmark, clearly stamped with a name which never failed to stir the novelist's soul—Stamboul!

And, as already so often in dreams, the profile of a town rose before his eyes—eyes which had seen the whole world, in all its infinite diversity—a town of minarets and domes, majestic and unique, matchless still in its irretrievable ruinousness, outlined sharply against the sky, with the blue circle of the Sea of Marmora beyond, stretching to the horizon.

Stamboul, age-old Stamboul, such as the old Khalifs saw it, such still as Soliman the Magnificent conceived it—Stamboul at midday, at midnight, at eventide, and at break of day; in winter and in summer, in sunshine and in storm—every aspect of the town will be indelibly impressed on the mind of whoever reads this book. André Lhéry had had correspondents before in Turkish harems—what had he not had? But this one's language was too modern, her French too pure. It was useless for her to quote the Koran, and ask for a reply *post-restante*, with infinite precautions. She was a bird of passage at Constantinople, or perhaps the wife of an attaché—but no Turkish woman. Yet it was as if Turkey called to the man who had once loved it so deeply.

Let the reader substitute for André Lhéry the name of the author of this enchanting story of the Disenchanted; he is not forbidden to do so. But he is forbidden—at least he is told that it is waste of his time—to try to give real names to the Disenchanted, the three little black-robed phantoms of the harem round whose tragic lives this story of Turkish womanhood of to-day is woven. They are "entirely imaginary"; one could wish Pierre Loti had not told us.

A TURKISH GIRL OF TO-DAY.

The April sunshine—the April of 1901—shone into the room of a young girl asleep. The room was very modern, with all the latest refinements of a decadent age; on the sheets and pillows perhaps too much lace, on the girl's fingers perhaps too many costly rings; the girl herself, with her exquisite oval face and almost too finely cut features, hardly real, scarcely life-like in her waxen beauty. Her room might have been that of any pampered little Parisienne, except for an inscription in Turkish over her bed. Baudelaire, Verlaine, Kant, Nietzsche and Gyp's latest novel lay about. And in an open case a brilliant marriage diadem, and trailing on the chairs a bridal dress of white silk and orange blossom.

To Djénane, this young girl, is brought, by the connivance of her French governess, a letter from André Lhéry. This letter she goes (veiled and accompanied, of course) to show to her two cousins. Another pacha's house, guarded by a tall eunuch; another modern room, with fresh Parisian toilettes lying about, for the morrow is Djénane's wedding-day, and her cousins are to be her bridesmaids. She is twenty-two, almost an old maid. It is French that is spoken here, or German, or Italian, or English, for these little modern Turkish girls read Dante, or Byron, or Shakespeare in the original. A letter from André Lhéry, one whose novels they had often read, is an event in their eventless lives. They loved him because he spoke with affection of Turkey, with respect of Islam.

OLD AND NEW TURKEY.

The contrast between the young Turkey of to-day and the old Turkey of yesterday is soon sharply felt:—

A mamma appeared, the two sisters' mother, and quickly the conversation was changed, the letter spirited away. Not that she was very strict, this calm-faced mamma, but still she would have scolded them, and above all she could not have understood. She belonged to another generation, speaking little French, and having read only Alexandre Dumas the Elder. Between her and her daughters there was an abyss of two centuries at least, so quickly do things move in Turkey to-day. She was not even outwardly like them, for her fine eyes had an almost childlike expression of peace quite absent from those of André Lhéry's admirers. In this world she had never been, never even wished to be, more than a tender mother and a blameless wife.

She still could not wear European dress gracefully; and the old grandmother still clung to her silver embroideries and Circassian veils. And what did either of them care for André Lhéry?

* Les Désenchantées. Roman des Harems Turcs Contemporains, par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. London: A. Siegle. 3f. 50c.

They are 1320—as the ladies of the old order are called by the little hothouse-grown flowers of modern Turkey. They admit only the dates of Mahomet's Hegira, never using the European calendar.

A TURKISH BRIDE.

The bride of to-morrow is at home, seated at her desk, about to burn letters and other souvenirs of her girlhood, lest they should fall into the hands of the unknown young Bey in a few hours to be her master. She would have locked herself in but that Turkish women's rooms have no locks. And every movement is watched, by servants, by eunuchs, spying night and day, by duennas with cat-like movements and hawk-like eyes. She burned them all—these letters in Turkish, French, German, English, all full of revolt, and poisoned by that pessimism which is the scourge of Turkish harems to-day. Like all Turkish girls, her time of unveiled freedom ended at thirteen years. From then till now—ten years nearly—she has studied ardently literature, history and transcendental philosophy, harmony and musical composition, until she was remarkable for her attainments even among the highly cultured young Turkish women of her acquaintance, who quoted her opinions and copied the costly elegance of her clothes. Above all, she was the standard-bearer in the feminine revolt against the severities of the harem.

Her girlish journal she would not burn—that journal which it pleased her to imagine she was writing for André Lhéry, and which he could never read.

Then partly through this journal, partly through the narrative of André Lhéry (for the arrangement and style of this novel are wholly French), for we are told how she tried to calm herself by music; then, her courage failing, sent for her two cousins to spend with her the last night of her girlhood. They understood. That terrible wedding-day to-morrow! They could not sleep for thinking of its long-drawn-out ordeal—from nine in the morning till eleven at night, seated hour after hour on a throne, receiving compliments and being stared at. . . . And they did not remember till late that it was the night when they must pray for the dead:—

It was one of the only religious customs of Islam which they still faithfully observed. Otherwise they were like most Mussulman women of their generation and their world-touched blasted by the breath of Darwin, Schopenhauer, and so many others.

Worse than if they had been converted to Christianity, said their grandmother.

A MODERN TURKISH MARRIAGE.

The four days' bride might have been a Parisienne at home but for the barred windows and the texts from the Koran. Yet to be treated as an odalisque, as a luxurious doll, to be decked and tricked out—for the delectation of her master! Nothing humiliated her so much. Yet the young Bey was a

kind husband, as Turkish husbands go. He loved his wife, as a Turkish husband understands love. As time goes on there is another woman, Durdané. Yet he cared nothing for her; all the time it was Djénane, his wife, that he loved. But she had no child, and Durdané had; the Bey must marry Durdané; and here was Djénane's chance. For two months her stepmother had consented to her living apart from her husband; but the two months are over, and he claims her imperiously.

And one day, in the room of her girlhood, we see her again. A Paris dress of grey and silver, with a long Court train, made her look slenderer and lovelier than ever. She is going to the Palace, to the Validé Sultana, the Sultan's mother, to beg her intercession with the Sultan for a divorce. The Validé will understand. Her grandmother, all the 1320 women, understood nothing; two wives in one house, or three or four, why not? That notion about only having one had come, like other bad things, from Europe. And the Validé does understand; the divorce is obtained.

Meanwhile, what has happened to the two little cousins, the graver Zeyneb, and the merry, birdlike Melek? Both are married; both have returned to their girlhood's home; Melek, after months of torture, having at last divorced a cruel husband; Zeyneb mercifully delivered from hers by death:—

Irreparably injured, almost at the same time, in the flower of their youth, deflowered, weary, the very wreckage of life, they had still, though utterly beaten down, been able to resume their sisterly intimacy, now closer than ever.

THE THREE LITTLE BLACK PHANTOMS.

It is 1904. André Lhéry has returned to Stamboul. One day a mysterious letter reaches him—from his Turkish correspondent of three years ago. She will meet him at a certain hour, on the shores of the Bosphorus. He knows how much she risks. He keeps the appointment. A carriage drives up at the appointed time and place. Three black phantoms, thickly veiled in triple veils, descend:—

If you only knew," said one, "what deceptions we have had to practise to get here! And what a number of people—negroes and negroes—we have had to leave along the road!"

Never should he see their faces. For him they are three little black shadows:—

"Souls," corrects one of them. "Nothing but souls. Three poor troubled souls, who need your friendship."

And the friendship thus begun is continued at infinite risks, and with ever-increasing audacity. For a long time he does not even see one of their faces, and not till the very last does he see the face of Djénane. They meet constantly, sometimes, at first, in a cemetery, later on in a house, with still more precautions. They bring their friends, other black-veiled phantoms, all in revolt against black veils, high walls, and iron bars. They suggest to him, finally, the novel of modern Turkish women's lives—"Les Désenchantées," as they decide it shall be called. They even allow photographs to be

taken of them; in fact, their character as Turkish women would be gone for ever were the half known. "Are you not exceptions?" he asks them one day when they are more than usually in revolt against their oppressors.

"We are the rule. Take twenty Turkish women at random—fashionable women, of course—and you will not find one who does not talk like that. . . . No, we can bear it no longer.

But leave Turkey, no! Rather endure the worst humiliations, the cruellest slavery.

And the end? For it must end—this time of clandestine meetings arranged with infinite pains and precautions. One September they commit an unheard-of piece of daring; they all go together on the hills and in the woods:—

Zeyneb and Melek draped in silks of palest hue, almost white, walking beside Djénane, always in elegiac black. Their dresses trailed over the exquisite turf, over the fine short grass, brushing the violet blossoms of the autumn crocuses, disturbing up the golden yellow leaves that had already fallen from the plane trees. They might have been three Elysian Shades crossing the valley of the Great Rest, the one in the middle in mourning being doubtless a Shade still lamenting her earthly love.

One more meeting—the last. Then they must separate for ever. And the weeks moved on, and still they met. One day he sees them in their own home; then they hire a carriage, and with him, as Bey, drive into the country. Now he may sometimes see their young, charming faces. The last autumn that they can spend together is over; the spring, even the summer, of 1905 has come, and the time of André Lhéry's return to France draws very near. Meetings are much more difficult this year. The violet crocuses are out again in the grass; the cold autumn rains fall one day, the next is warm and strangely limpid. At all costs they are to meet once more in the first days of October, and once more they do meet. All three little phantoms are to be married again; moreover, they are too independent, it seems: they must have husbands who will master them. Djénane will submit; then it cannot be true that . . . He wonders. Melek is in a high fever merely at the thought of re-marriage. If only they might be treated more as thinking, responsible beings, not forced to marry men they have never seen—it is all they would ask at first.

THE END OF ALL.

One morning a blue ribbon is seen outside Djénane's barred windows; Melek's twenty years of life are ended. Zeyneb, they know, must soon follow her; but she lives to send to André Lhéry, now in France, Djénane's last letter, written on the eve of her intended marriage to her former husband, written in the very last moments of her life, which she cuts short by poison:—

And your book—our book? . . . Did you really feel the sadness of our life? Did you really understand the crime of awakening sleeping souls and then breaking them if they escape, the infamy of reducing women to the passive condition of things? I wonder.

Ne savez-vous donc pas que je vous chérissais de tout mon être? Quand on est mort, on peut tout avouer. Les règles du monde, il n'y en a plus.

Je t'aime, entends-tu du moins cela, je t'aime."

Then it *was* true.

THE TURKISH WOMAN'S IDEAL.

What does the modern Turkish woman ask of life? Does she know what she wants? Very well, it would seem. Their supreme suffering is to be able to love only a dream:—

"For all of us are condemned to love nothing else. We are married, you know how? And yet this semblance of a European household . . . already represents a progress which is flattering to us, though such a household is very easily upset, hourly threatened as it is by the caprice of a changeable husband. . . . Often, it is true, the man thus given us by chance is good and kind, but we have not chosen him. . . . We become attached to him in time, but this affection is not love. . . . We do love, but we love with our soul another soul. . . . And this love remains a dream, because we are faithful wives, and, above all, because it is too dear to us, this dream, for us to risk losing it by attempting to realise it. . . . That is the secret of the Mussulman woman's soul, in Turkey, in the year of the Hégira 1322. Our modern education has caused this double nature.

"With your existence," Djénane asks André, "your existence so full of life and colour, can you conceive of ours, so pale, nothing but years dragging along without leaving any trace? We always know beforehand what to-morrow will bring us—nothing, and that all to-morrow, till we die, will slip by with the same gentle insipidity, the same uniform colourlessness. We live pearl-grey days, padded always with soft down which makes us long for stones and thorns.

"In the novels which reach us from Europe there are always people who, in the evening of life, lament their lost illusions. Ah, well, at least they had illusions . . . while we, André, have never had the chance of having any, and when our autumn comes we shall not even have the melancholy resource of lamenting their loss.

"We are the ladder, we, and doubtless our immediate successors—the ladder by which Turkish women must ascend to freedom. . . . Oh! our misinterpreted, misunderstood Islam. . . . Oh! our Prophet, it is not he who condemned us to the martyrdom inflicted on us. The veil he once gave us was a protection, not a sign of slavery. Never, never did he intend that we should be mere dolls to play with."

André Lhéry is to write a book telling of the Turkish woman's soul and her sufferings. In that book he must insist on—

the empty feeling in our lives caused through being obliged only to talk to women, to have none but women friends, to be always among ourselves, with our fellows. Our friends? they are feeble and weary as ourselves. . . . We so sorely need a man friend, a strong man's hand, something to lean upon, strong enough to bear us up if we are near to falling. . . . Lives with nothing in them! Do you feel the full horror of that? Poor souls, winged now, but held captive; hearts with the hot blood of youth rising in them yet with all action forbidden them, unable to do anything, even good, preying on themselves or consuming themselves in vain dreams.

What can they do with their lamentable, aimless little lives? They would relieve sickness and sorrow, begin and carry out some great scheme for good. . . . No; they must remain unoccupied, hidden for ever behind their iron bars—iron bars which do a prison make, the most terrible of all prisons.

III.—THE SAINT.*

I have already briefly noticed "The Saint," but it is evident that the novel demands more lengthy treatment. Mrs. Crawford's notice in the *Fortnightly Review* has been quoted, but I must supplement these brief notices by quoting at some length from the admirable article by Mr. W. Roscoe Thayer, on Antonio Fogazzaro and his masterpiece, which appears in the current number of the

* "The Saint": an English translation of "Il Santo," by Antonio Fogazzaro. Hodder. 6s.

North American Review. Mr. Thayer is lost in admiration of "The Saint." He contrasts the extraordinary purity and faith of Fogazzaro with the brilliant but obscene and degenerate books of D'Annunzio, who, speaking the universal language Sin, has been accepted as the typical Italian by foreigners who have never heard of Fogazzaro.

THE AUTHOR.

Antonio Fogazzaro, now a man of sixty-four years of age, is declared by Mr. Thayer to be the most eminent Italian novelist since Manzoni. He was born in Vicenza, studied for the law in Padua and in Turin, but soon abandoned the Bar for literature. He made his *début* as a poet, and did not publish his first novel till 1881, when he was thirty-nine years of age. His greatest works are "Malombra," "Damele Cortis," "Il Mistero del Poeta," "Piccolo Mondo Antico," and "Il Santo." Mr. Thayer says, "Now, at a little more than threescore years, the publication of 'The Saint' entitles him to rank among the few literary masters of the time."

THE STORY OF "IL SANTO."

"Il Santo" has been put on the *Index*, while the Catholic Christian Democrats have accepted it for their gospel. Mr. Thayer thus summarises the story of the book:—

On the face of it what does the book say? This is what it says: That Piero Maiorini, a man of the world, cultivated far beyond his kind, after having had a vehement love-affair, is stricken with remorse, "experiences religion," becomes penitent, is filled with a strange zeal—an ineffable comfort—and devotes himself, body, heart and soul, to the worship of God and the succour of his fellow-men. As Benedetto, the lay brother, he serves the peasant populations among the Sabine hills, or moves on his errands of hope and mercy among the poor of Rome. Everybody recognises him as a holy man—a saint. Perhaps, if he had restricted himself to taking only soup or simple medicines to the hungry and sick, he would have been unmolested in his philanthropy; but, after his conversion, he has devoured the Scriptures and studied the books of the Fathers, until the spirit of the early, simple, untheological Church had poured into him. It brought a message the truth of which so stirred him that he could not rest until he imparted it to his fellows. He preached righteousness—the supremacy of conduct over ritual; love as the test and goal of life; but always with full acknowledgment of Mother Church as the way of salvation. Indeed, he seems to doubt neither the impregnability of the foundations of Christianity, nor the validity of the Petrine cornerstone, taking these for granted, he aims to live the Christian life in every act, in every thought.

Yet these intemperances, so natural to Benedetto, awaken the suspicions of his superiors, who—we cannot say without offence—heresy—heresy—heresy—heresy—heresy—conduct—what are these in comparison with blind subscription to orthodox formulas? Benedetto is persecuted, not by an obviously brutal or sanguinary persecution—although it might have come to that except for a catastrophe of another sort—but by the very fineness of persecution. The sagacious politicians of the Vatican, inheritors of the accumulated craft of a thousand years, know too much to break a butterfly on a wheel, to make a martyr of an incontinent person whom they can be rid of quietly. Therein lies the tragedy of Benedetto's experience, so far as we regard him or as he thought himself, an instrument for the regeneration of the Church.

On the face of it therefore "The Saint" is the story of a man with a passion for doing good, in the most direct and human way, who found the Church in which he believed the Church which existed ostensibly to do good according to the direct and human ways of Jesus Christ, thwarting him at every step.

THE NOVEL AS A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT.

"Il Santo," says Mr. Thayer, has been accepted

as the platform or even the gospel of the Christian Democrats, men who are Catholics of humanitarian tendencies. They are men who have discovered that only through legislation and administration can anything effective be done to fulfil the prayer "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Therefore, they insist upon being allowed to take part in politics and to vote at elections. The late Pope forbade them to vote lest they should thereby reveal the weakness of the Catholic vote. They insisted all the more strenuously that "it was time to abandon 'the prisoner of the Vatican' humbug, time to permit zealous Catholics to serve God and their fellow-men, according to the needs and methods of the present age." In the autumn of last year the present Pope gave the faithful tacit permission to vote. On the top of this change of front appeared "Il Santo":—

In this respect, "The Saint," like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and similar books which crystallise an entire series of ideas or sum up a crisis, learned immediately into importance, and seems certain to enjoy for a long time to come, the prestige that crowns such works. Putting it on the *Index* can only add to its power.

THE FAITH OF FOGAZZARO.

The Saint of Fogazzaro is a man who respects the Higher Criticism and believes in evolution, but who also believes that Catholicism contains a final deposit of truth which can neither be superseded, wasted nor destroyed. The Saint frankly declares that:—

The Catholic Church, which proclaims itself the minister of Life, to-day shackles and stifles whatever lives youthfully within it, and to-day it props itself on all its decadent and antiquated usages.

Yet a little farther on he exclaims:—

But what sort of faith is yours, if you talk of leaving the Church because certain antiquated doctrines of its heads, certain decrees of the Roman congregations, certain ways in a pontiff's government, offend you? What sort of sons are you who talk of renouncing your mother because she wears a garment which does not please you? Is the mother's heart changed by a garment? When bowed over her, weeping, you tell your infirmities to Christ and Christ heals you, do you think about the authenticity of a passage in St. John, about the real author of the Fourth Gospel, or about the two Isaiahs? When you commune with Christ in the sacrament do the decrees of the *Index* or the Holy Office disturb you? When giving yourself up to Mother Church you enter the shadow of death, is the peace she breathes in you less sweet because a Pope is opposed to Christian democracy?

THE INEVITABLE LOVE STORY.

"Il Santo," says Mr. Thayer, may be compared with "Robert Elsmere" and "John Inglesant," but it easily surpasses them both. "The Saint" is a new type in fiction—a mixture of St. Francis and Dr. Dollinger. It is a study in religious morbid psychology without rival in fiction. Here also, even more than in "The Guarded Flame," Love is dethroned and compelled to submit to his austere master. Mr. Thayer says:—

And then there is the love-story. Where shall one turn to find another like it? Jeune seldom appears in the foreground, but we feel from first to last the magnetism of her presence. There is always the possibility that, at sight or thought of her, Benedetto may be swept back from his ascetic laws to the life of passion. Their first meeting in the monastery chapel is a masterpiece of

dramatic climax, and Benedetto's temptation in her carriage, after the feverish interview with the cabinet officer, is a marvel of psychological subtlety. Both scenes illustrate Signor Fogazzaro's power to achieve the highest artistic results without exaggeration. This naturalness is the more remarkable because the character of a saint is unnatural, according to our modern point of view. We have a healthy distrust of ascetics whose anxiety over their soul's condition we properly regard as a form of egotism; and we know how easily the unco guid become priests. Fogazzaro's hero is neither an egotist of the ordinary cloister variety, nor a priest. That our sympathy goes out to Jeanne and not to him shows that we instinctively resent seeing the deepest human cravings sacrificed to sacerdotal prescriptions.

Why did Signor Fogazzaro, in choosing his hero, revert to that outward type? When asked these questions by his followers, he replied that he did not mean to preach asceticism as a rule for all; but that in individual cases, like Benedetto's, for instance, it was a psychological necessity. Herein Signor Fogazzaro certainly discloses his profound knowledge of the Italian heart—that of that heart from which in its early medieval vigour sprang the Roman religion, with its message of renunciation.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

Mr. Thayer says that few scenes in modern

romance can match Benedetto's interview with the Pope, the pathetic figure who,

you feel, is in sad truth a prisoner, not of the Italian Government, but of the crafty, able, remorseless cabal of cardinals, who surround him, dog him with sycophants, edit his briefs, check his benign impulses, and effectually prevent the truth from penetrating to his lonely study. Benedetto's appeal to the Pope to heal the four wounds from which the Church is languishing is a model of impassioned argument. The four wounds, he it noted, are the spirit of falsehood, the spirit of clerical domination, the spirit of avarice, and the spirit of immobility. The Pope replies in a spirit of resignation; he does not disguise his powerlessness, he hopes to meet Benedetto again in heaven.

A GREAT BOOK.

In concluding his most interesting analysis of the novel, Mr. Thayer says:—

Such a book, sprung from "no vain or shallow thought," holding in solution the hopes of many earnest souls, spreading before us the mighty spiritual conflict between Medievalism still triumphant and the young undaunted Powers of Light, showing us with wonderful lifelikeness the tragedy of man's baffled endeavour to establish the Kingdom of God on earth, and of woman's unquenchable love, is a great fact in the world-literature of our time.

LEADING BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, EDUCATION, ETC.

- Genesis and Exodus as History. James Thoms (Sonnenschein) 6/0
St. Mark. J. C. Du Brissson (Methuen) net 2/6
Persecution in the Early Church. H. B. Workman (Kelly) 3/6
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IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET.

BY H. G. WELLS.

BOOK THE FIRST—THE COMET.

CHAPTER THE THIRD—THE REVOLVER—(Continued).

SYNOPSIS: The narrator tells the story of the Great Change. When a young man he was a clerk in a pot-bank in Clayton. He is refused an increase in wages and gives up his position. His intimate friend is a socialist. Parload, a man of his own age, who has, besides, a taste for science and is deeply concerned about a comet whose path is approaching the earth's orbit. Why continue to think about socialism, he argues, when there is a possibility that the comet will hit the earth? Times are bad in England, on account of over-production and the intrusion of American products in the English market. Strikes and lock-outs exist throughout the country. The narrator has been engaged to marry Nettie Stuart, but the engagement has been broken on account of his socialism and religious doubt. He is distressed because of a suspicion that Edward Verrall, the son of Stuart's employer, is paying the girl attention. Obeying some vague impulse, he buys a revolver. Trouble breaks out in the collieries owned by Lord Redear, whose motor car is destroyed by the mob. The narrator witnesses the affair, and goes home in a greatly excited condition.

V.

You must understand that I had no set plan of murder when I walked over to Checkshill. I had no set plan of any sort. There was a great confusion of dramatically conceived intentions in my head, scenes of threatening and denunciation and terror, but I did not mean to kill. The revolver was to turn upon my rival my disadvantage in age and physique. But that wasn't it really! The revolver!—I took the revolver because I had the revolver and was a foolish young lout. It was a dramatic sort of thing to take. I had, I say, no plan at all.

Ever and again during that second trudge to Checkshill, I was irradiated with a novel, unreasonable hope. I had awakened in the morning with the hope—it may have been the last, unfaded trail of some obliterated dream—that, after all, Nettie might still relent toward me, that her heart was kind toward me in spite of all that I imagined had hap-

pened. I even thought it possible that I might have misinterpreted what I had seen. Perhaps she would explain everything. My revolver was in my pocket for all that.

I limped at the outset, but after the second mile my ankle warmed to forgetfulness, and the rest of the way I walked well. Suppose, after all, I was wrong?

I was still debating that as I came through the park. By the corner of the paddock near the keeper's cottage, I was reminded, by some belated blue hyacinths, of a time when Nettie and I had gathered them together. It seemed impossible we could really have parted ourselves for good and all. A wave of tenderness flowed over me, and still flooded me as I came through the little dell and drew toward the hollies. But there the sweet Nettie of my boy's love faded, and I thought of the new Nettie of desire and the man I had come upon in the moonlight; I thought of the narrow,

hot purpose that had grown so strongly out of my springtime freshness, and my mood darkened to night.

I crossed the beech wood and came toward the gardens with a resolute and sorrowful heart. When I reached the green door in the garden wall, I was seized, for a space, with so violent a trembling, that I could not grip the latch to lift it, for I no longer had any doubt how this would end.

Through the open door of one of the glass-houses, I saw old Stuart. He was leaning against the staging, his hands in his pockets, and so deep in thought he gave no heed to me.

I hesitated, and went on toward the cottage, slowly.

Something struck me as unusual about the place, but I could not tell at first what it was. One of the bedroom windows was open, and the customary short blind, with its brass upper rail partly unfastened, drooped obliquely across the vacant space. It looked negligent and odd, for usually everything about the cottage was conspicuously trim.

The door was standing wide open, and everything was still. But giving that usually orderly hall an odd look—it was about half-past two in the afternoon—was a pile of three dirty plates, with used knives and forks upon them, on one of the hall stairs.

I went into the hall, looked into either room, and hesitated.

Then I fell to upon the door-knocker, and gave a loud rat-tar-too, and followed this up with an amiable, "Hel-lo!"

For a time no one answered me, and I stood listening and expectant, with my fingers about my weapon. Someone moved about upstairs presently, and was still again. The tension of waiting seemed to brace my nerves.

I had my hand on the knocker for the second time, when Puss, Nettie's sister, appeared in the doorway.

For a moment we remained staring at each other without speaking. Her hair was dishevelled, her face dirty, tear-stained, and irregularly red. Her expression at the sight of me was pure astonishment. I thought she was about to say something, and then she had darted away out of the house again.

"I say, Puss!" I said. "Puss!"
"I followed her out of the door. 'Puss! What's the matter? Where's Nettie?'"

She vanished round the corner of the house.

I hesitated, perplexed whether I should pursue her. What did it all mean? Then I heard someone upstairs.

"Willie!" cried the voice of Mrs. Stuart. "Is that you?"

"Yes," I answered. "Where's everyone? Where's Nettie? I want to have a talk with her."

She did not answer, but I heard her dress rustle

as she moved. I judged she was upon the landing overhead.

I paused at the foot of the stairs, expecting her to appear and come down.

Suddenly came a strange sound, a rush of sounds, words jumbled and hurrying, confused and shapeless, borne along upon a note of throaty distress that at last submerged the words altogether and ended in a wail. Except that it came from a woman's throat it was exactly the babbling sound of a weeping child with a grievance. "I can't," she said, "I can't," and that was all I could distinguish. It was to my young ears the strangest sound conceivable from a kindly, motherly little woman, whom I had always thought of chiefly as an unparalleled maker of cakes. It frightened me. I went upstairs at once in a state of infinite alarm, and there she was in her room, leaning on the top of a bureau. I never saw such weeping.

As I came into the bedroom her voice rose again. "Oh, that I should have to tell you, Willie! Oh, that I should have to tell you!" She dropped her head again, and a fresh gust of tears swept all further words away.

I said nothing, I was too astonished; but I drew nearer to her, and waited.

"That I should have lived to see this day!" she wailed. "I had rather a thousand times she was struck dead at my feet."

I began to understand.

"Mrs. Stuart," I said, clearing my throat; "what has become of Nettie?"

"That I should have lived to see this day!" she said by way of reply.

I waited till her passion abated.

There came a lull. I forgot the weapon in my pocket. I said nothing, and suddenly she stood erect before me, wiping her swollen eyes. "Willie," she gulped, "she's gone!"
"Nettie?"

"Gone! Run away! Run away from her home. Oh, Willie, Willie! The shame of it! The sin and shame of it!"

She flung herself upon my shoulder, and clung to me, and began again to wish her daughter lying at our feet.

"There, there," said I, and all my being was a-tremble. "Where has she gone?" I said as softly as I could.

But for the time she was preoccupied with her own sorrow, and I had to hold her there, and comfort her with the blackness of finality spreading over my soul.

"Where has she gone?" I asked for the fourth time.

"I don't know—we don't know. And oh, Willie, she went out yesterday morning! I said to her, 'Nettie,' I said to her, 'you're mighty fine for a morning call.' 'Fine clo's for a fine day,' she said,

and that was her last words to me!—Willie!—the child I suckled at my breast!"

She went on with sobs, and now telling her story with a sort of fragmentary hurry: "She went out bright and shining, out of this house for ever. She was smiling, Willie—as if she was glad to be going. ('Glad to be going,' I echoed with soundless lips.) 'You're mighty fine for the morning,' I says, 'mighty fine.' 'Let the girl be pretty,' says her father, 'while she's young!' And somewhere she'd got a parcel of her things hidden to pick up, and she was going off—out of this house for ever!"

She became quiet.

"Let the girl be pretty," she repeated; "let the girl be pretty while she's young. Oh! how can we go on *living*, Willie. He doesn't show it, but he's like a stricken beast. He's wounded to the heart. She was always his favourite. He never seemed to care for Puss like he did for her. And she's wounded him——"

"Where has she gone?" I reverted at last to that.

"We don't know. She leaves her own blood, she trusts herself—oh, Willie, it'll kill me! I wish she and me together were lying in our graves."

"But"—I moistened my lips and spoke slowly, "she may have gone to marry."

"If that was so! I've prayed to God it might be so, Willie. I've prayed that he'd take pity on her—him, I mean, she's with."

I jerked out, "Who's that?"

"In her letter, she said he was a gentleman. She did say he was a gentleman."

"In her letter. Has she written? Can I see her letter?"

"Her father took it."

"But if she writes—— When did she write?"

"It came this morning."

"But where did it come from? You can tell——"

"She didn't say. She said she was happy. She said love took one like a storm——"

"Curse that! Where is her letter? Let me see it. And as for this gentleman——"

She stared at me.

"You know who it is."

"Willie!" she protested.

"You know who it is, whether she said or not."

Her eyes made a mute, unconfident denial.

"Young Verrall?"

She made no answer. "All I could do for you, Willie," she began presently.

"Was it young Verrall?" I insisted.

For a second, perhaps, we faced each other in stark understanding. Then she plumped back to the bureau, and her wet handkerchief, and I knew she sought refuge from my relentless eyes.

My pity for her vanished. She knew it was her mistress's son as well as I. And for some time she had known, she had felt.

I hovered over her for a moment, sick with am-

azed disgust. Then I suddenly bethought me of old Stuart, out in the greenhouse, and turned and went downstairs.

VI.

Old Stuart was pitiful.

I found him still inert in the greenhouse where I had first seen him. He did not move as I drew near him; he glanced at me, and then stared hard again at the flower-pots before him.

"Eh, Willie," he said, "this is a black day for all of us."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"The missus takes on so," he said. "I came out here."

"What do you mean to do?"

"What is a man to do in such a case?"

"Do!" I cried, "why——. Do!"

"He ought to marry her," he said.

"By God, yes!" I cried. "He must do that anyhow."

"He ought to. It's—it's cruel. But what am I to do? Suppose he won't? Likely he won't. What then?"

He drooped with an intensified despair.

"Here's this cottage," he said, pursuing some contracted argument. "We've lived here all our lives, you might say. Clear out? At my age? One can't die in a slum."

I stood before him for a space, speculating what thoughts might fill the gaps between these broken words. I found his lethargy, and the dimly shaped mental attitudes his words indicated, abominable. I said abruptly, "You have her letter?"

He dived into his breast pocket, became motionless for ten seconds, then woke up again and produced her letter. He drew it clumsily from its envelope, and handed it to me silently.

It was written on greenish-tinted, fancy notepaper, and with all and more than Nettie's usual triteness and inadequacy of expression. Her handwriting bore no traces of emotion; it was round and upright and clear, as though it had been done in a writing lesson. Always her letters were like masks upon her image; they fell like curtains before the changing charm of her face. One altogether forgot the sound of her light clear voice, confronted by a perplexing, stereotyped thing that had mysteriously got a hold upon one's heart and pride. How did that letter run?

"My Dear Mother,—"

"Do not be distressed at my going away. I have gone somewhere safe, and with someone who cares for me very much. I am sorry for your sakes, but it seems that it had to be. Love is a very difficult thing, and takes hold of one in ways one does not expect. Do not think I am ashamed about this, I glory in my love, and you must not trouble too much about me. I am *very, very happy*.

"Fondlest love to father and Puss.

"Your loving "NETTIE."

That queer little document! I can see it now for the childish, simple thing it was, but at the time I read it in a suppressed anguish of rage. It plunged me into a pit of hopeless shame; there seemed to remain no pride for me in life until I had revenge. I stood staring at those rounded, upstanding letters, not trusting myself to speak or move. At last I stole a glance at Stuart.

"You can't even tell where she is," he said, turning the envelope in a hopeless manner, and then desisting. "It's hard on us, Willie. Here she is; she hadn't anything to complain of; a sort of pet for all of us. Not even made to do her share of the housework. And she goes off and leaves us like a bird that's learnt to fly. Can't trust us, that's what takes me. Puts 'erself— But there! What's to happen to her?"

"What's to happen to him?"

He shook his head to show that problem was beyond him.

"You'll go after her," I said in an even voice; "you'll make him marry her?"

"Where am I to go?" he asked helplessly, and held out the envelope with a gesture; "and what could I do? Even if I knew—how could I leave the gardens?"

"Great God!" I cried, 'not leave these gardens! It's your honour, man! If she was my daughter—if she was my daughter—I'd tear the world to pieces!' I choked. "You mean to stand it?"

"What can I do?"

"Make him marry her! Horsewhip him! Horsewhip him, I say! I'd strangle him!"

He scratched slowly at his hairy cheek, opened his mouth, and shook his head. Then, with an intolerable note of sluggish, gentle wisdom, he said, "People of our sort, Willie, can't do things like that."

I came near to raving. I had a wild impulse to strike him in the face. Once in my boyhood I happened upon a bird terribly mangled by some cat, and killed it in a frenzy of horror and pity. I had a gust of that same emotion now, as this shameful, mutilated soul fluttered in the dust before me. Then, you know, I dismissed him from the case.

"May I look?" I asked.

He held out the envelope reluctantly.

"There it is," he said, and pointing with his garden-rough forefinger. "I.A.P.A.M.P. What can you make of that?"

I took the thing in my hands. The adhesive stamp customary in those days was defaced by a circular postmark, which bore the name of the office of departure and the date. The impact in this particular case had been light or made without sufficient ink, and half the letters of the name had left no impression. I could distinguish—

HAP AMB

and very faintly below, D.S.O.

I guessed the name in an instant flash of intuition. It was Shaphambury. The very gaps

shaped that to my mind. Perhaps, in a sort of semi-visibility, other letters were there, at least hinting themselves. It was a place somewhere on the east coast, I knew, either in Norfolk or Suffolk.

"Why!" cried I—and stopped.

What was the good of telling him?

Old Stuart had glanced up sharply, I am inclined to think almost fearfully, into my face. "You—you haven't got it?" he said.

Shaphambury—I should remember that.

I handed the envelope back to him.

He replaced the letter in it and stood erect to put this back in his breast pocket.

I did not mean to take any risks in this affair. I drew a stump of pencil from my waistcoat pocket, turned a little away from him and wrote "Shaphambury" very quickly on my frayed and rather grimy cuff.

"Well," said I, with an air of having done nothing remarkable.

I turned to him with some unimportant observation—I have forgotten what.

I never finished whatever vague remark I commenced.

I looked up to see a third person waiting at the greenhouse door.

VII.

It was old Mrs. Verrall.

I wonder if I can convey the effect of her to you. She was a little old lady with extraordinary flaxen hair. Her weak, aquiline features were pursed up into an assumption of dignity, and she was richly dressed. I would like to underline that "richly dressed," or have the word printed in florid old English or Gothic lettering. No one on earth is now quite so richly dressed as she was; no one, old or young, indulges in so quiet and yet so profound a sumptuousity. But you must not imagine any extravagance of outline or any beauty or richness of colour. The predominant colours were black and fur-browns, and the effect of richness was due entirely to the extreme costliness of the materials employed. She affected silk brocades with rich and elaborate patterns, priceless black lace over creamy or purple satin, intricate trimmings through which threads and bands of velvet wriggled, and in the winter rare furs. Her gloves fitted exquisitely; and ostentatiously simple chains of fine gold and pearls, and a great number of bracelets, laced about her little person. One was forced to feel that the slightest article she wore cost more than all the wardrobes of a dozen girls like Nettie; her bonnet affected the simplicity that is beyond rubies. Richness, that is the first quality about this old lady that I would like to convey to you, and the second was cleanliness. You felt that old Mrs. Verrall was exquisitely clean. If you had boiled my poor, dear old mother in soda for a month you couldn't have got her so clean as Mrs. Verrall constantly and manifestly was. And, pervading all her presence,

shone her third great quality, her manifest confidence in the respectful subordination of the world.

She was pale and a little out of breath that day, but without any loss of her ultimate confidence. It was clear to me that she had come to interview Stuart upon the outbreak of passion that had bridged the gulf between their families.

And here, again, I find myself writing in an unknown language, so far as my younger readers are concerned. You who know only the world that followed the Great Change will find much that I am telling inconceivable. Upon these points I cannot appeal, as I have appealed for other confirmations, to the old newspapers; these were the things that no one wrote about because everyone understood and everyone had taken up an attitude.

There were in England and America, and indeed throughout the world, two great informal divisions of human beings—the Secure and the Insecure. There was not, and never had been, in either country a nobility—it was, and remains, a common error that the British peers were noble. Neither in law nor custom were there noble families; and we altogether lacked the edification one found in Russia, for example, of a poor nobility. A peerage was an hereditary possession that, like the family land, concerned only the eldest son of a house; it radiated no lustre of *noblesse oblige*. The rest of the world were in law and practice common—and all America was common. But through the private ownership of land that had resulted from the neglect of feudal obligations in Britain, and the utter want of political foresight in the Americas, large masses of property had become artificially stable in the hands of a small minority, to whom it was necessary to mortgage all new public and private enterprises, and who were held together, not by any tradition of service and nobility, but the natural sympathy of common interests and a common large scale of living.

It was a class without any very definite boundaries. Vigorous individualities, by methods, for the most part, violent and questionable, were constantly thrusting themselves from insecurity to security, and the sons and daughters of secure people, by marrying insecurity or by wild extravagance or flagrant vice, would sink into the life of anxiety and insufficiency which was the ordinary life of man. The rest of the population was landless, and, except by working directly or indirectly for the Secure, had no legal right to exist. And such was the shallowness and insufficiency of our thought, such the stifled egotism of all our feelings before the Last Days, that very few, indeed, of the Secure could be found to doubt that this was the natural and only conceivable order of the world.

It is the life of the Insecure under the old order that I am displaying, and I hope that I am conveying something of its hopeless bitterness to you, but you must not imagine that the Secure lived lives of

paradisaical happiness. The pit of insecurity below them made itself felt, even though it was not comprehended. Life about them was ugly; the sight of ugly and mean houses, of ill-dressed people, the vulgar appeals of the dealers in popular commodities, were not to be escaped. There was below the threshold of their minds an uneasiness; they not only did not think clearly about social economy, but they displayed an instinctive disinclination to think. Their security was not so perfect that they had not a dread of falling toward the pit. They were always lashing themselves by new ropes; their cultivation of "connections," of interests, their desire to conform and improve their positions, was a constant ignoble preoccupation. You must read Thackeray to get the full flavour of their lives.

Then the bacterium was apt to disregard class distinctions, and they were never really happy in their servants. Read their surviving books. Each generation bewails the decay of that "fidelity" of servants no generation ever saw. A world that is squalid in one corner is squalid altogether, but that they never understood. They believed there was not enough of anything to go round, they believed that this was the intention of God and an incurable condition of life, and they held passionately and with a sense of right to their disproportionate share. They maintained a common intercourse as "Society" of all who were practically secure, and their choice of that word is exhaustively eloquent of the quality of their philosophy.

But, if you can master these alien ideas upon which the old system rested, just in the same measure will you understand the horror these people had for marriages with the Insecure. In the case of their girls and women it was extraordinarily rare, and in the case of either sex it was regarded as a disastrous social crime. Anything was better than that.

You are probably aware of the hideous fate that was only too probably the lot, during those last dark days, of every girl of the insecure classes who loved and gave way to the impulse of self-abandonment without marriage, and so you will understand the peculiar situation of Nettie with young Verrall. One or the other had to suffer. And as they were both in a state of great emotional exaltation and capable of strange generousities toward each other, it was an open question, and naturally a source of great anxiety to a mother in Mrs. Verrall's position, whether the sufferer might not be her son—whether as the outcome of that glowing, irresponsible commerce, Nettie might not return prospective mistress of Checkhill Towers. The chances were greatly against that conclusion, but such things did occur.

These laws and customs sound, I know, like a record of some nasty-minded lunatic's inventions. They were invincible facts in that vanished world into which, by some accident, I had been born, and it was the dream of any better state of things that

was scouted as lunacy. Just think of it! This girl I loved with all my soul, for whom I was ready to sacrifice my life, was not good enough to marry young Verrall. And I had only to look at his even, handsome, characterless face to perceive a creature weaker and no better than myself. She was to be his pleasure until he chose to cast her aside and the poison of our social system had so saturated her nature—his evening dress, his freedom and his money had seemed so fine to her and I so clothed in squalor—that to that prospect she had consented. And to resent the social conventions that created their situation, was called "class envy," and gently born preachers reproached us for the mildest resentment against an injustice no living man would now either endure or consent to profit by.

What was the sense of saying "peace" when there was no peace? If there was one hope in the disorders of that old world it lay in revolt and conflict to the death.

But if you can really grasp the shameful grotesqueness of the old life, you will begin to appreciate the interpretation of old Mrs. Verrall's appearance that leaped up at once in my mind.

She had come to compromise the disaster!

And the Stuarts *would* compromise! I saw that only too well.

An enormous disgust at the prospect of the imminent encounter between Stuart and his mistress made me behave in a violent and irrational way. I wanted to escape seeing that, seeing even Stuart's first gesture in that, at any cost.

"I'm off," said I, and turned my back on him without any further farewell.

My line of retreat lay by the old lady, and so I advanced toward her.

I saw her expression change, her mouth fell a little way open, her forehead wrinkled, and her eyes grew round. She found me a queer customer even at the first sight, and there was something in the manner of my advance that took away her breath.

She stood at the top of the three or four steps that descended to the level of the hothouse floor. She receded a pace or two, with a certain offended dignity at the determination of my rush.

I gave her no sort of salutation.

Well, as a matter of fact, I did give her a sort of salutation. There is no occasion for me to begin apologising now for the thing I said to her—I strip these things before you—if only I can get them stark enough you will understand and forgive. I was filled with a brutal and overpowering desire to insult her.

And so I addressed this poor, little, expensive, old

woman in the following terms, converting her by a violent metonymy into a comprehensive plural. "You infernal land-thieves!" I said point-blank into her face: "have you come to offer them money?"

And without waiting to test her powers of repartee, I passed rudely beyond her and vanished, striding with my fists clenched out of her world again.

I have tried since to imagine how the thing must have looked to her. So far as her particular universe went, I had not existed at all, or I had existed only as a dim, black thing, an insignificant speck, far away across her park in irrelevant, unimportant transit, until this moment when she came, sedately troubled, into her own secure gardens and sought for Stuart among the greenhouses. Then, abruptly, I flashed into being down that green-walled, brick-floored vista as a black-avised, ill-clad young man, who first stared, and then advanced, scowling, toward her. Once in existence, I developed rapidly. I grew larger in perspective and became more and more important and sinister every moment. I came up the steps with inconceivable hostility and disrespect in my bearing, towering over her, becoming for an instant at least a sort of second French Revolution, and delivered myself, with the intensest concentration, of those wicked and incomprehensible words. Just for a second, I threatened annihilation. Happily that was my climax.

And then I had gone by, and the Universe was very much as it had always been, except for the wild swirl in it, and the faint sense of insecurity, my episode left in its wake.

The thing that never entered my head in those days was that a large proportion of the rich were rich in absolute good faith. I thought they saw things exactly as I saw them, and wickedly denied. But, indeed, old Mrs. Verrall was no more capable of doubting the perfection of her family's right to dominate a wide countryside, than she was of examining the Thirty-nine Articles or dealing with any other of the adamantine pillars upon which her universe rested in security.

No doubt I startled and frightened her tremendously. But she could not understand.

None of her sort of people ever did seem to understand such livid flashes of hate, as ever and again lit the crowded darkness below their feet. The thing leaped out of the black for a moment and vanished, like a threatening figure by a desolate roadside, lit for a moment by one's belated carriage lamp and then swallowed up by the night. They counted it with nightmares, and did their best to forget what was evidently as insignificant as it was disturbing.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH—WAR.

I.

From that moment when I insulted old Mrs. Verrall I became representative, I was a man who

stood for all the disinherited of the world. I had no hope of pride or pleasure left in me, I was raging rebellion against God and mankind. There

were no more vague intentions swaying me this way and that; I was perfectly clear now upon what I meant to do.

I would make my protest and die. I was going to kill Nettie—Nettie who had smiled and promised and then given herself to another, and who stood now for all the conceivable delightfulnesses, the lost imaginations of the youthful heart, the unattainable joys in life; and Verrall who stood for all who profited by the incurable injustice of our social order. I would kill them both. And that being done, I would blow my brains out and see what vengeance followed my blank refusal to live.

So indeed I was resolved. I raged monstrously. And above me, abolishing the stars, triumphant over the yellow, waning moon that followed it below, the giant meteor towered up toward the zenith.

"Let me only kill!" I cried. "Let me only kill!"

So I shouted in my frenzy. I was in a fever that defied hunger and fatigue; for a long time I prowled over the heath toward Lowchester talking to myself, and now that night had fully come, I was tramping homeward, walking the long seventeen miles without a thought of rest. And I had eaten nothing since the morning.

I suppose I must count myself mad, but I can recall my ravings.

There were times when I walked weeping through that brightness that was neither night nor day. There were times when I reasoned in a topsy-turvy fashion with what I called the Spirit of All Things. But always I spoke of that white glory in the sky.

"Why am I here only to suffer ignominies?" I asked. "Why have you made me with pride that cannot be satisfied, with desires that turn and rend me? Is it a jest, this world—a joke you play on your guests? I—even I—have a better humour than that!"

"Why not learn from me a certain decency of mercy? Why not undo? Have I ever tormented, day by day, some wretched worm, making filth for it to trail through, filth that disgusts it, starving it, bruising it, mocking it? Why should You? Your jokes are clumsy. Try—try some milder fun up there; do you hear? Something that doesn't hurt so infernally.

"You say this is your purpose—your purpose with me. You are making something with me—birth pangs of a soul! Ah! How can I believe you? You forget I have eyes for other things. Let my own case go, but what of that frog beneath the cart wheel, God?—and the bird the cat has torn?"

And after such blasphemies I would fling out a ridiculous little debating-society hand, "Answer me that!"

A week ago it had been moonlight, white and black and hard across the spaces of the park, but now the light was vivid and full of the quality of haze. An extraordinarily low, white mist, not three

feet above the ground, drifted broodingly across the grass, and the trees rose ghostly out of that phantom sea. Great and shadowy and strange was the world that night. No one seemed abroad; I and my little cracked voice drifted solitary through the silent mysteries. Sometimes I argued as I have told, sometimes I stumbled along in moody vacuity, sometimes my torment was vivid and acute.

Abruptly, out of apathy, would come a boiling paroxysm of fury, when I thought of Nettie mocking me and laughing, and of her and Verrall clasped in each other's arms.

"I will not have it so!" I screamed. "I will not have it so!"

And in one of these raving fits, I drew my revolver from my pocket and fired it into the quiet night. Three times I fired it.

The bullets tore through the air, the startled trees told one another in diminishing echoes the thing I had done, and then, with a slow finality, the vast and patient night healed again to calm. My shots, my curses and blasphemies, my prayers—for anon I prayed—that silence took them all.

It was—how can I express it?—a stifled outcry tranquillised, lost, amid the serene assumptions, the overwhelming empire of that brightness. The noise of my shots, the impact upon things, had, for the instant, been enormous, then it had passed away. I found myself standing with the revolver held up, astonished, my emotions penetrated by something I could not understand. Then I looked over my shoulder at the great star, and remained staring at it.

"Who are *you*?" I said at last.

I was like a man in a solitary desert who has suddenly heard a voice.

That, too, passed.

As I came over Clayton Crest I recall that I missed the multitude that now, night after night, walked out to stare at the comet, and the little preacher in the waste beyond the hoardings, who warned sinners to repent before the Judgment, was not in his usual place.

It was long past midnight, and everyone had gone home. But I did not think of this at first, and the solitude perplexed me and left a memory behind. The gas lamps were all extinguished because of the brightness of the comet, and that, too, was unfamiliar. The little news agent in still High-street had shut up and gone to bed, but one belated board had been put out late and forgotten, and it still bore its placard.

The word upon it—there was but one word upon it in staring letters—was "WAR."

You figure that empty, mean street, emptily echoing to my footsteps, no soul awake and audient but me. Then my halt at the placard. And amidst that sleeping stillness, smeared hastily upon the board, a little askew and crumpled, but quite distinct be-

neath that cool, meteoric glare, preposterous and appalling, the measureless evil of that word—"WAR!"

II.

I awoke in that state of equanimity that so often follows an emotional drenching.

It was late, and my mother was beside my bed. She had some breakfast for me on a battered tray.

"Don't get up yet, dear," she said. "You've been sleeping. It was three o'clock when you got home last night. You must have been tired out. Your poor face," she went on, "was as white as a sheet, and your eyes shining. It frightened me to let you in. And you stumbled on the stairs."

My eye went quietly to my coat pocket, where something still bulged. She probably had not noticed. "I went to Checkshill," I said. "You know—perhaps—?"

"I got a letter last evening, dear." She bent near me to put the tray upon my knees, and she kissed my hair softly. For a moment we both remained still, resting on that, her cheek just touching my head.

I took the tray from her to end the pause.

"Don't touch my clothes, mummy," I said sharply, as she moved toward them. "I'm still equal to a clothes brush."

And then, as she turned away, I astonished her by saying: "You, dear mother, you! A little—I understand. Only—now—dear mother: oh, let me be! Let me be!"

And, with the docility of a good servant, she went from me. Dear heart of submission that the world and I had used so ill!

It seemed to me that morning that I could never give way to a gust of passion again. A sorrowful firmness of mind possessed me. My purpose seemed now as inflexible as iron; there was neither love nor hate nor fear left in me—only I pitied my mother greatly for all that was still to come. I ate my breakfast slowly, and thought where I could find out about Shaphambury, and how I might hope to get there. I had not five shillings in the world.

I dressed methodically, choosing the least frayed of my collars, and shaving much more carefully than was my wont; then I went down to the public library to consult a map.

Shaphambury was on the coast of Essex, a long and complicated journey from Clayton. I went to

the railway station and made some memoranda from the time-tables. The porters I asked were not very clear about Shaphambury, but the booking-office clerk was hopeful, and we puzzled out all I wanted to know. Then I came out into the coally street again. At the least I ought to have two pounds.

I went back to the public library and into the newspaper room to think over this problem.

A fact intruded itself upon me. People seemed in an altogether exceptional stir about the morning journals. There was something unusual in the air of the room; more people and more talking than usual, and for a moment I was puzzled. Then I bethought me, "This war with Germany, of course!" A naval battle was supposed to be in progress in the North Sea. Let them! I returned to the consideration of my own affairs.

Parload?

Could I go and make it up with him, and then borrow? I weighed the chances of that. Then I thought of selling or pawning something, but that seemed difficult. My winter overcoat had not cost a pound when it was new; my watch was not likely to fetch many shillings. Still, both these things might be factors. I thought with a certain repugnance of the little store my mother was probably making for the rent. She was very secretive about that, and it was locked in an old tea caddy in her bedroom. I knew it would be almost impossible to get any of that money from her willingly, and, though I told myself that in this issue of passion and death no detail mattered, I could not get rid of tormenting scruples whenever I thought of that tea caddy. Was there no other course? Perhaps, after every other source had been tapped, I might supplement with a few shillings frankly begged from her. "These others," I said to myself, thinking without passion for once of the sons of the Secure, "would find it difficult to run their romances on a pawnshop basis. However, we must manage it."

I felt the day was passing on, but I did not get excited about that. "Slow is swiftest," Parload used to say, and I meant to get everything thought out completely, to take a long aim and then to act as a bullet flies.

I hesitated at a pawnshop on my way home to my midday meal, but I determined not to pledge my watch until I could bring my overcoat also.

I ate silently, revolving plans.

(To be continued.)

INSURANCE NOTES.

The Advisory Committee formed by the policy-holders in the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the New York Life Insurance Company in the United States, Canada, and Europe, are endeavouring to place the management of the Companies in the hands of more trusted officers. It has been looking into the affairs of the two Companies, and it finds that they control £260,000,000 worth of convertible assets, which are mostly centred in Wall-street, New York. The projected directorate wish to avert the danger of such concentration, and to invest their funds in the countries from which they are drawn.

A serious ship fire occurred on September 17, at Newcastle, on board the barque "Marlborough Hill." The fire was discovered in the early hours of the morning amongst a quantity of damaged wool, which had been stored 'tween decks. The flames made rapid progress, and the whole of the afterpart of the ship was ablaze. An immense quantity of water was poured into the burning vessel, and the fire was at length got under. The damage is estimated at from £6000 to £7000.

A disastrous fire occurred on September 14, by which the mansion of Mr. F. W. Fairbairn, of Woolbrook, Teesdale, in the Western District of Victoria, was totally destroyed. The outbreak originated in a bedroom, and although the alarm was at once given, little could be done to stay the fire, which quickly spread through the whole house. Within a couple of hours, only the bluestone walls of the building remained. A quantity of jewellery valued at £2000 was stated to have been destroyed, together with valuable pictures, billiard tables, and costly furniture. The property was insured in the Northern Assurance Company.

At a meeting of the Port Melbourne branch of the Australian Natives' Association last month, a resolution was passed that the Board of Directors be written to requesting them to take into consideration the advisability of establishing an insurance scheme for the benefit of members who have become unemployed. It was suggested that all should participate who were out of work, and out of any money held the subscriptions to the Lodges could be made a first charge.

A Bill to safeguard the policy-holders in foreign life assurance companies was introduced into the House of Representatives last month. Its principal provision was that all foreign life assurance companies must lodge approved securities with the Government amounting to two-thirds of the valuation of their existing policies in Australia. A bad feature of the Bill was that under it British Companies were treated as foreign institutions. The Ministry at a later stage added new clauses, one of which provided that if the Governor-General was satisfied that by the law of any part of the King's dominions in which a Company is formed, or has its head office, adequate provision is made for the protection of

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policy-holders, such Company might be exempted from the provisions of the Act. The measure has since been abandoned.

Proofs of loss presented to the insurance companies over the San Francisco disaster have aggregated over £60,000,000 sterling. Combinations of policy-holders are being formed to fight insurance companies, and are endeavouring to force them to pay claims, many of which have already been found to have been over-estimated or fictitious. The Courts will ere long be congested with actions over the matter. It is stated that the manner in which the British offices are settling their claims promptly is in marked contrast to the methods of many of the American Companies, and a large increase of business to the British Companies will result.

A case under the Workmen's Compensation Act (West Australia) was brought last month in the Fremantle Court, when a workman sued for injuries received while breaking up machinery on the wrecked R.M.S. "Orizaba." Judgment was given against the workman, it being held that there was no jurisdiction, the "Orizaba" being outside the territorial limits of the State (i.e., three miles from the mainland). A question was at a later date asked in the Federal Parliament as to what distance the "Orizaba" lay from the mainland. The Minister stated that the vessel was about 100 yards short of three miles from the shore, but that the above case was not within the Commonwealth's sphere, it being a State matter.

The fire on board the woolship "Waimate," while on her voyage from New Zealand to London, was kept in check by a patent sulphide dioxide extinguisher. It has now been found that portion of her wool cargo has been tainted by sulphur fumes, considerably diminishing its value.

A misadventure happened to the steamer "Pocahontas" at Port Phillip Heads on September 22. When steaming through the entrance, she struck some submerged object with great force, and immediately began to take in water with great rapidity. The vessel was heavily laden with 3500 tons of coal from Pt. Kembla, and as the water grew deeper in the hold, she sagged down at the bows and was steered with great difficulty. She proceeded full steam to Melbourne, and was anchored in a shallow patch off Williamstown, when the intake closed somewhat. Pumps were kept at work, and the vessel lightened of her cargo. She was subsequently docked, and on examination great surprise was expressed when it was found that pieces of a rocky substance were embedded in the jagged hole in her bottom plates. It is evident that the vessel struck some unknown rock at the entrance to the Heads.

The settlement of the San Francisco losses appears to point to a heavier loss on the British Companies than was at first anticipated. The following statement of the amounts at risk and the estimated losses of the leading British offices is compiled from the "New York Journal of Commerce":—

	Gross Amount Involved. Dollars.	Estimated Net Loss. Dollars.
Alliance	3,526,220	1,758,686
Atlas	4,830,000	1,778,157
Caledonian	4,798,470	1,476,406
Commercial Union	4,120,238	2,146,529
Law, Union, and Crown	2,205,290	1,368,460
Liverpool and London and Globe	4,850,000	3,998,000
London and Lancashire	7,983,030	3,515,916
Northern	4,236,146	2,061,426
North British and Mercantile	4,009,443	3,000,000
Palatine	3,497,439	1,843,650
Phoenix	4,487,622	2,367,680
Royal	6,895,957	4,338,627
Royal Exchange	5,518,342	2,639,564
Scottish Union and National	2,013,185	1,300,000
Sun	3,121,081	1,651,066
Union of London	4,238,775	2,345,420

The above list is not quite complete, and some of the figures are doubtless open to revision when the process of settlement is completed.

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In order to celebrate the important step we are taking in reducing the price of "The Review of Reviews" from 9d. to 6d., so as to touch a still larger constituency, we have decided to offer

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The article must not be above 3000 words in length. Articles become the property of the Editor. The winning articles will be published. Manuscripts must be in our hands by the 31st January next. Only one side of the paper must be written on, and writing must be very legible. A committee of prominent gentlemen will adjudicate.

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THE EDITOR "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

CURES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—From Mr. William John Yuille, Harveytown, Eaglehawk, Bendigo, Vic., 1st September, 1905.

"Despite all the skill and attention bestowed on me by the hospital doctors and nurses, I gradually grew worse, the doctors having diagnosed my complaint as Bright's Disease. The doctors gave me up as incurable, and gave me but a few weeks longer to live. I was then taken from the hospital to my home to die (as my friends thought), as my father did not wish me to die in the hospital. But I had a feeling within myself that there was hope whilst there was life, and, unlike my friends, I did not give up in despair. On the way home my father procured a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, but, on arrival, I was in a state of collapse from the shaking I had undergone on the way. My father, thinking that the Safe Cure would do me no harm if it did me no good, gave me a small dose, continuing to do so at intervals throughout the day. I felt a little better, the agonising pain being less severe. I continued to take Warner's Safe Cure, and was soon able to get a little rest and sleep, and my strength very gradually returned. My friends began to have hopes of my ultimate recovery. Each day my urine, when analysed, showed less albumen. My health steadily improved. Each bottle of Warner's Safe Cure I took hastened my recovery. I was then able to get up and about, and in less than three months was restored to perfect health and strength. From that time up to the present I have had no return of the disease, and for six years have been in constant employment on the mines."

BLADDER DISEASE.—From Mr. F. H. White, 37 Errol Street, West Footscray, Vic., 9th April, 1906.

"About eight years ago, when living in Gippsland, I had occasion to do some heavy work on our farm there, and brought on a disorder of the bladder, which caused me to suffer excruciating pain in the bladder and other organs, especially in my side and back. Urinating became most painful and difficult. My urine was mixed with a great deal of mucous matter, and a brick-dust like sediment was precipitated in it. At frequent intervals I suffered from retention of urine and consequent torture. The pain became so severe at last that I was not able to get about. I tried a number of medicines with no effect until I commenced to take a course of Warner's Safe Cure. After taking one bottle of that medicine my condition was much improved, and the pain, when passing water, less violent. Continuing to take the medicine, I gradually grew better, and my urine became clear and free from deposits. I can now urinate without pain, and all symptoms of my deplorable condition have ceased. I now enjoy very good health, and can honestly recommend Warner's Safe Cure for bladder troubles."

LIVER DISEASE.—From Mrs. Mary Maher, 18 Burrahmore Street, Sydney, N.S.W., 17th March, 1906.

"For a number of years I have suffered from sick headaches, indigestion and biliousness. At times I became quite dizzy and almost afraid to venture into the street. My blood was poor and watery. I tried many medicines, hoping to get relief, but without success. I was nearly in despair when, on the advice of a friend, I decided to give Warner's Safe Cure a trial. After taking about two bottles of Warner's Safe Cure the headaches entirely left me, and in the course of a month I found a wonderful improvement in my general health. I gained strength rapidly, and as my strength returned the dizziness ceased to trouble me. I can now eat and sleep and attend to my household work with ease and comfort."

RHEUMATISM.—From Mrs. Mary Regelsford, 84 Gerard Street, Alexandria, N.S.W., 26th October, 1905.

"I was laid up with acute Rheumatism and Rheumatic Fever for eleven weeks, and for eight weeks of that time I was quite a cripple, being unable to get about at all. I was treated by a Sydney doctor, but after taking his medicine only got relief for a little while. I then thought a change might do me good, so I went away, and while away I got so bad that we called in another doctor. He prescribed for me, but I only seemed to get temporary relief. I also tried many professed cures for Rheumatism, both internal and external, but could get no relief whatever. I was beginning to get very down-hearted after trying so many medicines. Finally I made up my mind to take Warner's Safe Cure. Altogether I took seven bottles of Warner's Safe Cure and one bottle of Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure. After taking the second bottle I began to feel a change, so I persevered with the treatment, and found that I was improving with every dose I took. The result was that I was thoroughly cured. I can honestly say that I feel like a new woman, being now able to attend to my household duties, washing included. You are at liberty to use this letter as you like, so as to benefit others who may suffer as I have."

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